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OF

CHARLES SUMNER.

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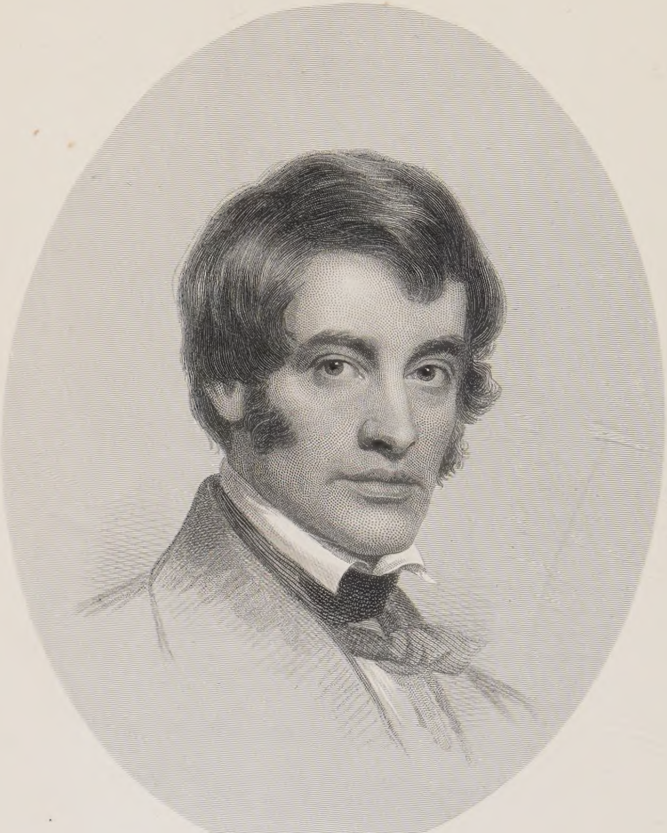

H. W. Smith Sc.

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MEMOIR AND LETTERS

OF

CHARLES SUMNER.

BY

EDWARD L. PIERCE.

VOL. II.

1838–1845.

197827

BOSTON:
ROBERTS BROTHERS.
1877.

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MEMOIR AND LETTERS

OF

CHARLES SUMNER.

CHAPTER XVI.

EVENTS AT HOME.—LETTERS OF FRIENDS.—DECEMBER, 1837, TO MARCH, 1839.—AGE 26-28.

SIXTEEN months passed between Sumner's parting with his friends in Boston and his leaving England for the Continent; and a reference to matters of public and personal interest occurring at home may be fitly included in this narrative.

At a meeting held in Faneuil Hall, on the day he sailed, Dr. Channing, Hillard, and George Bond denounced the murder of Lovejoy, the anti-slavery editor; and Wendell Phillips began his career as an orator by his reply to James T. Austin, a defender of the deed. Pennsylvania Hall, then recently erected by the abolitionists in Philadelphia, was burned by a pro-slavery mob. Dr. Channing was replying to Henry Clay's defence of slavery.[1] The Graves-Cilley duel, between a Southern and a Northern member of Congress, was fought. The North-eastern boundary dispute was waxing warm, and there was much wild talk, particularly in the State of Maine, of "war with England." A graver difficulty had arisen at another point on our frontier. The burning of the "Caroline" on the American shore by the British authorities — her offence being that she had been freshly used for hostile purposes by Canadian insurgents — inflamed public feeling against Great Britain, and raised vexed questions concerning the inviolability of national territory, and the jurisdiction of courts over acts assumed by a foreign government. The restriction or prohibition of the sale of ardent spirits — a controversy which forty years of agitation have not settled — was for the first time disturbing politicians. Richard Fletcher was re-elected to Congress as the member for Boston. George Bancroft was appointed Collector of the Port, and Robert C. Winthrop chosen Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. Dr. Nathaniel Bowditch, author of "The Practical Navigator" and translator of the *Mécanique Céleste*, ended a career dedicated to science. George Combe, of Edinburgh, was delivering lectures on phrenology in Boston. Horace Mann was urging with prodigious earnestness and industry the cause of education. Daniel Webster was about to sail for Europe on his only foreign journey. The "Sirius" and "Great Western" were traversing the Atlantic, — the beginning of that ocean steam-navigation which was to give a new force to civilization.[1]

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[1] Letter to Jonathan Phillips, 1839. Channing's Works, Vol. V. pp. 7-106.

At Harvard College and the Law School all was well. Two terms a year now took the place of three; elective studies were allowed, and lectures admitted in part as a substitute for recitations. The new Library — Gore Hall — built of Quincy granite, was rising. The Law School numbered seventy pupils; and Professor Greenleaf, sole instructor when Judge Story was absent on judicial service, found himself overburdened with work.

In literature there was new activity. Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," his first work, was winning golden opinions, and he was making researches for his "Conquest of Mexico." Cleveland was writing the "Life of Henry Hudson" for Sparks's "American Biography," and editing "Sallust." Hillard was completing his edition of "Spenser." Felton was preparing a Greek Reader, and translating Menzel's "History of German Literature." Longfellow published "The Psalm of Life" in Sept., 1838, and a few months later "Hyperion" and "The Voices of the Night." Dr. Lieber visited Boston to superintend the publication of the "Political Ethics." Motley was writing "Morton's Hope." Greenleaf was gathering the materials for a treatise upon "The Law of Evidence." Story was in the full tide of authorship, writing and printing "The Law of Agency," and revising "Equity Pleadings" and other works.

The period of financial depression, — one of the most remarkable in our history, — which began in 1837, still continued. The failure of some Boston banks had spread unusual distrust. Few local improvements were in progress; but it was thought worthy of record at the time that around the Common had been built a

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[1] The first arrival of the "Sirius" and "Great Western" at New York was on April 23, 1838. Nineteen years earlier, the "Savannah" made a single experimental trip.

"sidewalk," which, as a much-frequented promenade, was called "The Lovers' Chase."

The domestic life of Sumner's friends underwent changes. Cleveland and Felton were now both married. The former was living at "Pine Bank," near Jamaica Pond, and the latter in a new house he had built at Cambridge. Captain R. B. Forbes was embarking for China to make another fortune. Hillard met with one of the saddest of bereavements, — the loss of an only child. Young William Story had passed from College to Law School, and was making his first essays in sculpture, — the busts of his father and a classmate. The "Five of Clubs," now four only, — Felton, Cleveland, Hillard, Longfellow, — kept up their reunions, always commemorating at firesides and in feasts the loved member whose seat was vacant; and there were many callers at "Number Four" Court Street, who inquired eagerly for his health, progress, and the time of his return.

One or another of Sumner's correspondents wrote to him of these public or private affairs, and never did a young man enjoy tidings from home more than he. He was interested in all that concerned his friends. The events of their marriage and the birth of their children drew from him cordial and delicate congratulation, and he was quick to send his sympathy in bereavement. The families of his friends reciprocated this unfailing interest, and kept him in faithful remembrance. Mrs. Story and Mrs. Greenleaf regarded him like an absent son; and the wives of others, whose age was near his own, felt for him a sisterly affection.

His most constant correspondent was Hillard, who, in frequent and well-filled letters, kept him informed of all that was passing among friends, in courts, at "Number Four," in book-making, in society, and at Cambridge. Greenleaf wrote of the Law School and of politics. Story wrote of cases heard or decided by the Supreme Court, and of his labors as professor and author. Cleveland and Felton remembered him with many letters, full of affection, each detailing his studies, and the latter reporting also the incidents of college life. Lieber invoked his good offices with publishers and critics. Among correspondents who wrote with less frequency were Longfellow, Mr. Daveis, Luther S. Cushing (who wrote concerning "The Jurist"), Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lawrence, Richard Fletcher, Willard Phillips, and Benjamin Rand; and, after their return from Europe, Mr. Ticknor and Dr. Shattuck.

His letters to Judge Story and Hillard were read by other intimate friends, and his experiences became quite generally known in Boston and Cambridge. Americans returning from Europe reported his success in English society. His speech at Newcastle, which was read in a Boston newspaper, was much commended. His social career abroad attracted attention at home, and his return was awaited with unusual interest. The general opinion and expectation concerning him may be best gathered from the letters written to him at the time. One cannot fail to notice, even beneath their assurances of confidence to the contrary, serious apprehensions that his rich draughts of foreign life would give him a distaste for professional work.

Cleveland wrote, May 12, 1838: —

"We feel a deep interest in you; your success delights us, your adventures and descriptions entertain us, and your feelings command our sympathies as much as if you were our brother. We feel the same pride and concern for you as we should for 'one of the family;' and when one of your nice long letters comes, we feel that we have got a treasure indeed."

Again, Aug. 22: —

"A letter from you, dear Sumner, is before me, — a spring to exertion, a stimulus to ambition, and a source of real, unalloyed pleasure. I am delighted to hear of your great advantages in English society. . . . You have a very catholic spirit, which most men want. There is a heartiness in every thing which you do that seems to bear upon it the stamp of sterling. Now, I am perfectly thankful that you are circulating in British society as you are; for I know that a few such men as you will do more towards opening the eyes and the hearts of the best portion of the English than any number of books. . . . Write to me as often as you can. You do not know how much good your letters do me; they excite me to renewed exertion. Dear man! Do you not feel that you are undergoing a sort of apotheosis? Enjoy it, and profit by it; for it will be a source of happiness to you as long as you live. Some of your friends are prophesying misery for you when you come home; but I do not. On the contrary, what real solid satisfaction would you have, if you were not coming home? With such a field for ambition and usefulness as you have open before you here, can you fail to be happy? Write to me soon. I think, if you could see what an event it is here when your letters come, you would love to write to us. Adieu, my dear fellow; and God bless you!"

Again, Jan. 6, 1839: —

"This day, you are doubly remembered, — it being your birthday; the happiest, I doubt not, you have ever passed, — happy, I am sure, in the present; and may I not add, dear Charley, that it is happy in the future? I am sure you are destined to a happy career, if you will only open your soul to welcome the sunshine which is ready to be poured upon it. . . . We all have our destinies; and yours is grand. Live up to it! Reverence the powers God has given you. Cultivate, expand, and exercise them; and you will be happy. God bless you, my dear fellow! and, when your next birthday comes, may you find yourself as happy as you are now. I speak of your next with no common interest, because I hope and believe you will keep it with us. Oh, a happy gathering will we have!"

Mrs. C. wrote April 30, 1838: —

"I never meet any of your friends, dear Sumner, that you are not enthusiastically remembered. In all the pleasant meetings where you were seen, we think 'of the friend who once welcomed us, too.' Surely, your right ear must burn very hot sometimes."

Felton wrote, July 19 (his wedding-day): —

"There are not many men in this wide world to whom I should write on my wedding-day. . . . You have heard of the dinner Cleveland gave the 'Five of Clubs.' We drank your health in full bumpers, and had a superb time, I assure you. Longfellow and I returned to Cambridge at ten, and agreed that the day must be noted with white chalk. . . . Excuse this rambling, my dear Charley, and take my writing at all as a proof of the warm affection with which I regard you."

Again, Nov. 5: —

"I had the 'Five of Clubs,' the other day; and we drank your health in the first bumper. Indeed, this is our standing libation at the beginning of a feast. I hope you do not forget us in your wanderings. I am growing more and more attached to that excellent institution; and I devoutly trust we may carry it forward to old age. We have formed a design of catching you, immediately on your arrival, and conveying you to some place of security, — say, Pine Bank, — where we shall probably keep you three or four weeks, giving day by day the history of your adventures, before any other person has the least opportunity of hearing a word. I have amused myself with imagining you shooting grouse, accompanied by a sporting parson. Is it possible you killed any thing on purpose? Did you think of Mr. Winkle? Did you remember Mr. Tupman's shooting a partridge by accident? That unfortunate rabbit will haunt you as long as you live, if you are indeed guilty of his blood. I think we must have a series of papers after the manner of Pickwick, describing the adventures of the Club; and it is plain that you must be the travelling committee, to say nothing of being our great oracle on matters of sport."

Again, Jan. 23, 1839: —

"You can hardly imagine the joy your friends feel at the brilliant reception you have had in England. They have no forebodings of evil from all this. On the contrary, they have the most entire confidence in the firmness of your character and the goodness of your heart; and they anticipate your return with the richest treasures from the Old World, with your best tastes increased, your knowledge enlarged, your resolution to do good in your generation strengthened, and with such social and intellectual reminiscences as shall be the delight of all your future life. . . . By the way, there are hints current that you will become a Cantab. Is it so? I hope it is!"

Hillard wrote, July 23, 1838: —

"Think you that you will be content to sit in your chair in a little room, — No. 4 Court Street, Boston, — and issue writs and fill up deeds, after having drunk so deeply of the delicious draught of London social life? But I do you injustice in asking the question."

Again, Aug. 11: —

"The general feeling among your friends is one of great pleasure at your happiness and success, with a feeling of gratification, too, that the young men of our country have so favorable a representative abroad. All express themselves warmly upon this subject. There is no scandal and no disparaging remark; no one apprehends that your residence abroad will impair the simplicity of your character or the freshness of your mind, or lead you to look with distaste upon your own country and its institutions. Every one knows that you are too much of a man for that. But there is a general apprehension that you will find it very difficult, after what you have seen and enjoyed, to come back to the drudgery and petty details of the practice of the law; and as I have sat during these hot days, fagging in the office, I have had the same thought come into my own mind. Indeed, with your powers and attainments and industry, I wish you could come back to some higher, nobler, and more genial occupation than that of practice, and take your station among us as a writer, a teacher, a thinker. There is something belittling in the practice of the law; but its philosophy and spirit are ennobling and expanding. I don't know, and could not pronounce, in what particular function or vocation I should like to have you appear; but I want to have the community benefited by the rich stores of study and observation you will have brought back with you. For my own part, the delight I take in you, in your progress, in your success, in your present happiness, is the sunniest and brightest spot upon my path. You are ever present in my thoughts; and if I could only see you once a week and talk of its events with you, I should be entirely happy."

Again, Oct. 7: —

"I do assure you that successive bulletins of your successful and victorious progress give me a thrill of pleasure. I am not surprised at your success. The English are a warm-hearted and hospitable people when they give their confidence. They are so overrun with adventurers that they treat with suspicion and coldness any one who presents himself in a questionable shape, any one who has the ear-marks of an adventurer, and whom they suspect of designs against their daughters or their purses. But a modest, intelligent, well-educated, and well-bred young man is always sure of a frank and kind reception. So much for the class to which you belong; but you have recommendations peculiar to yourself, which insure you a proportionate reception. You have a great fund of knowledge, and of that kind of knowledge most valuable in England, and it lies accessible and within your grasp; and your manners are very well calculated for the meridian of England. Besides you have the charm of youth, which adds the beauty of promise to the beauty of fulfilment. I should have laid a wager without hesitation before you went, that you would be better received than any young man who has ever gone there; and I say this without meaning to flatter you, for our best men do not usually go there till they have ceased to be young; and as I said before, other things alike, a young man is received with more *empressement* than a middle-aged one."

Mrs. Samuel Lawrence wrote, May 12, 1838: —

"I will not say with how much regret I found my Saturday evenings broken up. I think we enjoyed them so much that I trust the memory of them will induce a renewal at some future day. Then we shall have the extra pleasure of hearing your feats of valor and adventure. Your anticipations, you say, great as they were, were fully realized on landing in France. I think you peculiarly fitted to enjoy travelling. All is novelty and freshness, and with your energy, ardor, and untiring perseverance no information will be left unattained, and no rational pleasure unsought. You have my best wishes that nothing may occur to mar this enjoyment."

Dr. Palfrey wrote, Sept. 25: —

"You are, I will not say an enviable, but certainly a very fortunate, man; and are thus another illustration of the connection between good luck and good conduct."

Governor Everett wrote, May 20, 1839: —

"I rejoice, my dear Sir, to hear from all quarters, public and private, of your great success abroad. I consider the country as under obligations to you for the favorable impression of our means of education and our institutions generally, which must be produced by the specimen of early scholarship and extraordinary attainment you have exhibited. Take care of your health; stay abroad till your eye is tired of seeing and your ear of hearing, and then come back and give your country the benefit of your observation and rare opportunities of improvement."

Dr. Lieber wrote, Oct. 9, 1838: —

"Greenleaf runs up and down the coast of the Atlantic like an anxious hen, while you, a young duck, swim lustily on the ocean. He is very much afraid you will become too *principled* and too *unprecedented*."[1]

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[1] An allusion to Sumner's letters, in which he expressed a strong preference on some points for the French judicial procedure.

Again, Jan. 8, 1839: —

"A happy New Year to you, my dear Sumner. May you see, learn, and *live* as much in 1839 as you have in 1838! I suppose that is about the best a friend can wish you. May you enjoy good health, and thus be capable *to receive Europe;* and may you do this, that you may return to your own country and become one of the many links by which God unites period to period, — an agent in his vast plans for the development of civilization, and in the great mental exchange of the moving nations of the earth. The task before you is great and noble. Your mind, your soul, has early been consecrated to become one of the priests in the sacred temple of truth and humanity, of right and pure liberty. Fulfil, then, your destiny, and be conscious of an august calling. Be a true citizen by being a noble man."

Mr. Daveis wrote, Jan. 18: —

"But I must not exhaust my whole sheet on one topic, though you invited it. It is no less interesting to you and your friends what is to be the chance for you when you get home. And can there be any question about it? The only practical point will be whether you will bring yourself down to the work. If your head can bear the transition, you will have no difficulty. You will only have to contend with the embarrassment of your riches."

Joseph R. Ingersoll wrote, April 22: —

"It has given me great delight to learn, as I have learned from various sources, how distinguished has been your reception and how agreeable your career abroad. As long as gentlemen like yourself and Mr. Webster are the representatives of the country, we are perfectly safe in the belief that we shall gain largely in reputation, and in the hope that we may at length persuade the most reluctant out of their prejudices against us."

John O. Sargent wrote, May 8: —

"Your visit has almost tempted me to envy you, for it has been flattering to a degree beyond any thing you had reason to expect, — the most flattering probably enjoyed by any American since time began."

Professor Greenleaf wrote, Sept. 7, 1838: —

"It is a long time since I received a line from you; but the Judge kindly hands me all yours to him, and once in a while I see one of Hillard's; so that I am kept acquainted with most of what befalls you, and am enabled to rejoice with the rest of your friends in the singular felicity of your travels. It seems to us hardly credible that one of our circle should so suddenly and, as it were, by magic be spirited away into the first society in England, and enabled to give us, with all the freshness of daily incidents, the sayings and doings of the giants of the legal and political world with whom he is so familiar. We think it a piece of rare good fortune for you; and, to whisper you another truth, we deem ourselves fortunate to have sent them so good a specimen of New England and of the law. See all you can, and profit by all you see. See *quite* *through* the Jacobinism and Radicalism and atheism of modern Europe, and all its other isms, and come home a sound and liberal conservative, as God made you; neither bigoted to the old because it is such, nor passionately in love with the striking novelties of the new. You are daily acquiring a vast intellectual and moral power, to be wielded on your return. Our earnest desire is to have you occupy an additional professor's chair, with Judge Story and myself, bringing into our institution all that power and all the affluence of your mind, to bear upon the great and increasing number of young men who come to us for instruction in constitutional and municipal law. Our responsibilities to our country are great, for the influence we thus indirectly exert upon her institutions; but we meet them with alacrity and the courage of honest and conscientious men. We want the aid of a yoke-fellow who is both an accomplished civilian and a sound common lawyer, versed in both systems, but addicted exclusively to neither; a liberal, enlightened, and yet practical jurist, and sound in constitutional law. Need I say that no man fills this space in our eyes like yourself? So make all your acquisitions, my dear friend, bear on this subject; keep always in mind that you are to occupy an additional chair with us, as our colleague in the great and honorable work, practising also in the courts in the more important causes, and in due time hasten home to the station we are quietly endeavoring to prepare for you."[1]

Again, Jan. 18, 1839: —

"When you ask me if we do *still* think it would have been better for you to have stayed at home, you put a difficult question. You have indeed seen 'a bright page' of human life, and with most extraordinary good fortune. It will be worth to you more or less, as you may choose. I do not yet regret the step you took. If you can return to us and to our habits of business, as if you had not left New England, bringing your great acquisitions in Europe into active service at home, — as I trust with confidence you will do, — the gain will be clear and decisive; and I think you will find no difficulty in resuming your place in the profession. We must give you an early retainer, that you may go soon into court and make your own arguments, instead of writing them for others to gain fame with."

Again, May 17: —

"Can you still remember so humble and quiet a spot as Dane Hall? Scarcely a day passes, I assure you, that I am not in some way reminded of you, — whether it be by visible traces in the library or by a sense of the want of your society; and when in the city I meet your brother Henry, as I frequently do, it is almost like the sight of yourself returned. . . . Of myself I have nothing to say. My life passes without events, — except hearing recitations, giving lectures, and studying law. I am growing older, yet not graver, but rather more buoyant, — holding cheerfulness a religious duty, and cultivating charity with all men. My wife is rather more an invalid than when you left us, but loves you yet, and sends her affectionate regards. May the Lord preserve you, and bring you back in safety in His own good time!"

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[1] In Jan., 1839, Judge Story said in conversation that he and Greenleaf should try to have Sumner in the Law School soon after his return; that the wish which lay nearest and dearest to his heart was to leave the Law School in good hands, and that he desired to have Sumner and Hillard succeed himself and Greenleaf.

Judge Story wrote, Aug. 11, 1838:—

"I have received all your letters, and have devoured them with unspeakable delight. All the family have heard them read aloud, and all join in their expressions of pleasure. You are now exactly where I should wish you to be, among the educated, the literary, the noble, and, though last not least, the learned of England, of good old England, our motherland, — God bless her! Your sketches of the Bar and Bench are deeply interesting to me, and so full that I think I can see them in my mind's eye. I must return my thanks to Mr. Justice Vaughan for his kindness to you; it has gratified me beyond measure, not merely as a proof of his liberal friendship, but of his acuteness and tact in the discovery of character. It is a just homage to your own merits. Your Old Bailey speech was capital, and hit by stating sound truths in the right way.

"Oh, for the coronation! the coronation! and you in your Court-dress! We all shouted hurrah! and Mrs. Story was so gratified by your letter, that she almost determined to write to thank you for it. I do it now as her proxy. . . .

"I envy you all your literary talk and literary friends, but still more your judicial friends of the Bar and Bench. What you state of their rank in the profession is exactly what I had supposed, either from reading the Reports, or from rumors abroad.[1]

Again, Jan. 16, 1839:—

"Your sketches of the judges have been deeply interesting to me; and I look for the residue of the portraits with increased curiosity. I am truly glad to find that I had not greatly mistaken the relative rank and character of them. . . . How I should have rejoiced to be with you in your travels through England on the summer Circuit, and in your delightful visits to Lord Brougham, Lord Wharncliffe, Earl Fitzwilliam, and the Earl of Leicester! Oh, for a month at Holkham, among the books and manuscripts of Lord Coke! What a treat to gaze upon the books handled by so eminent a man, three centuries ago!"

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[1] For remainder of letter, see Story's "Life and Letters," Vol. II. pp. 297-300.

CHAPTER XVII.

LONDON AGAIN.—CHARACTERS OF JUDGES.—OXFORD.—CAMBRIDGE.—NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER, 1838.—AGE, 27.

LETTERS.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD, BOSTON.

London, Nov. 4, 1838.

My dear Hillard,—I do not delay one moment to acknowledge the receipt of your touching letter, communicating the intelligence of the death of your dear child.[1] Would that these lines could go to you as swiftly as my sympathy! I sorrow with you from the bottom of my heart, and I fear that the lightsome letters which I have written latterly, all unconscious of your bereavement, may have seemed to flout your grief. I have been rejoicing while you have been sad; I have been passing, with joy lighting my steps, from one pleasant abode to another, while you have been sitting still in the house of mourning. Would that I could have shaken to you some of the superflux of happiness which has been my lot, and received upon my abler shoulders something of that burden under which I fear you may faint! I opened your letter this morning, by the faint light of dawn, on my arrival from Holkham,—after a long night's journey. I knew, of course, the familiar hand, and hurriedly broke the seal to get those tidings of my friends, which, amidst all that has befallen me, come like refreshing airs. I pitied you and your wife; but rejoiced when I read that she bore her loss with calmness. It is hardly for me to whisper consolation to you. Though not unconscious of sorrow myself, I have never yet felt such a bereavement as yours; I cannot, therefore, speak with the authority of suffering. But I can well imagine that, even to you, desolate as you are, there may be society of the richest kind in the cherished image of that dear creature, whose body has been taken from you,—in the recollection of his expanding faculties, his tender smiles, and, above all, his unsullied purity of soul. Think of him where he is, his own pure spirit mingling with the greatness and goodness that have been called away before him, nor finding aught purer or more acceptable than itself. And has he not escaped toils and trials, which would perhaps — if he had lived to encounter them — have made him mourn that he was born? These are stale topics, which will not, I fear, reach the depths of your sorrow. Let me, however, urge you to renounce, as a false indulgence, what I would call the luxury of grief. Think with gladness that God has cast such a sunbeam across your path, though for a short time, and followed by clouds and darkness; and be consoled by calling to mind the present bliss of your boy, and your own sterling performance of the duties of a father. . . . I feel ashamed almost to have written what I have; it is all so tame, and commonplace, and unsatisfactory. But you have poured out your heart in that most beautiful letter; and I could not rest easy till I had tendered you my sympathy in that way and language which, for the moment, has seemed most appropriate.

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[1] Hillard's only child, a boy of two years, died after a brief illness the previous September.

Let me know that you are calm and happy, and believe me, with new ardor, Affectionately yours,

Charles Sumner.

TO JUDGE STORY, CAMBRIDGE.

London, Nov. 4, 1838.

My dear Judge, — Once more in London, this mighty concentration of human energies, wishes, disappointments, joys, and sorrows! Its vastness is inconceivable and untold. I last wrote you from Wentworth House, the proud seat of Lord Fitzwilliam. Since then I have passed over a considerable tract of country, — have seen York Minster, so venerable for its antiquity, so rich in Gothic ornament, and perambulated the walls of that ancient city; visited Hull on the eastern coast of England, seen the brass statue of William III. on horseback, which adorns its principal square, crossed the broad Humber while a hurricane was blowing, and driven by the storm sought shelter for the first time in my life in the inside of the coach, — to my joy and astonishment found that I could bear the confinement without sickness, — and arrived at Boston. How I thrilled when I saw a guide-board on the road pointing "to *Boston!*" But I did not find that neat, trim, well-ordered place which I had always known under that name. They were engaged in their *caucuses* for municipal elections; and I was curious to go to the meetings of both parties. They were in different inns; the tables were covered with long pipes and mugs, and the village politicians were puffing and discussing and sipping their porter, in a style that would make a very good caricature print in the book illustrative of English manners and society, which I shall *not* write! I went to the venerable Guildhall; penetrated even to its kitchen, and inspected the spit, now rusty in these days of reform, on which for generations had revolved the meats that were to make glad the stomachs of the fathers of the town. From Boston went to Lynn, an ancient and commercial place of about fourteen thousand inhabitants, passing over the spot where King John lost his baggage, and over the Wash in a style unlike that in which that citizen of renown, John Gilpin, once went. Arrived at Holkham, the superb seat of Lord Leicester, better known as Mr. Coke. After four days at Holkham, where were Lords Spencer and Ebrington,[1] Edward Ellice,[2] &c., got into the mail which drives through Lord Leicester's park, rode inside all night, and this morning arrived in London. Now for Westminster Hall. Mr. Justice Vaughan is afraid there will be no room for me on the *full bench*, but still thinks I may sit between him and Lord Chief-Justice Tindal. This I resolutely decline. I will not sit on the bench. The Queen's counsel row is surely enough.

As ever, affectionately yours, C. S.

P. S. You have received doubtless the edition by Maxwell of your "Equity Pleadings." He has received a very flattering note about it from Mr. Wigram, one of the leaders of the Chancery Bar.

TO JUDGE STORY.

LONDON, Nov. 16, 1838.

MY DEAR JUDGE, — It is mid-day, and yet I am writing by candlelight. Such is a London fog. I am knocked up by a cold, and have determined to avoid Westminster Hall to-day and to keep in the house, hoping to be well enough to dine with Bingham this evening.

The Attorney-General asked me, a few days ago, for some American references that would bear upon the case of Stockdale *v.* Hansard,[3] wherein the question arises whether the House of Commons could *privilege* a libellous publication. I have written him in reply, stating that no such question had yet risen among us; but that the matter of *contempts* had been discussed repeatedly in the United States, and have referred him to your "Commentaries on the Constitution" for the completest view of the subject. The Attorney further asked me to write to you, to ascertain if you were aware of any authorities or discussions in the United States which would reflect light upon the question. . . .

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[1] Lord Ebrington, second Earl of Fortescue, 1783–1861. He was M. P. for North Devon in 1838. He moved, in 1831, the address of confidence in Lord Grey's administration; was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland from April, 1839, to September, 1841. Sumner received kindly attentions from him during his visit to England in 1857.

[2] 1786–1863. He represented Coventry in Parliament from 1818 (except from 1826 to 1830) until his death; was, in 1830, joint Secretary of the Treasury, and the "Whip" of the Whigs in the House of Commons; and Secretary of War for a short time in Lord Melbourne's ministry. His first wife was the sister of Earl Grey, and his second the widow of the Earl of Leicester. He was much interested in French affairs, and was the partisan of Thiers. "Greville Memoirs," Chap. XXXII., Jan. 19, 1837. Sumner met him on his visit to England in 1857.

[3] This controversy is described at length in "Life of Lord Denman," Vol. II. pp. 36–62, 228–231. It disturbed permanently the relations of the Chief-Justice (Denman) and the Attorney-General (Campbell). The case is reported in Adolphus and Ellis's Reports, Vol. IX. pp. 1–243 (argued April 23, 24, and 25, and May 28, 1839, and opinions given May 31); and Vol. XI. pp. 253–300 (heard Jan. 11 and 27, 1840). Sumner referred to it in his speech of June 15, 1860, on the imprisonment of Thaddeus Hyatt, under an order of the Senate. Works, Vol. IV. p. 439.

Sir William Follett's grand reputation you well know. If the Tories should come into power, and he would accept the place, I think it more than probable that he could be Lord Chancellor. Sir Edward Sugden is on the shelf completely;[1] and the immoralities of Lord Lyndhurst render him not very agreeable to Sir Robert Peel. But I will not discuss these things now: I shall soon send you a "many-sheeter," or several letters, in which I will give you sketches of all the judges and lawyers, reporters, &c. I need not say that I now know nearly all, and with many have contracted relations of intimacy and familiarity which I have not with any member of the bar in America (except Greenleaf), between whom and myself there is the same disparity of age. All the serjeants and Queen's counsel I know; but of this hereafter. Mr. Burge has sent me his work on Colonial Law.[2] . . . Remember me as ever to your family, and believe me,

As ever, affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

LONDON, Nov. 16, 1838.

MY DEAR HILLARD, — . . . I am oppressed by the vastness and variety of this place. Put two Bostons, two New Yorks, two Philadelphias, and two Baltimores all together, and you may have an idea of London. There is no way in which one is more struck by its size than by seeing the variety and extent of its society. In all our towns a stranger would meet every day in society some of the persons, perhaps all, that he met yesterday. In London, one has an infinite variety. Take my case: I have been in town only a few days; I first dined at the Garrick Club, where was James Smith, giving in the most quiet way the social experiences of his long life; Poole, the author of "Paul Pry," sitting silently and tremblingly in a corner, beneath a fine painting of John Kemble; the editors of the "Times" and "Globe" laughing and dining together, not remembering the morning and evening severities in which they had indulged; Hayward, poor in health, taking a light dinner; Stephen Price sipping his gin and water, &c. Next I dined with Mr. Justice Vaughan and Lady St. John *en famille*; next with Baron Alderson, where we had Sir Gregory Lewin,[3] Sir Francis Palgrave,[4] Serjeant Talfourd, and Lockhart; next with the Lord Mayor at Guildhall;

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[1] But he was afterwards Lord Chancellor as Lord St. Leonards.

[2] William Burge, author of "Commentaries on Colonial and Foreign Laws" and other treatises. He died in 1850, aged sixty-three.

[3] Sir Gregory A. Lewin died in 1845, aged fifty-one. He served in the navy from 1808 to 1818; then studied at Cambridge, and made choice of the law as his profession. He joined the Northern Circuit; and, in 1842, became Recorder of Doncaster. He wrote upon the Poor Laws. He accompanied Sumner to Oxford; arranged for his visit to the Thames Tunnel; and invited him to breakfast at 32 Upper Harley Street.

[4] 1788–1861. He wrote several books upon English history and antiquities, and was Deputy Keeper of her Majesty's Public Records.

next passed the day at Windsor Castle, the guest of the household, breakfasting and lunching with Lord Byron, Earl of Surrey, Hon. Colonel Cavendish, Murray, and Rich; next dined with Joseph Parkes, the great Radical and a most intelligent man, who thoroughly knows Lord Brougham; next with Mr. Senior, where were Count Pologne, Count Ravel, and Mr. Bellenden Ker; next with Mr. Serjeant D'Oyly, where were Mr. Justice Littledale, Mr. Serjeant Taddy, and Mr. Impey; and to-night, if my cold will let me go out, with Bingham,[1] the reporter, — a most able man, and friend of Jeremy Bentham, — to meet Austin and some of the philosophical Radicals; to-morrow with Talbot,[2] the son of Earl Talbot, to meet undoubtedly a Tory party; next day (being Sunday) to breakfast and pass the day with Roebuck, and to dine with Leader, the member for Westminster, to meet Lord Brougham and Roebuck; the next to dine with Sir Robert Inglis, the most distinguished Tory now in town; then with Sir Gregory Lewin; then with Cresswell, Theobald, Warren ("Diary of a Physician"), &c. I cannot content myself by a bare allusion to my dinner at Guildhall and to my day at Windsor. I was indebted for the honor of an invitation to Guildhall[3] to Lord Denman; and Sir Frederick Pollock was so kind as to take me in his carriage. Our cards of invitation said four o'clock for the dinner; but we were not seated till seven o'clock. I never saw any thing so antique and feudal. The hall was gloriously illuminated by gas, and the marble monuments of Lord Chatham, William Pitt, and Nelson added to the historic grandeur of the scene. I could hardly believe that I was not on the stage, partaking in some of the shallow banquets there served, when the herald, decked with ribbons, standing on an elevated place behind the Lord Mayor, proclaimed that "the Right Honorable the Lord Mayor to his guests, — lords, ladies, and gentlemen, all, — drank a cup of loving kindness." The effect of the scene was much enhanced by the presence of women decked in the richest style; among them was the Princess of Capua[4] (the famous Miss Penelope Smith), who has been married in so many countries, and who is the most queenly-looking woman I ever saw.

But my day at Windsor would furnish a most interesting chapter of chitchat. I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance, at Lord Morpeth's table, of Mr. Rich,[5] the member for Knaresborough, and the author of the pamphlet, "What will the Peers do?" He is one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber of the Queen; or, as they are called under a virgin queen, gentlemen-in-waiting. He was kind enough to invite me to visit him at Windsor Castle, and obtained special permission from her Majesty to show me the private rooms. I went down to breakfast, where we had young Murray (the head of the household), Lord Surrey, &c. Lord Byron,[1] who you know was a captain in the navy, is a pleasant, rough fellow, who has not many of the smooth turns of the courtier. He came rushing into the room where we were, crying out, "This day is a real *sneezer;* it is a *rum* one indeed. Will her Majesty go out to-day?" Lord Surrey hoped she would not, unless she would ride at the "slapping pace" at which she went the day before, which was twenty miles in two hours. You understand that her suite accompany the Queen in her equestrian excursions. Lord Byron proposed to breakfast with us; but they told him that he must go upstairs and breakfast with "the gals,"—meaning the ladies of the bedchamber and maids of honor,—Countess of Albemarle, Lady Byron, Lady Littleton, Miss Cavendish, &c. The ladies of the household breakfast by themselves, and sometimes her Majesty comes in and joins them, though she generally breakfasts quite alone; the gentlemen of the household also breakfast by themselves. Very soon Lord Byron came bouncing down, saying, "Murray, 'the gals' say that there is nothing but stale eggs in the castle." Again the ladies sent a servant to Murray (who I have said is the head of the royal household), complaining that there was no Scotch marmalade. Murray said it was very strange, as a very short time ago he paid for seven hundred pots of it. You will understand that I mention these trivial occurrences to let you know in the simplest way what passed. Of the splendors of Windsor you have read a hundred times, and all your friends who have been abroad can recount them; but such little straws as I am blowing to you will give you indications of the mode of life and manners in the castle. After breakfast (it having been mentioned to the Queen that I had arrived), we went into the private apartments, which are never shown except during the Queen's absence. The table was spread for dinner, and the plate was rich and massive. I did not like the dining-room so well as Lord Leicester's, at Holkham, though it is more showy and brilliant. The drawing-rooms were quite rich. While wandering around with Mr. Rich and Lord Byron, we met the Duchess of Kent in her morning-dress,—a short, squab person,—who returned our profound obeisance with a gracious smile (you see I have caught the proper phrase). Some of the pictures at Windsor are very fine. I have never before seen any thing by Rubens that pleased me, or that I could tolerate (except, perhaps, a picture at Holkham). There is one room devoted to Rubens. They were kind enough to invite me to visit them again at the castle, and Murray told me that a horse would be at my disposal to ride in the park and see the Virginia water. . . .

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[1] Peregrine Bingham, author of "Treatise on the Law of Infancy and Coverture." He invited Sumner to dine in Dec., 1838, at 34 Mecklenburgh Square; and on another occasion when Charles Austin was to be his guest.

[2] John Chetwynd Talbot, 1806–1852. He married a daughter of Lord Wharncliffe, and was Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales, and Recorder of Windsor.

[3] In Sumner's address on Granville Sharp, Nov. 13, 1854, he said: "The marble bust of England's earliest Abolitionist was installed at Guildhall, home of metropolitan justice, pomp, and hospitality, in the precise spot where once had stood the bust of Nelson, — England's greatest admiral," &c. Works, Vol. III. p. 517.

[4] Miss Smith was an English girl, without fortune or rank, whose beauty won the heart of the Prince of Capua, one of the royal family of Naples.

[5] Henry Rich, youngest son of Admiral Thomas Rich.

I am in Westminster Hall every day, and have been most happy in renewing my acquaintance with the bench and bar after my absence in the country.

Believe me, ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

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[1] George Anson Byron, who succeeded the poet in the peerage, was an admiral in the navy and an extra lord-in-waiting to the Queen. He died in 1868, at the age of seventy-nine.

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER, COLUMBIA, S. C.

LONDON, Nov. 16, 1838.

MY DEAR LIEBER, — . . . I arrived in London on Sunday. On Monday evening I submitted your book[1] to Colburn, and he declined it. I had spoken to Clark in Edinburgh, who published Story's "Conflict of Laws," but he also declined. From Colburn I went to Maxwell, — an intelligent and enterprising law-publisher, whom I knew very well, and who had just published Story's "Equity Pleadings" at my suggestion. He took your book, examined it, and declined it. But he was kind enough to put it into the hands of another publisher, who is not exactly in the law trade, and with whom I have concluded arrangements for the publication of both volumes of your work, — Mr. William Smith, of Fleet Street, an intelligent, gentlemanly person of about thirty-five years, whose appearance I like very much, more than that of Colburn or Longman. It will appear at Christmas (an edition of five hundred copies) in very good style. . . . On the publication of the English edition I will send a copy to Mr. Empson, the successor of Sir James Mackintosh as Professor of Law, whom I know, and who writes the juridical articles in the "Edinburgh," asking his acceptance of it, and stating that it is a work in which I have great confidence, and that I should be well pleased to see it reviewed in the "Edinburgh." I will do the same with Hayward, who writes the juridical articles in the "Quarterly," besides editing the "Law Magazine," and whom I know intimately. Perhaps I will send a copy to Lockhart, whom I have met several times. I will dispose of several other copies in the same manner, — one to a leading writer in the "London and Foreign Review."[2] The copy which you sent me has been out of my hands so much since I received it, that I have only found time to glance at it. It is very finely executed, and reads admirably. I still hold to the high opinion I have always expressed with regard to it, and to the highest expectations for your fame. I have authorized the publisher to omit on the title-page the phrase, "for the use of colleges and schools;" that limits the object of the book too much. I hope you will believe that I have done my best for you. On Jan. 1 I leave England for Germany. . . . How are politics? You have been in Boston among my friends: what say you now to my trip to Europe? Shall I be injured by it? Give me one of your long, closely-written letters.

Ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. One of my friends, Joseph Parkes, has bought and is reading a copy of your book. I will give a copy to the editors of the "Spectator" and "Globe."

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[1] Political Ethics.

[2] In a letter to Dr. Lieber, Dec. 13, Sumner, writing of reviews of the "Political Ethics" which he hoped to obtain, refers to John Stuart Mill as "the most accomplished critic in that department in England."

TO MRS. JUDGE HOWE, CAMBRIDGE.

Athenæum Club,[1] Nov. 22, 1838.

My dear Mrs. Howe,[2] — I should be cold, indeed, did I not cordially acknowledge your kind letter, which I have received by your nephew, Edward Lyman. I often think of Cambridge and the quiet life I have led there, and the many good friends who, I hope, will not forget me during a protracted absence. The "Book Club" still exists. . . . We judge English authors better than the English themselves: all here are too near them. When I see the foppery of Bulwer every day, and hear his affected voice, should not that disenchant me from the spell of his composition? You, sitting in your rocking-chair and joining reading to your household duties, actually keep a better run of English literature than many — ay, than most — of the English themselves. London is so full, and teeming, and mighty, that it is next to impossible for anybody to do more than to attend to his own affairs and take care of himself. The magazines and reviews are not read here with half the avidity they are in America; and, when read, are not judged with the same dispassionate fairness. At the different clubs which I frequent, I find that I am generally the first person to take them up; and I have tried in vain at this club, where I now write, with a Lord of the Treasury snoring by my side, and where are all the literary men of London, to ascertain the authorship of an article in the last "Edinburgh Review." I have asked Mr. Hallam, Mr. Rogers, and numerous literary men and M. P.s; and cannot find out. In short, nobody cares for these things.

You see what a rambling letter I am writing, — if that can be called a letter which began as a note. I have been pleased to hear from your nephew the good reports of all your family. And so E——— is married, and gone to the West! All the world is getting married or engaged. I shall find myself alone of my class, — a sort of fossil remains of the bachelor species. All my friends have renounced celibacy, and rejoice in the pleasures of a house of their own, with a pretty wife, and mayhap some little prattlers. Said Barry Cornwall to me yesterday, while he held in his hand a lovely little boy: "Have you any such beautiful *pictures* as this?" What fine sentiment comes from married folks! And, indeed, a lovely child is a beautiful picture. I loved the poet more after he had put me that close question. His gentle countenance, which seemed all unequal to the energy which dictated "The Sea! the Sea!" was filled with joyful satisfaction and love; and he hugged the boy to his bosom. What a loss is that of Hillard! I pity him from the bottom of my heart. To lose such a lovely picture was a loss beyond rubies. I hope he bears it well . . . . Felton seems happy and contented in the house he has builded. He is happy by nature. . . .

Remember me to all who care any thing about me; and believe me,

As ever, affectionately yours, Charles Sumner.

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[1] The Athenæum Club (Pall Mall) was founded in 1824, by Sir Humphry Davy, Professor Faraday, Sir Francis Chantrey, Sir Walter Scott, Sir Henry Halford, Thomas Moore, Richard Heber, Sir Thomas Lawrence, and John Wilson Croker. Among its earliest members was Samuel Rogers; and among those who frequented it most was Theodore Hook.

[2] *Ante*, Vol. I. pp. 164–166.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

Athenæum Club, Dec. 4, 1838.

Dear Hillard, — These magnificent clubs of London are to the town as country-seats, hall, park, house, or castle. Here are extended drawing-rooms, adorned in the choicest style with statuary and painting, and holding every thing that conduces most to comfort and luxury, with books, magazines, and papers all within call. Here also you may meet the best society of London. I have often met Hallam [1] at the Athenæum. I was standing the other day by the side of a pillar, so that I was not observed by him, when he first met Phillips,[2] — the barrister who visited America during the last summer; and he cried out, extending his hand at the same time: "Well, you are not tattooed, really!" Hallam is a plain, frank man, but is said to be occasionally quite testy and restless. Charles Babbage,[3] himself one of the most petulant men that ever lived, told me that Hallam once lay awake all night till four o'clock in the morning, hearing the chimes and the watchman's hourly annunciation of them. When he heard the cry, "Four o'clock, and a cloudy morning," he leaped from his bed, threw open his window, and, hailing the terrified watchman, cried out: "It's not four o'clock; it wants five minutes of it!" and, after this volley, at once fell asleep. At the same dinner last week, I met Hallam, Whewell, Babbage, Lyell,[4] Murchison,[5] Dr. Buckland, Sedgwick,[6] and one or two M. P.s. Hallam talked about Prescott's book, and praised it very much. He said that Lord Holland was in ecstasy about it; and that he was the most competent judge of it in England. Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone [7] — one of the most remarkable men in England — has read it with the greatest care; and he spoke of it to me with the highest praise.

I find myself in such a round of society that I hardly know of which dinner or reunion to write you. I have many more invitations than there are days in the week; and all from men eminent in literature, law, politics, or society. One of the most remarkable days that I have passed was Sunday before last, at Leader's [8] place, about six miles from town. I breakfasted with Roebuck, and then with him went to the member for Westminster. There were only Leader, Trelawney,[9] — author of "Adventures of a Younger Son," — Roebuck, Falconer, — late editor of the "Westminster Review," — and myself. We talked till midnight, meeting early at breakfast the next morning; and I did not leave Leader's till it was time for me to go to town to dress for dinner at Sir Robert Inglis's, — thus passing from the leader of the Radicals to one of the chiefs of the Tories. I have already written you that Roebuck is a person of great talent, force, and courage, with a quick, sharp, incisive manner of expressing himself. He speaks French beautifully, and quotes Ariosto with grace and propriety; is about thirty-four or thirty-five, and quite small; is rash, self-confident, and unassimilating. His party is himself; for he will brook no shadow of variance from his own opinions. Leader is twenty-six or twenty-seven, with gentle looks and manner and flaxen hair, and a finished education. I have seldom heard a finer French accent from English lips than from his; and his acquaintance with all Continental literature seems to be quite complete. I need not tell you that Trelawney is a most remarkable man. The terms of freedom and familiarity on which I found myself with all these — and, I may add, with a most extensive literary and legal circle that I meet — you may infer from the slight fact that they address me without any prefix, as "Sumner;" and I, of course, do the same with them. Sir William Follett always meets me on that footing. It was only night before last that I dined at his house. We had at table Sir Frederick Pollock, Serjeant Talfourd, Theodore Hook,[1] Charles Austin, — one of the cleverest, most enlightened, and agreeable men in London, — and Crowder, the Queen's counsel. Talfourd[2] outdid himself; indeed, I have never seen him in such force. He and Pollock discussed the comparative merits of Demosthenes and Cicero; and Talfourd, with the earnestness which belongs to him, repeated one of Cicero's glorious perorations. Pollock gave a long extract from Homer; and the author of "Ion," with the frenzy of a poet, rolled out a whole strophe of one of the Greek dramatists. Theodore looked on in mute admiration, and then told some of his capital stories. As a story-teller he is unparalleled, but says little in general conversation. It is only when the ladies have retired, and there is room for something approaching license, that he is at his ease. He then dramatizes and brings before you Sir Charles Wetherell and the Duke of Cumberland, and whom he wishes. In his line he is first; but, as a contributor to the intellectual feast, he is of little value, — vastly inferior to Sydney Smith, whose humor makes your sides shake with laughter for weeks after you have listened to it. We left Follett at about half-past eleven o'clock; and Talfourd carried me to the "Garrick," where we found Poole. Talfourd took his two glasses of *negus*, his grilled bone, and Welsh rare-bit; and both he and Poole entertained me by their reminiscences of Godwin.

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[1] Henry Hallam, 1777–1859. He invited Sumner several times to dine with him, — once in company with Professor Whewell, — and expressed his regard by other attentions. Sumner met the historian again in London, in September, 1857.

[2] Thomas Phillips.

[3] 1790–1871; the mathematician.

[4] Sir Charles Lyell, 1797–1875.

[5] Sir Roderick Impey Murchison, 1792–1871.

[6] Rev. Adam Sedgwick, 1785–.

[7] 1779–1859; noted for his official service in India, and his descriptive and historical writings upon that country.

[8] J. Temple Leader, M. P. for Westminster.

[9] Captain E. J. Trelawney.

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[1] 1788–1844.

[2] Thomas Noon Talfourd, 1795–1854. He entered Parliament in 1835, and the same year gave to the public his tragedy of "Ion." His "Athenian Captive" followed in 1838. His "Copyright Act" distinguishes his Parliamentary career. In 1849, he was made a judge of the Common Pleas, and knighted. He died suddenly of apoplexy, while discharging his official duties. Talfourd invited Sumner to dine, Nov. 24, 1838, at his house, 56 Russell Square. In a note from Gloucester, April 1, 1840, he regrets that absence on the circuit will prevent his shaking Sumner's hand again, but hopes to renew their acquaintance at no very distant period in the United States. They had interchanged friendly letters before Sumner went abroad. Talfourd, Jan. 4, 1837, acknowledging Sumner's letter of Aug. 15, 1836, sent him two copies of "Ion," — one for himself, and another for Dr. Channing, "your illustrious fellow-citizen, of whose writings I am a fervid admirer." They had also a common friend in Thomas Brown, *ante*, Vol. I. p. 156.

While I listened late at night to these reminiscences, I did not expect the next evening to be sitting on the same sofa chatting with Godwin's daughter, Mrs. Shelley,[1] the author of "Frankenstein." I dined with Theobald,[2] whose legal writings you well know, and, stealing away from his drawing-rooms, repaired to Lady Morgan's.[3] Her Ladyship had particularly invited me to her party on this evening, saying, "Promise me that you will come on Sunday night, and I will have all the literary characters of London. I will trot them all out for your benefit." Accordingly, there were Sam Rogers, — just returned with renewed youth from Paris, — Kenyon, Hayward, Courtenay[4] (the M. P. and great London epicure), and his beautiful daughter; Westmacote Young, the retired actor, Young (Ubiquity), Mr. and Mrs. Yates, Quin, and Mrs. Shelley. We had excellent music. I talked a good deal with Mrs. Shelley. She was dressed in pure white, and seemed a nice and agreeable person, with great cleverness. She said the greatest happiness of a woman was to be the wife or mother of a distinguished man. I was not a little amused at an expression that broke from her unawares, she forgetting that I was an American. We were speaking of travellers who violated social ties, and published personal sketches, and she broke out, "Thank God! I have kept clear of those Americans." I did not seem to observe what she had said, and she soon atoned for it. Lady Morgan points every sentence with a phrase in French. She is now engaged upon a work on "Woman," which will be published in the spring.[5]

I have told you of one dinner with the Radicals; another was at Joseph Parkes's, where we had Dr. Bowring[6] (just returned from Egypt), Roebuck, Falconer, and myself. I was nearly dead with a cold, but I could not be insensible to the bold, searching conversation and the interesting discussions of the characters of public men and events. Brougham said last week to Roebuck: "They say there will be a contest between Durham and myself in the House of Lords. There will be no such thing. It were affectation in me not to *know* that I am a very great debater, and that Lord Durham is a very poor one; there can be therefore no *contest* between us." Brougham has two volumes in press, being a supplement to his volume on Natural Theology, in which, among other things, there is a dialogue between him and Lord Spencer, on Instinct.

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[1] 1798–1851. She invited Sumner to tea, at her house in Park Street.

[2] William Theobald, author of "The Law of Principal and Surety."

[3] Lady Sydney Morgan, 1789–1859; daughter of Robert MacOwen, of the English stage; a native of Dublin, wife of Sir Thomas Charles Morgan, and author of poems, novels, and books of travel. Her writings were much read, and yielded a considerable income; but her style encountered much criticism. H. F. Chorley has left an account of her, — "Autobiography," Vol. I. p. 230. Sumner met her on his second visit to England, in 1857.

[4] Philip Courtenay; M. P. for Bridgewater; Queen's counsel on the Northern Circuit.

[5] Woman and her Master, — published in 1840.

[6] Sir John Bowring, 1792–1872; scholar, philologist, and writer upon political and commercial questions; the first editor of the "Westminster Review," and the friend and literary executor of Jeremy Bentham. He served in Parliament, 1835–1849; was Governor of Hong Kong, 1854–57; and became editor of the "Westminster Review" by the nomination of Bentham, but against the judgment of James Mill. "Autobiography of John Stuart Mill," p. 91.

I have been daily in Westminster Hall; at six o'clock, I go home to dress for dinner, and then the evening is devoted to society. Since the term was up, I have paid some visits which I have been long owing. I went to Hampstead, by invitation beforehand, to lunch with Joanna Baillie.[1] I place her next after Lord Brougham's mother. She is seventy-five, neat, tidy, delightful in her personal appearance; and in conversation, simple, interesting, and agreeable. She affected me in the same way as did Wordsworth. I thought that Providence should have brought them together as man and wife. We talked of Scott and Lockhart. Was it not strange that I should be put to inquire at a dozen doors in that village, to know where Miss Baillie lived? In my vexation, I told one person who lived within a stone's throw of what I afterwards found to be the simple roof of the poetess, that he did not know the residence of the greatest ornament of his town! Another morning was devoted to Carlyle.[2] His manners and conversation are as unformed as his style; and yet, withal, equally full of genius. In conversation, he piles thought upon thought and imagining upon imagining, till the erection seems about to topple down with its weight. He lives in great retirement, — I fear almost in poverty. To him, London and its mighty maze of society are nothing; neither he nor his writings are known. Young Milnes[3] (whose poems you have doubtless read) told me that nobody knew of his existence; though he, Milnes, entertained for him personally the greatest regard. Carlyle said the strangest thing in the history of literature was his recent receipt of fifty pounds from America, on account of his "French Revolution," which had never yielded him a farthing in Europe and probably never would. I am to meet Leigh Hunt at Carlyle's. Another morning I devoted to Mr. Babbage, breakfasting, seeing the calculating machine, and talking. He seemed to give me his confidence to a remarkable extent, and told me of his future plans, his disappointments, and his high ambition. His rage against the English Government is intense. He vowed that he would never make his machine for them. "No," said he, "not if Palmerston and Melbourne come on bended knees before me." He is a very able man. Another morning I went with my friend, Sir Gregory Lewin, to see the Tunnel. By the way, Sir Gregory has in his dining-room the original paintings by Reynolds of Dr. Johnson and Garrick, which have been perpetuated by so many thousand engravings. How strange it seems to me to sit at table and look upon such productions, so time-hallowed, and so full of the richest associations! You must see that I write blindly on; a mere word, which I chance to hit upon, suggesting the next topic. The word "associations" brings to my mind Westminster Abbey. Books and descriptions will not let one realize the sweeping interests of this hallowed place. . . . Cooper and Willis have harmed us not a little; and then some others of our countrymen, who have not been so extensively received in society as these two, and who have written nothing, have yet left impressions not the most agreeable. A friend told me yesterday what Rogers said the other day to him: "The Americans I have seen have been generally very agreeable and accomplished men; but there is too much of them: they take up too much of our time." This was delivered with the greatest gentleness. . . . Bulwer was here a few moments ago in his flash *falsetto* dress, with high-heel boots, a white great coat, and a flaming blue cravat. How different from Rogers who is sitting near me, reading the "North American;" or Hallam who is lolling in an easy chair; or Milman, — both absorbed in some of the last Reviews or Magazines.

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[1] Poet and dramatist, died in 1851, at the age of eighty-nine. Her home at Hampstead was, to the end of her life, frequented by eminent persons. Lord Jeffrey, who visited her in 1840, wrote that he found her "as fresh, natural, and amiable as ever; and as little like a Tragic Muse. Since old Mrs. Brougham's death, I do not know so nice an old woman." Among Sumner's autographs is Miss Baillie's note of Nov. 22, 1838, inviting him to visit her on the next Wednesday. Her sister, Agnes, died April 27, 1861, at the age of one hundred.

[2] Thomas Carlyle, 1795–. He had, prior to 1839, published besides miscellaneous papers the "Sartor Resartus," and "French Revolution." His "Burns" had been read with great interest by Sumner when in College, *ante*, Vol. I., p. 50. The following was written to Sumner (the "newspaper fragment" referred to is Professor Andrews Norton's reply to George Ripley in a discussion concerning "The Latest Form of Infidelity"): —

CHELSEA, Feb. 14, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR, — Could you return this newspaper fragment of the Socinian Pope to Mr. Coolidge, lest I lose it in the interim? Doubtless, he and you would like to see the poison, now that you are fortified with the antidote. Here it is, strong as prussic acid in my hand for a week past. If I knew Mr. Coolidge's address, I would call for his lady and him, as it is my part to do. My wife has caught cold, and is not equal to any call beyond a few rods distant at present. We calculate on seeing you soon, and wish you always right well.

Yours very truly, T. CARLYLE.

[3] Richard Monckton Milnes was born in 1809. He supported liberal measures as a Member of Parliament for Pontefract from 1837 to 1863, when he was raised to the peerage as Baron Houghton. His contributions to literature, in prose and poetry, have been miscellaneous. In 1875 he visited the United States. He is widely known for his genial qualities as host and friend. Sumner enjoyed his society on this first visit to England. They continued to be correspondents for some years afterwards, and renewed their personal intercourse in 1857.

DECEMBER 5.

To-night my invitations were to dinner at Brougham's, Sir Robert Inglis's, Mr. Justice Littledale's, and Mr. Kenyon's; at the latter place to meet Rogers and Southey. I dined with Brougham, as his invitation came first, and hoped to be able to drop in at Inglis's and Kenyon's; but we sat so late at table that I could only reach Inglis's, and then get home at midnight, trusting to some future opportunity of meeting Southey and Rogers: the last, of course, I may see every day. To-morrow, I dine with the Political Economy Club, where I shall meet Senior, John Mill,[1] McCulloch,[2] Spring Rice, Lord Lansdowne, &c. On the next day I commence my pilgrimage to Oxford, where I pass four days, and those four are engaged: first, to Sir Charles Vaughan, at All Souls; second, to my friend Ingham, M. P., at Oriel; third, to Dr. Hampden, at Christ Church; fourth, to Wortley, at Merton. I then go to Cambridge, where my first day is engaged to

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[1] John Stuart Mill, 1806 1873.

[2] John Ramsay McCulloch, 1789-1864; author of the "Dictionary of Commerce and Commercial Navigation."

Whewell, &c. A few days ago I received a most friendly and affectionate letter from Lord Morpeth, in which he enclosed a letter of introduction to the Countess of Granville,[1] now in Paris.

Sir Robert Inglis expressed himself to-night in terms of the highest admiration of Dr. Channing's "Texas," which is a good deal from such a churchman. I passed a very pleasant evening last week — till long past midnight — with Mr. and Mrs. Basil Montagu.[2] Mr. Montagu was full of Bacon, and told me it was said of him that in a quarrel with the keeper of a turnpike gate he would quote Bacon! He invited me to go with him to visit Bacon's mansion about twenty miles from London. Mrs. Montagu is a remarkable woman.

As ever yours, C. S.

P. S. What will be my prospects at the bar on my return? Will they say I am spoiled? I have received a most friendly letter from Miss Edgeworth, expressing her regret that I did not visit her in Ireland, and inviting me there if I should ever visit Ireland again. I have missed a second invitation to meet Southey!

TO JUDGE STORY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, Dec. 5, 1838.

MY DEAR JUDGE, — I have long promised you an account of legal characters; and now I will redeem in part my pledge. There are some general things to be observed, first. I shall send you light sketches, in which you will find the chat of the bar, benches, and the dinner-table, and also the results of my observation of the subjects in court, on circuit, in Westminster Hall, and in society.

Most of the judges go to the court in the morning on horseback, with a groom on another horse behind; and they are notorious as being very poor riders, — though the fate of Twysden has been latterly unknown.[1] In the winter the court opens at ten o'clock; and they continue sitting till between four and five,— often till seven. Between one and two, they leave the bench and retire to their room, where they eat a sandwich and drink a glass of wine from a phial; this takes five or ten minutes only. The judges have not separate seats, as with us; but all sit on one long, red-cushioned seat, — which may with propriety be called the *bench*, in contradistinction to the *chair*, which is the seat of a professor. I shall begin with the common law, and, of course, with the Queen's Bench.

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[1] Lady Granville (Henrietta Elizabeth) was the wife of Lord Granville, then English Ambassador at Paris. She and her sister, Georgiana, who was Lord Morpeth's mother, were the daughters of the fifth earl of Devonshire. Lord Granville died in 1846, and Lady Granville in 1862. His son is a distinguished statesman.

[2] Basil Montagu, 1770–1851. He was educated at Cambridge, and called to the bar in 1798. He made the Law of Bankruptcy, both in practice and as a writer, his specialty in the profession. He co-operated with Romilly in the movement to abolish capital executions for minor offences, and was active in the Temperance reform. He was an enthusiastic student of Bacon, editing the works, and writing the life of the philosopher. His edition was the text of Macaulay's famous article in the "Edinburgh Review." His daughter married Bryan Waller Procter, who, as an author, adopted the pseudonym of "Barry Cornwall," and died in 1874, at the age of eighty-seven. Adelaide Anne Procter, 1825–1864, was Mr. Procter's daughter. Sumner made the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Montagu, through Mr. Parkes. They were charmed with him, and ever after regarded him with a tenderness like that of parents. Mrs. Montagu predicted even then his future eminence. His relations to them and to the Procters have been touched upon by James T. Fields, in a paper contributed to "Harper's Magazine," Nov., 1875, pp. 777–796; and afterwards reprinted in a volume entitled "Barry Cornwall and some of his Friends," pp. 9, 47, 65, 101. Sumner was one of the guests, in 1859, at a dinner given by Mr. Procter to Hawthorne; at which were present Mr. Fields, Kinglake, and Leigh Hunt.

You know Lord Denman[2] intellectually better than I; but you do not know his person, his voice, his manner, his tone, — all every inch the judge. He sits the admired impersonation of the law. He is tall and well-made, with a justice-like countenance: his voice and the gravity of his manner, and the generous feeling with which he castigates every thing departing from the strictest line of right conduct, remind me of Greenleaf more than of any other man I have ever known. I wish you could have listened to Lord D., as I did on the circuit, when he sentenced some of the vicious and profligate wretches brought before him. His noble indignation at crime showed itself so naturally and simply that all our bosoms were warmed by it; and I think his words must have gone like iron into even the stony hearts of the prisoners. And yet I have seen this constitutional warmth find vent on occasions when it should have been restrained: it was directed against the Attorney-General,[3] who was pressing for delay in a certain matter with a pertinacity rather peculiar to him. Lord D. has, to a remarkable degree, the respect of the bar; though they very generally agree that he is quite an ordinary lawyer. He is honest as the stars, and is willing to be guided by the superior legal learning of Patteson. In conversation he is gentle and bland; I have never seen him excited. His son, who will be the future Lord Denman, is what is here called a nice person.[1]

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[1] Lord Shaftesbury, as Lord Chancellor in 1673, undertook to restore the judicial cavalcade, and went mounted from the Strand to Westminster Hall. Judge Twysden, having more gravity than equestrian skill, fell from his horse on the route. He declared that no Lord Chancellor should ever make him mount on horseback again. Campbell's "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," Vol. IV. pp. 174, 175.

[2] Thomas Denman, 1779–1854, *ante*, Vol. I. p. 330. He was taught as a child by Mrs. Barbauld; studied at Cambridge; entered Parliament in 1818; was counsel with Brougham for Queen Caroline; became Attorney-General in 1830, and Lord Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench in 1832; was created a peer, in 1834, with the title of Baron Denman. He resigned his office of Chief-Justice in 1850. His love of humanity was a conspicuous feature of his public life. In Parliament he was a determined opponent of slavery and the slave trade. His appointment as Chief-Justice was promoted by Brougham. "Life of Lord Denman," Vol. I. p. 318; Brougham's "Autobiography," Vol. III. p. 220. He invited Sumner to a dinner at Guildhall, and several times welcomed him at his own house in Portland Place. He wrote to Mr. Justice Coleridge, in Oct., 1841: "Did Patteson tell you that Story had sent me, through Sumner, a complete approbation of our proceedings *in re* Stockdale? — the more valuable because he is entirely opposed to a decision of ours of much less importance, — Devaux *v.* Salvador [a marine insurance case]. I was not aware of his having sent us any work of his; but in answer to Sumner's question, how he could best repay English hospitality, I said: 'Come again, and bring Story.'" — "Life of Lord Denman," Vol. II. p. 88. See Lord Denman's letter to Sumner in Story's "Life," Vol. II. p. 379.

[3] Campbell.

Littledale[2] is rather advanced in life; I should call him seventy. He has the reputation of great book-learning; but he seems deficient in readiness or force, both on the bench and in society. I heard old Justice Allan Park say that Littledale could never get a conviction in a case where there was any appeal to the feelings. He has not sat *in banc* this term, but has held the Bail Court. He has but one child, — the wife of Mr. Coventry,[3] whose various legal labors you know very well.

Patteson[4] is the ablest lawyer on the Queen's Bench, — some say the first in all the courts. As I have already written you, he is unfortunately deaf, to such a degree as to impair his usefulness, though by no means to prevent his participating in the labors of the bench. He is deeply read, and has his learning at command. His language is not smooth and easy, either in conversation or on the bench; but it is always significant, and to the purpose. In person he is rather short and stout, and with a countenance that seems to me heavy and gross; though I find that many of the bar think of it quite otherwise. I heard Warren[5] — author of "Diary of a Physician," &c. — say that it was one of the loveliest faces he ever looked upon: perhaps he saw and admired the character of the man in his countenance. I have heard many express themselves about him with the greatest fondness. He has a very handsome daughter.

Williams[6] — commonly called "Johnny," or "Little Johnny" Williams — is short in person. He was the ancient associate of Brougham in the Queen's case, and was made a judge by his Lordship. He has the reputation of being a good classical scholar; though I do not remember ever observing, either in his conversation or judgments, any particular marks of the attainments attributed to him. Indeed, I have always thought him dull: he certainly is an ordinary lawyer, and has very little legal talent. He seemed often in inextricable confusion on the circuit. He is famous for very early rising, and for falling asleep in company. I have seen him fall asleep at the head of his own table; and they tell a story that Brougham once made a dinner, in order to give Williams an opportunity of meeting some persons who would furnish him some valuable materials for a motion he was about to make in the House of Commons; but before they arrived at that stage of the dinner when the conversation was to be opened, Williams was nodding. I will, however, do him the justice to add that I once dined in company with him at Cresswell's, when he continued awake during all the time.

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[1] Thomas Denman, the present peer, was born in 1805. He was Marshal during his father's service on the bench. George, fourth son of Lord Denman, became a judge of the Common Pleas in 1872.

[2] *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 333.

[3] Thomas Coventry. He invited Sumner, on different occasions, to dine with him at 5 Tavistock Square.

[4] *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 333.

[5] Samuel Warren, 1807–1877; author of "The Introduction to Law Studies," and "Ten Thousand a Year;" and member of Parliament for Midhurst, 1856–57.

[6] John Williams, 1777–1846. He was from his youth distinguished for his excellence in classical studies; assisted Brougham and Denman in the defence of Queen Caroline; attacked in Parliament the delay of business in Chancery under Lord Eldon; became a baron of the Exchequer in 1834, and was transferred the same year to the King's Bench. See reference to him in "Life of Lord Denman," Vol. I. p. 128; Vol. II. pp. 13, 14, 170, 171.

Coleridge[1] is the junior of the Queen's Bench, and a moderate Tory, who was appointed by Sir Robert Peel. He never had a large business at the bar, but has pleased everybody on the bench. I believe him to be a man of learning, and of the highest honor, — in personal appearance quite agreeable, and in accomplishments inferior to nobody on the bench. As the junior judge, it devolves upon him to read the reports of the evidence on all motions for a new trial. I have never met him in society, — the only judge I have not. His mother has lately deceased.

Turn next to the Common Pleas. There is, first, Lord Chief-Justice Tindal.[2] He sits bent over his desk in court, taking notes constantly, — occasionally interposing a question, but in the most quiet manner. His eyes are large and rolling; in stature he is rather short. His learning, patience, and fidelity are of the highest order. He is one of the few judges who study their causes on their return home. His manner is singularly bland and gentle, and is, perhaps, deficient in decision and occasional sternness. Serjeant Wilde is said to exercise a very great influence over him; indeed, scandal attributes to him some of "the power behind the throne greater than the throne." Upon Tindal devolves the decision of all interlocutory matters in his court, — the other judges seldom interposing with regard to them, or, indeed, appearing to interest themselves about them. He is one of the kindest men that ever lived.

Next to Tindal is old James Allan Park,[3] the oldest judge on the bench, and who, it is reported, is now at the point of death. He has been some fifty-eight years at the bar and on the bench; is a staunch Tory, and a believer in the divinity of *wigs*. He dislikes Campbell, the Attorney-General; interrupts counsel very much, and has some of the petulance of age. There are a thousand amusing stories about him, which the lawyers tell at dinner to illustrate his rather puritanical character.

Then comes Vaughan.[4] He became a serjeant some time in the last century, and was the youngest ever known. At one period his practice was greater, perhaps, than that of anybody ever known in the courts, — his income was some fifteen thousand pounds. About 1820 his leg was broken very badly by a cartman, who ran against him as he was driving in a gig. After being confined to his bed for three months, he at length appeared in court on the shoulders of his servants; had a hole cut in the desk before him for his leg; and, by permission of the court, addressed the jury sitting. His business at once returned to him. In 1820 he was made a judge, it is said at the bar, by the direct command of George IV., who was moved to it by his favorite physician, Sir Henry Halford; which gave occasion to the saying in the bar-benches that "Vaughan was made a judge by *prescription*." He is reputed to have the smallest possible allowance of law for a judge; but he abounds in native strength and sagacity, and in freedom of language. With him the labors of the judge cease the moment he quits the bench. I doubt if he ever looks into a cause at chambers. In his study he once showed me four guns, and told me with great glee that, by sending a note to Serjeant Wilde, he persuaded him not to make any motions on a certain day, and got the Court of Common Pleas adjourned at twelve o'clock; he at once went fifteen miles into the country, and before four o'clock had shot four brace of pheasants, — the learned judge sitting on horseback when he fired, as from his lameness he was unable to walk. He is fond of Shakspeare, and often have we interchanged notes during a long argument from Follett or Wilde (while I was sitting by the side of the latter in the Serjeants' row), the burden of which has been some turn or expression from the great bard, — the crowd supposing he was actively taking minutes of the argument, while he was inditing something pleasant for me, to which I never failed to reply. His present wife when young was eminently beautiful, so that Sir Thomas Lawrence used her portrait in some imaginary pieces. He has several children, one of whom — his eldest son — graduated at the University with distinguished honor, and has recently been called to the bar: I think him a young man full of promise. Vaughan, though not a man of book-learning himself, respects it in others. I once sat with him in chambers in a matter where one of the young Chittys appeared; at first the judge inclined against the barrister and his authorities, but he said in a way that I saw gave no little pleasure, "Mr. Chitty, I have a great respect for your opinion."

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[1] John Taylor Coleridge, 1790–1876; nephew of the poet, Samuel T. He distanced his rivals at Oxford, winning the Chancellor's prizes for both the English and Latin essays. He achieved early success at the bar; was a judge of the King's Bench from 1835 until his resignation in 1858; contributed to the "Quarterly Review," and edited Blackstone's "Commentaries." In his retirement he was active in good works. See reference to him in "Life of Lord Denman," Vol. II. p. 14. His son, Baron (John Duke) Coleridge, having reached an eminence at the bar equalling if not surpassing his father's, was appointed Lord Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas in 1873, and made a peer in 1874.

[2] *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 334.

[3] 1763–1838. He was born in Edinburgh; published, in 1787, a work on "The Law of Marine Insurance;" was elected Recorder of Durham in 1802; and was a Judge of the Common Pleas, 1816–1838.

[4] *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 333.

Bosanquet[1] you well know as a reporter. As a judge he seems dry and reserved, sitting on the extreme left, and apparently taking so little interest in the causes, that his qualities as a judge seem to be all *negative*. You do not hear him talked of by the bar, nor meet him in society. Lord Denman told me that he went his first circuit as judge in company with Bosanquet, who taught his Lordship how to wear his robes, and which of the various robes to assume on certain days.

Next is Coltman,[2] whose appointment astonished everybody, and is said to have been a job of Brougham. He was of the Northern circuit, and a friend of Brougham. He is a dull man; but as honest and good-natured as the day. I have seen him perplexed in the extreme, both before a jury and *in banc*, by the arguments of counsel. He is truly amiable, and is much of a liberal. Lady Coltman is a sister of Duckworth, the Chancery barrister. At Coltman's at dinner, I saw young Wortley hand down Lady Coltman, though there were at table Baron Parke, Vaughan, and Sir Edward Curry. This was strictly correct according to the Heralds' books, as the son of a peer takes precedence of knights, whatever may be their respective ages; but it shocked my notions of propriety.

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[1] John Bernard Bosanquet, 1773–1847. He was called to the bar in 1800, and associated as reporter with Sir Christopher Puller; was Counsel of the East India Company, and of the Bank of England; became a judge of the Common Pleas in 1830, resigning in 1842.

[2] Thomas Coltman, 1781–1849; a judge of the Common Pleas from 1837 until his death. Sumner was invited at different times to dine at his house, 6 Hyde Park Gardens.

Dec. 14, 1838.

Poor Allan Park is dead; and everybody is speculating about his successor. The Solicitor-General will be the man.[1] I dined last night with Serjeant Wilde, and it was amusing to see the *coquetry* between him, Talfourd, Bompas, and Hill, with regard to the successor. I came up yesterday from Oxford, where I have passed four delightful days. I was installed by Sir Charles Vaughan as an honorary *Fellow* of All Souls.

I have now given you the Queen's Bench and the Common Pleas judges. I shall follow this with the barons of the Exchequer; and then with a view of the common law bar. Afterwards you may expect something about the Chancery Bar and Admiralty. I have read Sir Mathew Hale's MS. on the Admiralty, and find it to be a complete treatise on the subject, which contains nothing new to you, but which, nevertheless, I think you ought to be acquainted with, as it is a scientific discussion of the subject by one of the master minds of the common law. The spirit with which it is written, as regards the common law, you may conceive from the way in which he speaks of the two jurisdictions together. He says, "The suitor is sent to Admiralty on an incidental point out of the common law courts, — "Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne." Through the kindness of Sir Robert Inglis I have been enabled to have a copy taken, which will cost about eight pounds. . . .

As ever, affectionately, C. S.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

All Souls, Oxford, Dec. 11, 1838.

Dear Hillard, — Look at the picture[2] of this venerable place; in the sketch of All Souls, and between two lofty towers, you will see the room where I am installed, in the enjoyment of the pleasing delusion that I am a *Fellow* of this peculiar institution. All this I owe to Sir Charles Vaughan, who is in residence now. How musically these chimes fall upon my ear! The clock strikes in one venerable tower, and the notes are echoed round.

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[1] Park died Dec. 8. Thomas Erskine (not Rolfe) was appointed, Jan. 9, 1839, his successor. Rolfe was appointed a baron of the Exchequer in Nov., 1839. *Post*, p. 52.

[2] Vignette at the top of the sheet.

The bells sound for prayer; and you hear all varieties of peals, from the imperious notes of "Great Tom," to the softer strains of Magdalen and Merton, —

> "Answering temples with obedient sound
> Peal to the night, and moan sad music round."

But your own imagination will supply you with the natural emotions incident to this place. While here I have seen most of the heads of houses and the tutors, and have derived much knowledge with regard to the system of study and the points of police.[1] Some of the tutors have been so kind as to write out abstracts of the studies, and particularly of the system of examination for degrees: I hope I may be able to do some good with this information on my return. The minutes of the expenses I have been furnished with; and I have established relations here which will enable me at any time to command any information on the subject, which our friends may desire. I have been charmed to find that there is a *bona fide* system of examination for degrees, so that an idler and a dunce cannot get the academic laurel. I was much struck by the gentlemanly appearance of all the students; they were not rough, but all seemed, if I may so say, of gentle blood: these things, however, I will explain at home.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, Dec. 14, 1838.

I came up from Oxford, after a most delightful residence, to dine with Serjeant Wilde, and go down to Cambridge to-day, starting in a few minutes. I already have engagements which will absorb the four days I purpose devoting to this place. From Cambridge I shall pass to Milton Park, to spend Christmas or some of its holidays with Lord Fitzwilliam.

It is now a year since I left America. How much I have seen in that time, and what ample stores I have laid by of delightful reminiscence and of liberal instruction! Thankful am I that I was able to conceive my present plan of travel, and, though contrary to the advice of dear friends, to put it in execution before I had grown indifferent to these things; and while, with the freshness of comparative youth, I could enter into the spirit of all that I see. But now I begin to turn my thoughts to the future. Tell me how I shall find myself on my return; what I can do in my profession; what will be expected of me; what difficulties I shall encounter; and what aids enjoy. Write me of these things; and if you write immediately on receipt of this (if it goes by the steamer), I shall get the answer before I leave London. I have seen some Boston papers, and how petty, inconceivably petty, did that tempest strife at your last election seem! I saw the various summonses to party meetings, and the split in the ranks of the Whigs, occasioned by Mr. Bond.[2] I could hardly believe that honest men, of elevated views, could have taken the smallest interest in such affairs.

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[1] The warden of Merton College, and Lady Carmichael, invited him for dinner on Dec. 10.

[2] Reference to a controversy in the nomination of members of the Legislature, which grew out of legislation on the liquor question.

Tom Thumb's "pint-pot" always seemed larger than the stage of these transactions does to me at this distance, amidst the world-absorbing affairs which occupy the great metropolis.

I am obliged, on account of my Cambridge engagements, to lose a most interesting dinner to meet Fonblanque, Black, and all the liberal *press gang;* also to meet Lord Durham. I shall, however, see the latter before I leave. I am sorry that I cannot write by this steamer to Longfellow, whose letter I have, and Greenleaf's also, and Felton's.

As ever, yours affectionately,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. You may receive this on my birthday.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

MILTON PARK, Dec. 25, 1838.

A merry Christmas to you, dear Hillard! This morning greeting I send with the winter winds across the Atlantic. It will not reach you till long after this day; but I hope that it will find you happy, — not forgetful of your great loss, but remembering it with manly grief, and endeavoring in the undoubted present bliss of your dear boy to catch a reflected ray for yourself. I am passing my Christmas week with Lord Fitzwilliam, in one of the large country-houses of old England. I have already written you about Wentworth House. The place where I now am is older and smaller; in America, however, it would be vast. The house is Elizabethan. Here I have been enjoying fox-hunting, to the imminent danger of my limbs and neck; that they still remain intact is a miracle. His Lordship's hounds are among the finest in the kingdom, and his huntsman is reputed the best. There are about eighty couples; the expense of keeping them is about five thousand pounds a year. In his stables there are some fifty or sixty hunters that are only used with the hounds, and of course are unemployed during the summer. The exertion of a day's sport is so great that a horse does not go out more than once in a week. I think I have never participated in any thing more exciting than this exercise. The history of my exploits will confirm this. The morning after my arrival I mounted, at half-past nine o'clock, a beautiful hunter, and rode with Lord Milton about six miles to the place of meeting. There were the hounds and huntsmen and whippers-in, and about eighty horsemen, — the noblemen and gentry and clergy of the neighborhood, all beautifully mounted, and the greater part in red coats, leather breeches, and white top-boots. The hounds were sent into the cover, and it was a grand sight to see so many handsome dogs, all of a size, and all washed before coming out, rushing into the underwood to start the fox. We were unfortunate in not getting a scent immediately, and rode from cover to cover; but soon the cry was raised "Tally-ho!" — the horn was blown — the dogs barked — the horsemen rallied — the hounds scented their way through the cover on the trail of the fox, and then started in full run. I had originally intended only to ride to cover to see them throw off, and then make my way home, believing myself unequal to the probable run; but the chase commenced, and I was in the midst of it; and, being excellently mounted, nearly at the head of it. Never did I see such a scamper; and never did it enter into my head that horses could be pushed to such speed in such places. We dashed through and over bushes, leaping broad ditches, splashing in brooks and mud, and passing over fences as so many imaginary lines. My first fence I shall not readily forget. I was near Lord Milton, who was mounted on a thoroughbred horse. He cleared a fence before him. My horse pawed the ground and neighed. I gave him the rein, and he cleared the fence: as I was up in the air for one moment, how was I startled to look down and see that there was not only a fence but a *ditch!* He cleared the ditch too. I have said it was my first experiment. I lost my balance, was thrown to the very ears of the horse, but in some way or other contrived to work myself back to the saddle without touching the ground (*vide* some of the hunting pictures of leaps, &c.). How I got back I cannot tell; but I did regain my seat, and my horse was at a run in a moment. All this, you will understand, passed in less time by far than it will take to read this account. One moment we were in a scamper through a ploughed field, another over a beautiful pasture, and another winding through the devious paths of a wood. I think I may say that in no single day of my life did I ever take so much exercise. I have said that I mounted at nine and a half o'clock. It wanted twenty minutes of five when I finally dismounted, not having been out of the saddle more than thirty seconds during all this time, and then only to change my horse, taking a fresh one from a groom who was in attendance. During much of this time we were on a full run.

The next day had its incidents. The place of meeting for the hounds was about fourteen miles from the house. Our horses were previously led thither by grooms, and we rode there in a carriage and four, with outriders, and took our horses fresh. This day I met with a fall. The country was very rough, and the fences often quite stiff and high. I rode among the foremost, and in going over a fence and a brook together, came to the ground. My horse cleared them both; and I cleared him, for I went directly over his head. Of course he started off, but was soon caught by Milton and a parson, who had already made the leap successfully. I should not fail to commemorate the feats of the clergymen, as they illustrate the position of this body in England. The best and hardest rider in this part of the country is reputed to be a clergyman; and there was not a day that I was out that I did not see three or four persons rejoicing in the style of "Reverend," and distinguishable from the rest of the *habitués* by wearing a black instead of a red coat. They were among the foremost in every field, and cleared fences with great ease. Once we came to a very stiff rail fence; and, as the hounds were not in full cry, there was a general stop to see how the different horses and riders would take it. Many were afraid, and several horses refused it. Soon, however, the Rev. Mr. Nash, a clergyman of some fifty years, came across the field; and the cry was raised, 'Hurrah for Nash! now for Nash!" I need not say that he went over it easily. It was the Rev. Mr. Nash who caught my horse. Change the scene one moment, and imagine Mr. Greenwood or Dr. Lyman Beecher riding at a rail fence, and some thirty or forty persons looking on and shouting, "Hurrah for Greenwood! Hurrah for Beecher!" None of the clergymen who were out were young men; they were all more than forty-five, if not fifty. They mingled in all the light conversation of the field, — one of them told a story which I would not venture to trust to this sheet, — and they were addressed by all with the utmost familiarity. I did not hear one of them addressed by the title of "Mr.," except by myself, though most of the company were fifteen or twenty years younger than themselves. These little things will reveal to you more than several pages of dissertation. Every day that I was out it rained, — the first day incessantly, — and yet I was perfectly unconscious of it, so interested did I become in the sport. Indeed, sportsmen rather wish a rain, because it makes the ground soft. We generally got home about five o'clock; and I will give you the history of the rest of the day, that you may see how time passes in one of the largest houses in England. Dinner was early, because the sportsmen returned fatigued, and without having tasted a morsel of food since an early breakfast. So, after our return, we only had time to dress; and at five and a half o'clock assembled in the library, from which we went in to dinner. For three days I was the only guest here, — during the last four we have had Professor Whewell, — so that I can describe to you what was simply the family establishment. One day I observed that there were only nine of us at table, and there were thirteen servants in attendance. Of course the service is entirely of silver. You have, in proper succession, soup, fish, venison, and the large English dishes, besides a profusion of French *entrées*, with ice-cream and an ample dessert, — Madeira, Sherry, Claret, Port, and Champagne. We do not sit long at table; but return to the library, — which opens into two or three drawing-rooms, and is itself used as the principal one, — where we find the ladies already at their embroidery, and also coffee. Conversation goes languidly. The boys are sleepy, and Lord Fitzwilliam is serious and melancholy; and very soon I am glad to kill off an hour or so by a game at cards. Sometimes his Lordship plays; at other times he slowly peruses the last volume of Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella." About eleven o'clock I am glad to retire to my chamber, which is a very large apartment, with two large oriel windows looking out upon the lawn where the deer are feeding. There I find a glowing fire; and in one of the various easy chairs sit and muse while the fire burns, or resort to the pen, ink, and paper, which are carefully placed on the table near me.

I have given you an off-hand sketch of English fox-hunting. I was excited and interested by it, I confess; I should like to enjoy it more, and have pressing invitations to continue my visit or renew it at some future period. But I have moralized much upon it, and have been made melancholy by seeing the time and money that are lavished on this sport, and observing the utter unproductiveness of the lives of those who are most earnestly engaged in it, — like my Lord's family, whose mornings are devoted to it, and whose evenings are rounded by a sleep.

I should not forget to tell you that in the library, where we pass our evenings, is the immortal picture of Edmund Burke, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; that which has been perpetuated by so many engravings. The artist Osgood has taken a copy of this picture for Governor Everett, which is pronounced very good indeed.

I have given you some of my experience in fox-hunting. Change we our story. When I last wrote I had been enjoying Oxford. On my way to Milton I passed four or five days at Cambridge, — deeply interesting and instructive, — during which I saw most of the persons eminent at the university, and visited the various colleges. Dined with Whewell,[1] and met a large company; next day dined in hall at Trinity, and then repaired to the Combination room of the Fellows; next day again in hall at Trinity, and went to what is here called "a wine party," at one of the tutor's; afterwards, at ten or eleven o'clock in the evening, had supper at young Lord Napier's,[2] an undergraduate; next day dined in hall with the Fellows of Caius;[3] breakfasted with Whewell, Henslow, and Peacock.[4] So you will see I met all kinds and degrees of persons, and saw every variety of social entertainment. Oxford is more striking as a whole, but less so in its individual features. I am delighted to find that there is much study done here; and that the examinations for degrees are serious, so that it is impossible for one who is entirely lazy or stupid to obtain a degree.

ATHENÆUM CLUB, Dec. 28, 1838.

Again in town and in this glorious apartment, where I look upon the busts of Milton and Shakspeare, of Locke and Burke, of Bacon and Newton! It was not long since I saw Bulwer writing here; and when he threw down the pen he had been using, the thought crossed my mind to appropriate it, and make my fortune by selling it to some of his absurd admirers in America. But I let the goose-quill sleep. What a different person I have just been conversing with for three hours or more! — Basil Montagu; one of the sweetest men, with honeyed discourse, that I ever met. His mind is running over with beautiful images and with boundless illustration and allusion. He has known as bosom friends Mackintosh, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Lord Eldon; and he pours out his heart, as I freely mention their names, like water. He has just published a charming little book, entitled, "Essays and Selections;" and he has given me a copy, in which he has written my name, "with the affectionate good wishes of Basil Montagu." I have been amused at what was told me to-night with regard to my admission to the Athenæum. I am an Honorary Member, admitted as a "foreigner of distinction," — a title which it made me shrink to see applied to my name. But it seems I was nominated last July, and rejected, as was said, by the vote of Croker, whereat Milman was in great anger. Croker's objection was that I was not known as the author of any book! Everybody is laughing at Willis's sketch, in a late "New York Mirror," of Lord Durham. Marryat says that when Willis "looked over his spoon, one *spoon* looked over *another*." Lady Blessington says it is all false, as also does Fonblanque, who was at the dinner. I have seen Disraeli. . . . Captain Marryat has returned full of blood and fury. He will probably write a book; if he does, he will show us no mercy. He says there is nobody in Congress worth any thing but Webster and Adams. Miss Martineau is diligently engaged on her novel,[1] which will be published in February or March. She has been exerting herself very much, and seems confident of no ordinary success. If she succeeds, she intends to follow it up by others.

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[1] William Whewell, D.D., 1795–1866; master of Trinity College, and author of scientific works.

[2] Francis Napier, born in 1819; a diplomatist; Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, 1857–58.

[3] By the invitation of A. Thurtell.

[4] George Peacock, 1790–1858; Professor of Mathematics.

I left off my sketch at Milton without giving you my Christmas Day. In the forenoon, Whewell and I went to the Minster at Peterborough, where the church service is chanted. In the afternoon I read some of the manuscripts of Burke; after dinner, there were about thirty musicians who came from Peterborough, and in the hall alternately played and sang. Quite early the family retired; but Milton, in a distant wing of the house, had provided what he called a "jollification" on my account. What passed there I could easier tell than write. I got to bed before the cock crew. Hunting songs and stories abounded. I prize much all the opportunities I have had of mingling in the sports and social enjoyments of the young men; because, on these occasions, I see them as they are without reserve, and thus learn their real characters.

I have been trying to get a review in the "Edinburgh" of Sparks's "Life of Washington;" and a person of no little literary eminence,[2] the bosom friend of Lord Brougham, has written me that he will do it if Brougham does not do it himself. I have strong reason to believe that his Lordship will undertake it, and, if he does, his late efforts give us assurance what we may expect.

Your trouble about the loss[3] of the letters is superfluous. I care nothing about their loss; it is their possible existence out of the hands of friends that troubles me. You see that I write with winged speed, literally as fast as my pen can shed its ink, without premeditation or care, in the confidence of bosom friendship, and with the freedom which is its result. Therefore I shudder at the thought of a stranger seeing my letters, particularly the kind of stranger into whose hands a lost letter might fall. Excuse this ponderous letter, and believe me,

As ever, yours, C. S.

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[1] Deerbrook.

[2] Rev. William Shepherd.

[3] Sumner had been informed by Hillard of the loss of two of his letters from England, by a friend to whom they had been lent.

CHAPTER XVIII.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON. — WARWICK. — LONDON. — CHARACTERS OF JUDGES AND LAWYERS. — AUTHORS. — SOCIETY. — JANUARY, 1839, TO MARCH, 1839. — AGE, 28.

LETTERS.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD, BOSTON.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, Jan. 6, 1839.

DEAR HILLARD, — My birthday in the birthplace of Shakspeare! During the forenoon I have wandered round this little town, in company with my kind host. I have been into the low room in the ancient building where Shakspeare is said to have first seen the light. I asked the old woman who occupies the house, and lives by the dole which is allowed by all strangers for the satisfaction of seeing the interesting apartment, whether she had ever read the works of Shakspeare. She said that she had "seen some of the volumes;" but that her neighbor Jenkins, or some such name, had read nearly all his writings! This woman and Shakspeare's room have been commemorated by Washington Irving. I ventured to press her still farther, by asking if she had ever read Irving's account of his visit. She had seen the book but once, — and that was while a traveller, to whom the copy belonged, went from the house to his inn and back again, — and yet she grew eloquent about the mighty Bard and the American who had rendered such gentle homage to his memory. The room is pencilled over by names, among which you will see those of many Americans. I think that I need not disclaim having added mine to the list: you will not suspect me of it. The church is an interesting old English church, which stands on the banks of the Avon. The yard is full of grave-stones, which are overshadowed by numerous trees. I walked round the church many times in the rain, and stood for some time looking into the rippling water which flowed hard by. The monument of Shakspeare is in the chancel. There I read the inscription beneath his effigy, and those never-to-be-forgotten lines, in which he pronounces his malediction on any one who should "move his bones." That inscription is more potent to protect his tomb from desecration than coffin of iron or constant guard of watchers. Who could move those bones, with the curse of Shakspeare invoked upon him? This has been a stormy day, and I have hardly seen Stratford aright; for the associations of the place seem to harmonize with a soft, sunshiny day. It is something, however, to walk about the streets, which are so hallowed by the memory of that master mind.

It is now my birthday; I am twenty-eight years old; and my host, Mr. E. Flower, — in whose cottage, on the skirts of the town, I am staying, — was astonished at hearing my age. He had supposed me at least thirty-five, — perhaps forty! But time goes on apace; and I shall soon be even at that longest goal. I have now deserted London for a short excursion to several places in the country which I have not yet seen. I have just left Warwick, where I passed two days with Mr. Collins,[1] the M. P. for the borough. Of course, I visited Kenilworth and Warwick Castles. The first, you know, is a ruin; but it is very extensive, being the largest ruin I have yet seen, — larger than Glastonbury Abbey, where old Dunstan made the Devil cry out, by an unceremonious pinch of the nose. Warwick is beautiful in its position, its towers, its court-yard, and its paintings. After the very ample experience I have had of English country-places, it did not strike me so much as it has some Americans. It is not so large as Wentworth, nor so comfortable and magnificent — the two combined — as Holkham, nor so splendid as Chatsworth; and it has nothing which will compare with the feudal entrance and hall of Raby Castle, nor any room equal to the drawing-room of Auckland Castle; but still, it seems almost perfect in its way. The towers and walls are commanding; the rooms are elegant, and have a beautiful prospect across the Avon, which washes the foot of the precipitous rock on which the castle stands: some of the paintings are divine. There is a "Loyola," by Rubens, which undoes all the bad impressions left on my mind by that artist, after his infamous productions in the Louvre. The Warwick Vase is in the centre of the greenhouse.

LONDON, Jan. 12.

After leaving Stratford, I went, amid rain and gusts of wind beneath which ships were then sinking on the coast, to Birmingham. Here I saw Mrs. Tuckerman's brother-in-law, — Mr. Francis, — who treated me very kindly, though I was unable to stay to enjoy his attentions; Mr. Wills,[2] author of the new book on "Circumstantial Evidence;" Scholefield, M. P.,[3] &c.: but my visit was quite hurried, as I was obliged by my engagements to hasten back to town. We have heard of the dreadful loss of the packets. I had written several letters, which were on board those ill-fated ships, and which will perhaps never reach their destination. To you I had written a very long letter, — partly dated, I think, from Milton Park,[4] and giving an account of my adventures in fox-hunting with Lord Fitzwilliam; one also to Dr. Palfrey, enclosing a letter interesting to him, which I received from Sir

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[1] William Collins, a resident of Warwick.

[2] William Wills, author of "Essay on the Principles of Circumstantial Evidence," published in Feb., 1838. He died in 1860.

[3] Joshua Scholefield, representing Birmingham.

[4] Letter not lost, *ante*, Vol. II. p. 31.

David Brewster; others to Longfellow, to Cleveland, to Mrs. Ticknor, to Mr. Fletcher, and to my mother. I wish you would do me the favor to let me know the fate of these letters. The article on Horace, in the last number but one of the "Quarterly Review,"[1] is by Milman. Poor man, he is now in great distress, on account of the illness of a dear child. The article in the last number, on "Railroads,"[2] which contains the ridiculous remarks on the United States, is by Sir Francis Head; and the political article[3] at the end is by Croker. I have just read an article on Lockhart's "Scott," written by Cooper, in the "Knickerbocker," which was lent me by Barry Cornwall. I think it capital. I see none of Cooper's faults; and I think a proper castigation is applied to the vulgar minds of Scott and Lockhart. Indeed, the nearer I approach the circle of these men the less disposed do I find myself to like them. Scott is not *sans reproche;* and Lockhart seems without a friend. Of course, I see the latter often. Sometimes we shake hands when we meet, and sometimes not. When last I saw him, he gave me a radiant smile.

Since I last wrote I have, as before, been in a constant succession of parties of different kinds. Some of the most interesting to you have been with Senior, Talfourd, and Lord Durham. At Senior's I met most of the Radical M. P.s; Morrison, the rich banker; Grote and his wife; Joseph Hume (I sat next to Joseph); Villiers; Dr. Bowring; Tooke, &c. At Talfourd's we had Dr. Hawtrey, the Head-Master of Eton; Maule; Harness; Hayward; and Browning, the author of "Paracelsus." Talfourd told some good stories of Charles Lamb. It seems that Lamb was a confirmed drunkard, who got drunk in the morning, and on beer. Talfourd and he once started for a morning walk. The first pot-house they came to was a new one, and Lamb would stop in order to make acquaintance with its landlord; the next was an old one, and here he stopped to greet his old friend Boniface: and so he had an excuse for stopping at all they passed, until finally the author of "Elia" was soundly drunk. But his heroic devotion to his sister is above all praise. All about that, and much else concerning Charles Lamb, can only be revealed after her death. She was insane, and killed her mother. Lamb would not abandon her to the mad-house, but made himself her keeper, and lived with her, retired from the world. Talfourd's first acquaintance with Sir William Follett was while the latter was a student, or just after his call to the bar, in getting him released one morning from the watchman, who had arrested Follett in the act of scaling the walls of the Temple. At Lord Durham's[4] we had an interesting party. There were Sir Edward Codrington;[1] Sir William Molesworth;[2] Charles Buller;[3] Joseph Parkes; Ward,[4] son of "Tremaine" Ward, and M. P., whose motion on Irish affairs nearly upset the ministry; Charles Austin (the first lawyer in England, *me judice*); Gibbon Wakefield;[5] Stanley, M. P. (not Lord); and Miss Martineau, who seemed surprised to meet me there. His Lordship is remarkable in personal appearance, — slender, upright, with an open countenance, coal-black hair and eyes. He is very frank in the expression of his opinions, and uses good language, without being fluent. There is also a slight tremulousness in his voice, which is not a little strange in one so long accustomed to public affairs. In language and thought he does not lack boldness. We were at a round table *à la Française*, and I sat between Buller and Lord Durham. His Lordship said that all the Canadian politicians — Papineau and all — were petty men; and that he should like nothing better than to have them all recalled, and to be allowed to deal with them. To one accustomed to politics on the broad stage of Europe, provincial actors seemed weak and paltry. I ventured to ask him what truth there was in the present reports with regard to the hostile intentions of Russia towards England. "Not a word of truth," said he; "I will give you leave to call me *idiot*, if there is a word of truth." You know he was ambassador at the court of St. Petersburg for a long time. He said that Russia was full of friendly regard for England; and he pronounced Urquart, who is now going about the kingdom preaching against Russia, "a madman." With regard to Lockhart, he expressed himself in terms not less distinct. He said that he had never seen him; but, from all that he had heard of him, he thought him one of the greatest blackguards in England. I happened to tell a story that I had heard from Lord Brougham: he looked me in the eye, and asked my authority for it. I replied: "Lord Brougham; I had it from his own lips." — "Did you ever verify it?" was the short but significant reply. I have selected these little things, because they at once reveal in a few words his opinions with regard to some distinguished per-

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[1] Oct. 1838, Vol. LXII. pp. 287–332, "Life and Writings of Horace." The article, enlarged and revised, became the "Life of Horace," prefixed to Milman's exquisite edition of the Latin poet, which was published in 1849, with a dedication to his friend, Lord Lansdowne.

[2] Jan. 1839, Vol. LXIII. pp. 1–60, "Railroads in Ireland."

[3] Jan. 1839, Vol. LXIII. pp. 223–277, "Political Affairs."

[4] John George Lambton, 1792–1840. He became Baron Durham in 1828, and Earl of Durham in 1833. He was sent on a special mission to Russia in 1833, and was an ambassador to that country in 1836; was sent to Canada in 1838 as Governor-General, with extraordinary powers, at the time of the Rebellion. See sketch in Brougham's "Autobiogra-

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phy," Vol. III. p. 335. Lord D. wrote to Joseph Parkes, asking him to bring Sumner to dine at Cleveland Row.

[1] 1770–1851; admiral; distinguished at Trafalgar and Navarino.

[2] 1810–1855; member of Parliament; colleague of John Austin on a commission of inquiry into the administration of the government of Malta, and, in 1855, Secretary of the Colonies. At the suggestion of George Grote, he edited the works of Thomas Hobbes. He was associated with John Stuart Mill in editing the "Westminster Review;" and was a friend of Mr. Grote, in whose "Personal Life," prepared by Mrs. Grote, he is frequently mentioned.

[3] 1806–1848; distinguished as a member of Parliament by his advocacy of the repeal of the corn-laws, and contributor to the "Edinburgh" and "Westminster" Reviews.

[4] Henry George Ward, 1708–1860. He represented Sheffield in Parliament; was Minister Plenipotentiary for acknowledging the Mexican Republic; and was appointed Governor of the Ionian Islands, 1849–1855, and of Ceylon, 1855–1860. His father, Robert Plumer Ward, who died in 1846, was the author of three novels, — "Tremaine," "De Vere," and "De Clifford;" and of works on international law and other subjects.

[5] Edward Gibbon Wakefield, 1796–1862. He was an author of books on colonial questions, and private secretary of the Earl of Durham in Canada in 1839. He died in New Zealand, with whose interests he had become identified.

sons, and illustrate his frankness. Another subject was discussed with a freedom which could not have been found, I will venture to say, at the table of any other nobleman in the kingdom. The question was started whether, in the event of a demise of the crown, the present king of Hanover would be permitted to ascend the throne. Lord Durham was the only person in all the company who thought he would be. Sir Edward Codrington said: "For one, I would be damned if I would permit him to *land!*" Conversation went quietly on, without any striking display of any kind. Lady Durham and her eldest daughter, Lady Mary, were at the table. The table and its service reminded me of Paris more than most dinners in London, — except that one never sees silver plate on the Continent; but the cooking and the procession of dishes were Parisian. His Lordship told me that he should be glad to adopt the Continental habit of having the gentlemen leave the table with the ladies, — a habit which he followed in Quebec, but which he must abandon in London; otherwise, they would charge him with a desire to save his wine! After dinner, the young ladies — his second daughter joined us in the drawing-room — sang and played on the harp. The Countess told me she was glad to get away from a Canadian winter. Among the projects for the improvement of the province committed to his charge, Lord D. mentioned that he wished to have Goat Island blown up by gunpowder, in order to unite the Canadian and American Falls of Niagara, and thus give *unity* to the whole! His Lordship's house is a very good one, and in some of its rooms reminds one of a country-place. I passed an hour with him one forenoon in conversation: he is strongly liberal, but a monarchist. He would abolish the corn-laws, grant the vote by ballot, an extension of the suffrage, and triennial Parliaments; but he would not touch primogeniture, — the worst thing in England. On this subject I had no little conversation with him, — not to say an argument. I regard him, however, as honest and sincere in his opinions, and, as such, a most valuable leader of the Liberal party. He possesses courage, considerable acquirements, and a capacity for receiving information from others. I need not say that he has none of the great attributes of Brougham, — his intense activity, his various learning, his infinite command of language. He regrets very much that he could not visit the United States. Those of his suite who did, seem to have been well pleased. Gibbon Wakefield is going to write an article, pamphlet, or book, entitled "Six Days in the United States." Calhoun made a great impression on Buller, and also on Mr. Phillips. Both of them speak of him as the most striking public man they have ever met, — remarkable for his ease, simplicity, and the readiness with which he unfolded himself. Buller says that Van Buren had the handsomest shoes and stockings he ever saw! I do not know if I have ever written you about Charles Austin. He is a more animated speaker than Follett, — perhaps not so smooth and gentle; neither is he, I think, so ready and instinctively sagacious in a law argument: and yet he is powerful here, and is immeasurably before Follett in accomplishments and liberality of view. He is a fine scholar, and deeply versed in English literature and the British Constitution.

JAN. 16, 1839.

This London is socially a bewitching place. Last evening I first dined with Booth, a Chancery barrister; then went to Rogers's, where was a small party, — Mrs. Marcet, Mrs. Austin, Miss Martineau, Mr. and Mrs. Lyell, Mr. and Mrs. Wedgewood, Harness,[1] and Milman. We talked and drank tea, and looked at the beautiful pictures, the original editions of Milton and Spenser, and listened to the old man eloquent (I say eloquent indeed); and so the time passed. This morning I spent chatting with Hayward about law, literature, and society; then walked with Whewell, and afterwards dined with Bellenden Ker.[2] And the dinner! it is to be spoken of always. There was a small company: our host and his wife, — one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen; Courtenay,[3] M. P., and his beautiful daughter; Eastlake, the accomplished artist; and Lord Brougham. Then the house was a little gem. It is in Regent's Park, removed from the bustle of town. The door-panels of the drawing-room are copies of some of the first masters; and the room is hung round with attractive paintings, and adorned with some of the finest curiosities of art. The dining-room is painted in imitation of a room of Pompeii. You may not know that Courtenay is the great epicure of London. His taste in matters of the table is reputed to be unerring, and his judgment of wines incontrovertible. With him a dinner is the putting in practice of a great science. I need not add, that the host and intimate friend of such a guest gave us a simple but choice dinner. My wonder at Brougham rises anew. To-night he has displayed the knowledge of the artist and the gastronomer. He criticised the ornaments of the drawing-room and the dining-room like a *connoisseur*, and discussed subtle points of cookery with the same earnestness with which he emancipated the West India slaves and abolished rotten boroughs. Calling for a second plate of soup, he said that there was "a thought too much of the flavor of wine;" but that it was very good. He told how he secured good steaks, by personally going into the kitchen and watching over his cook, to see that he did not spoil them by pepper and horse-radish, — the last being enough to make a man go mad. I called his attention to the woodcock story, of which I have already written you, and he told me that the epigram which I have sent you under his Lordship's name was written by the Bishop of Durham, and that it was the best of all offered. The Marquis of Wellesley wrote a Latin one, of which he has promised to give me a copy; it is not, however, "lapidary," being too long. Brougham told me that his own Greek epigram was the worst of all. You will see an allusion to this story in a note in the last "Quarterly Review," to which I first called Chantrey's attention. I have spoken of Courtenay as the great gastronomer; I shall not neglect to add that he is as good a scholar as epicure. When we were speaking of Greek epigrams, he and Brougham alternately quoted to me several, which were circulating in English society, written by Alderson and Williams; and when I quoted an out-of-the-way line from Juvenal, Courtenay at once gave the next one. Indeed, in the fine English society you will be struck by this thoroughness of classical education, which makes a Latin or Greek epigram a choice morsel even for a dainty epicure. Strange union that in Brougham! I have met few men who seemed such critics of food. Courtenay had been in Germany; and Brougham said to Miss C., "I understand you have been flirting with the King of Bavaria, and that he gave you a great entertainment." "Nothing," said the father, "but a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, with some *negus* and punch." "*Punch!*" said Brougham, with an oath, "that's not so bad a thing." His Lordship was kind enough to take me home in his carriage; and as we drove along, some three miles, we talked gravely of Washington and Sparks and Dr. Bowditch. I hope to induce him to write an article on Sparks's "Washington" in the "Edinburgh." He had seen Bowditch's "Laplace" only last week, and was filled with admiration of it. He asked me, in his name, to present a copy of his forthcoming book to Dr. B.'s family, and to let them know the impression their father's labors had made upon his mind. I was happy in being able to tell him something of Dr. B., of whose life and place of residence he was entirely ignorant. Lord Brougham is not agreeable at dinner. He is, however, more interesting than any person I have met. He has not the airy graces and flow of Jeffrey, the piercing humor of Sydney Smith, the dramatic power of Theodore Hook, or the correct tone of Charles Austin; but he has a power, a fulness of information and physical spirits, which make him more commanding than all! His great character and his predominating voice, with his high social and intellectual qualities, conspire to give him such an influence as to destroy the equilibrium, so to speak, of the table. He is often a usurper, and we are all resolved into listeners, instead of partakers in the conversational banquet; and I think that all are ill at ease. Brougham abused Miss Martineau most heartily. He thought that she excelled in stories, and in nothing else; and that she was "a great ass" for pronouncing so dogmatically on questions of policy and government. He exhorted me to write a book on England, to revenge my country of Basil Hall! To-morrow I breakfast with Rogers.[1]

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[1] Rev. William Harness.

[2] H. Bellenden Ker was a conveyancer; was a friend of Lord Brougham, and passed the later years of his life at Cannes, in France, where he died, about 1870. Sumner was his guest at dinner on different occasions, at 27 Park Road, Regent's Park.

[3] Philip Courtenay; Queen's counsel, belonging to the Northern Circuit. Sumner dined with him at 23 Montague Street, Russell Square.

JAN. 23, 1839.

I see, by casting my eyes back, that I commenced the last sheet in praise of London. I feel in a mood quite the reverse to-day, and have so felt for several days. I again have a dismal cold. Give me the freezing, crystal weather of New England, rather than these murky, foggy days, freighted with disease and death. Three cruel colds in the space of two months, — the worst that have ever befallen me — admonish me to hasten nearer to the sun. I shall be off for Italy. But you will be glad to hear of the poet of this fair country. I believe I have often written you about Rogers. Of course, I have seen him frequently in society; never did I like him till I enjoyed his kindness at breakfast. As a converser Rogers is *unique.* The world, or report, has not given him credit enough for his great and peculiar powers in this line. He is terse, epigrammatic, dry, infinitely to the point, full of wisdom, of sarcasm, and cold humor. He says the most ill-natured things, and does the best. He came up to me at Miss Martineau's, where there was a little party of very clever people, and said: "Mr. Sumner, it is a great piece of benevolence in you to come here." Determined not to be drawn into a slur upon my host, I replied: "Yes, Mr. Rogers, of benevolence to myself." As we were coming away, Rogers, Harness, Babbage, and myself were walking together down the narrow street in which Miss M. lives, when the poet said: "Who but the Martineau could have drawn us into such a hole?" And yet I doubt not he has a sincere liking for Miss M.; for I have met her at his house, and he afterwards spoke of her with the greatest kindness. His various sayings that are reported about town, and his conversation as I had caught it at evening parties, had impressed me with a great admiration of his powers, but with a positive dislike. I love frankness and truth. But his society at breakfast has almost obliterated my first impressions. We were alone; and he showed all those wonderful paintings, and we talked till far into the afternoon. I have seldom enjoyed myself more; it was a luxury, in such rooms, to listen to such a man, before whom the society of the last quarter of a century had all passed, — he alone unchanged; to talk, with such a poet, of poetry and poets, of Wordsworth and Southey and Scott; and to hear his opinions, which were given with a childlike simplicity and frankness. I must confess his great kindness to me. He asked my acceptance of the new edition of his poems, and said: "I shall be happy to see any friend of yours, morning, noon, or night;" and all his kindness was purely volunteer, for my acquaintance with him grew from simply meeting him in society. He inquired after Mrs. Newton[1] with most friendly interest, and showed me a little present he had received from her, which he seemed to prize much. I shall write to her, to let her know the good friends she has left behind. Rogers is a friend of Wordsworth; but thinks he has written too much, and without sufficient *limae labor.* He says it takes him ten times as long to write a sentence of prose as it does Wordsworth one of poetry; and, in illustration, he showed me a thought in Wordsworth's last work,[2] — dedicated to Rogers, — on the saying of the monk who had sat before the beautiful pictures so long and seen so many changes, that he felt tempted to say, "We are the *shadows*, and they the *substance*."[3] This same story you will find in a note to the "Italy." Rogers wrote his note ten times over before he was satisfied with it; Wordsworth's verse was published almost as it first left his pen. Look at the two.

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[1] Samuel Rogers, 1763–1855. From 1802 until his death he lived in St. James Place, London, looking into the Green Park. His courtesy and hospitality have been commemorated by many visitors from the United States.

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[1] *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 186.

[2] Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems, 1835.

[3] "They are in truth the Substance, we the Shadows," — from Wordsworth's "Lines suggested by a portrait from the pencil of F. Stone."

"I am sometimes inclined to think that we and not they are the shadows," — Rogers's "Italy," note 241.

You have often heard of Rogers's house. It is not large; but the few rooms — two drawing-rooms and a dining-room only — are filled with the most costly paintings, all from some of the great galleries of Italy or elsewhere, most of which cost five or ten thousand dollars apiece. I should think there were about thirty in all: perhaps you will not see in the world another such collection in so small a space. There was a little painting by Raphael, about a foot square, of the Saviour praying in the Garden, brimful of thought and expression, which the old man said he should like to have in his chamber when dying. There were masterpieces by Titian, Correggio, Caracci, Guido, Paul Veronese, Rubens, Barochio, Giotto, and Reynolds. He pointed out the picture of an armed knight, which Walter Scott always admired. His portfolios were full of the most valuable original drawings. There were all Flaxman's illustrations of Homer and the Tragedians, as they left the pencil of the great artist. Indeed, he said that he could occupy me for a month, and invited me to come and breakfast with him any morning that I chose, sending him word the night before.

From one poet I will pass to another, — Barry Cornwall. You remember Willis's sketch. He wrote for the public, and to make an interesting letter. I need not say that my object is to give you and my friends truthful notions of those in whom you feel an interest. Mr. Procter — for you know that is the real name of Barry Cornwall — is about forty-two or forty-five, and is a conveyancer by profession. His days are spent in the toilsome study of abstracts of titles; and when I saw him last Sunday, at his house, he was poring over one which press of business had compelled him to take home. He is a small, thin man, with a very dull countenance, in which, nevertheless, — knowing what he has written, — I can detect the "poetical frenzy." His manner is gentle and quiet, and his voice low. He thought if he could live life over again he would be a gardener. He spoke with bitterness of Lockhart, and concurred in Cooper's article on his "Life of Scott." He said that he himself had been soundly abused in "Blackwood" and the "Quarterly" for his "Life of Kean" and his editing "Willis," — though they had formerly administered a great deal of praise. He had not, however, read their articles; but spoke of them according to what he had heard. Mrs. Procter is a sweet person; she is the daughter of my friend, Mrs. Basil Montagu, and has much of her mother's information and intelligence. There is no place that I enjoy more than Basil Montagu's. He is simple in his habits, never dines out, or gives dinners. I step into his house, perhaps, after I have been dining out, at ten or eleven o'clock in the evening; and we talk till I am obliged to say "good morning," and not "good night." The Montagus have been intimate with more good and great people than anybody I know. Mackintosh, Coleridge, Parr, Wordsworth, Lamb, were all familiar at their fireside. Mr. Montagu is often pronounced a bore, because he perpetually quotes Bacon and the ancient English authors. But it is a pleasure to me to hear some of those noble sentences come almost mended from his beautiful flowing enunciation. Mrs. M. is one of the most remarkable women I have ever known. Dr. Parr always called Mr. Montagu by his Christian name, *Basil;* and his wife, "Basilissa;" and their son, who was no favorite with him, "Basilisk." Mrs. M. told me an interesting story connected with Carlyle, which somewhat explains the singular style of his "French Revolution." This was written some time ago, with great labor, and put into the hands of a friend for perusal; while with him the greater part of it was accidentally destroyed. The friend at once offered the largest sum, by way of repairing the calamity, which any bookseller could have offered. This, of course, was refused; and Carlyle was quite dejected for a while. At last he re-commenced it, but, Mrs. M. supposes, had not the patience to go through it again in the same painstaking way as before; and in this way she accounts, to a certain extent, for the abrupt character which it has. I once spoke of Mr. Montagu to Talfourd as a person whom I liked very much, when the author of "Ion" said: "He is a humbug; he drinks no wine." Commend me to such humbugs!

Miss Martineau[1] I see pretty often. She has been consistently kind to me; and though circumstances have made me somewhat independent of her civilities, yet I feel grateful to her, and am glad to confess that I owe to her several attentions. She is much attached to our country and to many in it, and would be grieved to hear that her friends had fallen off from her. It was her misfortune to be so situated as to feel obliged to write a book.[2] I doubt if a person who has mingled in society in any country can write a book in the spirit of truth without giving great offence. That she wrote hers influenced only by a love of truth, I am persuaded. I have seen and heard nothing in London which should shake the confidence of any of her friends in her; and I say it without making allusions to persons or things, because I have understood that some reports to the contrary have reached America. You may take my authority for what it is worth. I will only add that I have often conversed with her about America and Americans. Her novel called "Deerbrook" is nearly finished. It is entirely fiction. She seems to have great confidence in it, and esteems it her best production. If it is successful, she will become a novelist.

You will doubtless read the last "Tait's Magazine." It contains the first of a series of articles by De Quincey on Wordsworth. Poor De Quincey had a small fortune of eight or nine thousand pounds, which he has lost or spent; and now he lets his pen for hire. You know his article on Coleridge: Wordsworth's turn has now come. At the close of his article, he alludes to a killing neglect which he once received from the poet, and which embittered his peace. I know the facts, which are not given. De Quincey married some humble country-girl in the neighborhood of Wordsworth; she was of good character, but not of that rank in which W. moved. The family of the latter never made her acquaintance or showed her any civilities, though living comparatively in the same neighborhood. "Hinc illæ lacrymæ." When you now read De Quincey's lamentations you may better understand them.

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[1] 1802–76. Sumner visited Miss Martineau at Ambleside in 1857. She became quite impatient in later life with him and with all who maintained, as he did, the liability of England for the escape of the rebel cruisers in our civil war, — a liability which was found to exist by the award at Geneva.

[2] "Society in America," published in 1837, and "Retrospect of Western Travel," published in 1838.

A few evenings ago I dined with Hallam. He is a person of plain manners, rather robust, and wears a steel watch-guard over his waistcoat. He is neither fluent nor brilliant in conversation; but is sensible, frank, and unaffected. After dinner we discussed the merits of the different British historians, — Gibbon, Hume, and Robertson. Of course, Gibbon was placed foremost. There was a party at Hallam's after dinner; but I went from that to a ball at Hume's, — Joe Hume's.[1] You doubtless imagine that this Radical, who for twenty years has been crying out "retrenchment," is an ill-dressed, slovenly fellow, without a whole coat in his wardrobe. Imagine a thick-set, broad-faced, well-dressed Scotchman, who has no fear of laughter or ridicule. I know few persons whom I have always seen dressed in better taste or looking more like a gentleman.

I have already written you of Lady Morgan. Her Ladyship, you know, is a fierce Democrat. She was in the midst of professions of democracy during a morning call, when the knocker resounded — as these English knockers do — over the house; and her niece, who was sitting at the window of the drawing-room, announced the cab and tiger of the Marquis of Douro,[2] the eldest son of the Duke of Wellington. Lady Morgan at once straightened herself in her seat, assumed a queenly air, and, when the noble lord entered, received him with no little dignity. I was presented to his Lordship as a "very distinguished American," who had been fêted by all the nobility of England! So you will see her Ladyship was determined to make the most of her visitors. We bowed, — that is, Lord Douro and myself, — and conversation went on. He is about forty, and appears to be a pleasant, good-natured, and rather clever person, looking very much like the great Duke.

A far different person from Lady Morgan is Mrs. Shelley. I passed an evening with her recently. She is sensible, agreeable, and clever. There were Italians and French at her house, and she entertained us all in our respective languages. She seemed to speak both French and Italian quite gracefully. You have doubtless read some of Mrs. Marcet's[3] productions. I have met her repeatedly, and received from her several kind attentions. She is the most ladylike and motherly of all the tribe of authoresses that I have met. Mrs. Austin I have seen frequently, and recently passed an evening at her house. She is a fine person, — tall, well-filled, with a bright countenance slightly inclined to be red. She has two daughters who have just entered society. She is engaged in translating the "History of the Popes," that was reviewed some time ago by Milman in the "Quarterly," which she says will be the most important and valuable of the works she has presented to the public. She is desirous of reaping some advantage from its publication in America, and hopes to make some arrangement with a publisher to receive the sheets and reprint them. I have this very day received a letter from Sir David Brewster, expressing a similar wish. He is preparing a very valuable "Life of Newton," in two or three octavo volumes,[1] which will contain most important extracts from the family papers in the possession of the Earl of Portsmouth, to all of which he has had access. This "Life" will throw great light upon Newton's religious opinions, and will prove him, under his own hand, to have been a Unitarian. I hope that we shall pass a law responsive to the British International Copyright Bill. Do write me about this measure, and what its chances are.

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[1] Sumner was invited, at different times, to dine with Mr. Hume at Bryanstone Square.

[2] He was born in 1807, and succeeded to the dukedom on the death of his father, in 1852.

[3] Jane Haldimand Marcet, 1785–1858. She endeavored to simplify science by stating the principles of chemistry and political economy in the form of "Conversations." "Every girl," said Macaulay, "who has read Mrs. Marcet's little dialogues on political economy could teach Montague or Walpole many lessons in finance." — "Essay on Milton."

You have read the "Retrospective Review." I am indebted to it for much pleasure and instruction. What was my gratification, a short time since, while dining with Parkes, to find that it was gotten up and carried on by my friends. The nominal editor was Southern, now Secretary of Legation at Madrid; but its chief supporters were Parkes and Charles Austin and Montagu. It was established by the Radicals, to show that they were at least not ignorant of literature. Parkes wrote the articles on the prose writings of Milton. He is a subscriber to the "North American," and has been much pleased with the article in a late number (for July, I think) on Milton. He thinks it the best essay on Milton ever written, and is anxious to know who is the author. I have felt ashamed that I cannot tell. Do not fail to let me know.[2]

JAN. 27, 1839.

Among the persons whom I have seen since I wrote the foregoing pages have been Leigh Hunt[3] and Thomas Campbell.[4] I yesterday morning saw Leigh Hunt, on the introduction of Carlyle. He lives far from town,—in Chelsea,—in a humble house, with uncarpeted entry and stairs. He lives more simply, I think, than any person I have visited in England; but he possesses a palace of a mind. He is truly brilliant in conversation, and the little notes of his which I have seen are very striking. He is of about the middle size, with iron-gray hair parted in the middle, and suffered to grow quite long. Longfellow has seen him, I think, and he will tell you about him. I believe I have already described to you Carlyle. I met Campbell at a dinner which Colburn,[5] the publisher, gave me last evening. There were Campbell, Jerdan,[6] and some six or eight of the small fry — the minims — of literature, all guilty of print. Campbell is upwards of sixty. He is rather short and stout, and has not the air of a gentleman. He takes brandy and water instead of wine. He did not get to throwing decanters or their stoppers; though when he left (which was sufficiently early) his steps did not appear very steady. He does not think of visiting America; but he said that he should be willing to be there without a penny in his pocket, and he would simply say, "I am Tom Campbell." He enforces most all that he says by an oath. His brother, as he informed me, married a daughter of Patrick Henry. He told some stories that were none of the purest, with a good deal of humor. Jerdan you well know as the editor of the "Literary Gazette." He is a tall, vulgar Scotchman, who annoyed me by proposing my health in a long rigmarole speech. He has a good deal of humor. Of the rest at table I have not time to write you. A diary has just been brought to light, kept by the vicar of the church at Stratford-on-Avon during the time of Shakspeare, and in which the name of Shakspeare is several times mentioned. What is said of him I do not know. One of our guests to-night was Dr. Severn, in whose hands the manuscript has been placed, and who will edit it.

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[1] Published in 1855.

[2] July, 1838, Vol. XLVII. pp. 56–73. By Ralph Waldo Emerson.

[3] 1784–1859.

[4] 1777–1844.

[5] Henry Colburn died in 1855. His residence was at 13 Great Marlborough Street.

[6] William Jerdan, born 1782, for thirty-four years editor of the "London Literary Gazette."

You will doubtless read the "Edinburgh Review" just published, and the brilliant article by Lord Brougham on "Foreign Relations."[1] Admire, I pray you, the epigram by Johnny Williams on Napoleon. After reading it, I took down the "Greek Anthology," and compared it with the famous one on Themistocles and with several others, and I must say that I think Williams's the best; it is a wonderful feat in the Greek language. Lord B. repeated it to me at table, before it appeared in print. I have also heard Baron Parke repeat it. Williams is said to know "Virgil" and several other classics by heart. In society he is very dull; but he does write beautiful Greek. Lord Brougham's work will not be published till next week. It is on Natural Theology, in two volumes, and embraces an analysis of Cuvier, Newton's "Principia," and Laplace's "Mécanique Céleste." I saw him in his study yesterday; he had a printer's devil on one side and his private secretary on the other. *Mirabile dictu*, he did not use an oath! He thanked me for Rev. Dr. Young's discourse on Dr. Bowditch, which I had given him some days before, and said that it was very good,—just what was wanted. (I received two copies of Young's discourse,—one I gave to Lord B., the other to Sir David Brewster.) He told me that he had received a long letter of eight pages from his mother, giving him an account of the late tremendous hurricane that had passed over Brougham Hall; that the letter was a capital one, and that every line contained a fact. Truly his Lordship is a wonderful man; and, I am disposed to believe, the most eloquent one in English history. I think I have already told you that Earl Grey said to Lord Wharncliffe, on the evening of B.'s speech on the Reform Bill, that it was the greatest speech he ever heard in his life; and his life covered the period of Pitt and Fox. In this judgment Lord W. concurred. Mr. Rogers has told me that Sir Robert Peel said he never knew what eloquence was till he heard B.'s speech on the abolition of slavery in the West Indies. Do not listen to the articles and the reports that Lord B. is no speaker. He is most eloquent; and his voice, as I heard it in the Lords six months ago, still rings in my ear. And yet I cannot pardon his gross want of propriety in conversation. Think of the language I heard him use about O'Connell. He called him "a damned thief."

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[1] Jan., 1839, Vol. LXVIII., pp. 495-537, — "Foreign Relations of Great Britain." The epigram is given in a note to page 508, where it was first made public.

You will also read the article on Prescott in the "Edinburgh." It is written by somebody who understands the subject, and who praises with great discrimination. Some of my friends suppose that it is done by John Allen,[1] the friend of Lord Holland. Mr. Hallam, however, thought it was not by him, but by a Spaniard who is in England. I shall undoubtedly be able to let you know by my next letter. Mr. Ford, the writer of the Spanish articles in the "Quarterly," has undertaken to review Prescott's book for that journal: whether his article will be ready for the next number I cannot tell. Prescott ought to be happy in his honorable fame. His publisher, Bentley, is about to publish a second edition in two volumes; and he told me that he regarded the work as the most important he had ever published, and as one that would carry his humble name to posterity. Think of Bentley astride the shoulders of Prescott on the journey to posterity! Milman told me he thought it the greatest work that had yet proceeded from America. Mr. Whishaw, who is now blind, and who was the bosom friend of Sir Samuel Romilly, has had it read to him, and says that Lord Holland calls it the most important historical work since Gibbon. I have heard Hallam speak of it repeatedly, and Harness and Rogers and a great many others whom I might mention, if I had more time and I thought you had more patience.

Bulwer has two novels in preparation — one nearly completed — and is also engaged on the last two volumes of his "History of Greece." This work seems to have been a failure. I see this flash novelist often: we pass each other in the drawing-room, and even sit on the same sofa; but we have never spoken.

I could not live through two London winters; the fogs are horrid. I met Theodore Hook last evening, and poured out my complaints. "You are right," said he; "our atmosphere is nothing but pea-soup."

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

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[1] M. D., 1770–1843; an inmate of Holland House for more than forty years; a contributor to the "Edinburgh Review" on subjects relating to English, French, and Spanish history and the British Constitution; and author of "Inquiry into the Rise and Growth of the Royal Prerogative in England." Sydney Smith introduced him to Lord Holland, who had asked "if he could recommend any clever young Scotch medical man to accompany him to Spain." — "Sydney Smith's Memoir," by Lady Holland, Chap. II. Lady Holland treated him quite unceremoniously, — according to Macaulay, "like a negro slave." — Trevelyan's "Life of Macaulay," Vol. I. Chap. IV. Allen was not a believer in the Christian religion, and on this subject gave a tone to the conversation of Holland House. — Greville's "Memoirs," Chap. XXX., Dec. 16, 1835.

TO HIS BROTHER HORACE, AGED FOURTEEN.

LONDON, Jan. 20, 1839.

DEAR HORACE, — I have now before me your letter of Oct. 15. It is quite short; but has pleased me, because it is correctly written; and I have read it over and over several times. It will be well to accustom yourself to habits of composition, as, in this way, you will learn to write with facility and correctness. I need not enlarge to a boy of your age and disposition on the vast importance of this accomplishment. One of my highest pleasures on my return to Boston will consist in finding you and Mary and Julia all lovers of knowledge and truth, — all anxious to employ every moment in storing the mind, and in doing something useful. Remember, that if you lose time now you can never regain it. You will, I fear, think me a dull preacher, and will dread my letters as much as the minister's sermon; but I cannot take my pen to write any of you without, forthwith, falling into this vein. It may be irksome to you now to confine yourself to study, and to read my exhortations; but I believe, if we both live, you will thank me hereafter.

The mountains which you see in the vignette on this sheet are the far-famed "Grampian Hills," where the father of young Norval "fed his flocks, — a frugal swain." I have walked at the foot of these very mountains, and have seen the shepherds tending their sheep. To one shepherd are sometimes committed eight hundred or a thousand sheep. For miles and miles there are no fences, and the shepherd permits his flock to roam about in search of food during the day; but at night, with the assistance of a dog, calls them all together and shuts them in a fold. He takes his position on a rock or some elevated place, raises his staff and makes a signal to his dog, who is trained to this duty, and who at once scampers to the most distant sheep and drives them to the shepherd. I once walked for a mile with one of these men, while he was driving his flock before him. You suppose, I dare say, that shepherds are very fine-looking men, because they always appear so in pictures; but I hardly know a dirtier set. They are dressed in old clothes, and perhaps are smoking dirty pipes. Instead of a crook, which you see represented in pictures, they have nothing but a rough stick or staff, and they look like the laziest of human beings; for they sit or stand in the open field, or on the side of the mountain, a whole day, simply watching the motions of their flock. I have seen shepherds on the plains of Normandy, on the beautiful downs of the south of England, where are the wondrous ruins of Stonehenge, and on the hills of Scotland, — and all have been alike mean looking. All our ideas of these people have been borrowed from books, and particularly from poetry and pictures. My account may serve to disenchant you of some of your notions with regard to them.

Jan. 27. I have only time to say good-by, my dear Horace, and to renew my exhortations to you to be good and studious. When you next write direct to the care of Draper & Co., Paris. Give my love to mother and all the family.

Ever your affectionate brother, CHAS.

TO PROFESSOR SIMON GREENLEAF, CAMBRIDGE.

LONDON, Jan. 21, 1839.

DEAR GREENLEAF, — Your good long letter, and Mrs. Greenleaf's enclosed, came in due season. You know how thankful I am to hear of you and from you, and how I rejoice that the Law School still flourishes as it should, under the auspices of my friends. Often "my heart untravelled fondly turns" to those old haunts. How will they seem on my return? How will all my friends seem? And, last and heaviest question, how shall I seem to them? Those clients I once had, — those duties I once rejoiced in, — where are they? Shall I find them again? As I draw nearer the day of my return, I feel sincerely anxious with regard to the future. I think of that tide — whose flood I declined to take — which might have floated me on to fortune, — that is, to worldly success; and I fear I have lost it for ever. And yet I know that I have gained, in the highest point of view, immeasurably more than I have lost. I have seen men, society, and courts, in a way that is permitted to few of my age in any country; and I feel that I have not lost my love of native land, or my sense of duty or the knowledge of what it behooves me to do. Tell me, as my friend, what I must prepare to do on my return, and how to set to work, — for to *work* I shall go at once.

On a recent excursion to Birmingham, I received a good deal of kind attention from Mr. Wills, author of the new work on "Circumstantial Evidence." He has presented me with a copy of his book, and we have since corresponded on the subject of it. While with him I mentioned that I had a learned friend, Professor Greenleaf, who was engaged on a work on the "Law of Evidence." Mr. Wills at once asked me to take charge of a copy of his book for your acceptance with his compliments. Wills is not a barrister, but an attorney. He is about forty-eight or fifty, and is a very unassuming, good-natured, quiet person, who has devoted not a little time to this work. I wish you would write a review of it in the "Jurist."

In conversation yesterday with Burge, the author of the huge book on the "Conflict of Laws," he lamented that there was no good work on the *principles* of the law of evidence. I at once told him that Professor Greenleaf had such a one in preparation. Mr. Burge told me to encourage you to the completion of your task, and also to say to you from him not to publish till you had thoroughly examined Menochius ("De Presumptionibus") and Mascardus ("De Probationibus"), — the latter particularly. Burge is quite a black-letter, folio man, who overlays his arguments with numerous authorities and recondite learning. He deserves great praise for his devotion to the subject which he has illustrated with such learning and to such extent. He has a great admiration for Judge Story. Starkie[1] has a third edition of his "Evidence" in press. He has lost his wife, and is in much affliction. Poor Chitty[2] is badly off. He has now some weakness — an affection of the spine, I believe — which prevents his walking; so he is rolled about in a chair. He has had an immense business, and an iron constitution; but both have departed.

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[1] Thomas Starkie, 1782–1849.

[2] Joseph Chitty, 1776–1841; author of treatises on "Pleading," "Criminal Law," &c.

. . . . At present he confines himself entirely to giving opinions on cases *stated*. Nobody sees him; and in this mighty human whirlpool he is literally unregarded and unknown. A few evenings since I dined in company with Lord Langdale, and took occasion to let him know that his sentiments concerning professional conduct had been regarded in America as a valuable contribution to the cause of professional morals. He appeared truly gratified. His Lordship is a liberal-minded man who takes an interest in jurisprudence. He regretted to find that in the State of New York they had so far adopted the English Chancery rules. He thinks we ought to abolish the distinction between Equity and Law as soon as possible.[1] Story's "Equity Pleading" is making its way; and Maxwell stands prepared to publish the second edition of the "Jurisprudence" as soon as he receives it. The "Bailments" has just been republished, with a most complimentary preface, — a preface full of warm admiration of the author. Kind regards to Mrs. Greenleaf, and thanks for her letter.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO PROFESSOR WILLIAM WHEWELL, LONDON.

2 VIGO STREET, Jan. 23, 1839.

DEAR MR. WHEWELL, — I am so knocked up with a cold that I shall not venture to your dinner to-day. Give me my own crystal weather, rather than your murky, foggy days, — freighted with colds, catarrhs, and death. I have caught three dismal colds in the space of six weeks; all which is a monition to me to run away, and get nearer to the sun. I shall, however, be in town when you return to wind up the Geological year, and hope to have the pleasure of again seeing you. Let me thank you now for your kindness, and assure you of the great pleasure it will always give me to think of the intercourse I have been so fortunate as to enjoy with you, and to cherish the hope of renewing it by welcoming you or any of your friends to America.

Believe me ever very sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO JUDGE STORY.

LONDON, Jan. 23, 1839.

MY DEAR JUDGE, — In my notes about the judges, I broke off without giving you the barons of the Exchequer. The successor of Allan Park has at last been appointed; it is the Right Honorable T. Erskine, the Chief Judge of the Bankruptcy Court.[2] It so happened that I dined in company with

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[1] The distinction has been abolished in New York and many other States, but is still retained in Massachusetts.

[2] Thomas Erskine, 1788–1864. He became Chief-Justice of the Court of Review in Bankruptcy in 1831, and a judge of the Common Pleas, Jan. 9, 1839, — resigning the latter office in 1844, on account of ill health.

Mr. Erskine at Baron Alderson's the day of his appointment. He is a very quiet, modest, and gentlemanly person; and these qualities, united to the great name he bears (he is the second son of *the* Erskine), make his appointment quite acceptable to the bar,—though they do not generally regard him as an addition to the strength of the bench; and his promotion does not devolve more business upon rising juniors, as would that of a prominent leader. Baron Parke, however, thinks his services will be valuable, and regards the appointment as an excellent one. Being the son of a Lord, and with the prefix of "Honorable," he will not be knighted, as the other judges are.

Passing to the Exchequer, we have, first, the Lord Chief-Baron,—Abinger.[1] You know his wonderful success at the bar,—confessedly the greatest advocate of his time, yet never eloquent, and supposed by all to be the most competent person possible for the bench; and in this opinion all would have persevered, *nisi regnasset.* He is the great failure of Westminster Hall. To his own incompetency he added last term a jealousy of Barons Alderson and Parke. He wants the judicial capacity: he was so old before he reached the bench that he could not assume new habits. I should, however, do him injustice, if I did not tell you that Mr. Maule—one of the first lawyers in Westminster Hall—told me that he was mending; that he had given up all idea of competing with Parke and Alderson in technical learning and subtlety, and seemed now to aim directly at the common sense of a case,—a habit quite valuable in a judge supported by such learned associates. In person Lord Abinger is large and rather full, or round: he is the largest judge on the bench. He has become a thorough Tory; and in society, I think, is cold and reserved. Brougham says that Scarlett was once speaking of Laplace's "Mécanique Céleste" at Holland House as a very easy matter; Brougham told him he could not read it, and doubted if he could do a sum in algebraical addition. One was put, and the future Lord Abinger failed; and, as Lord B. said, he did not know so much about it as a "pot-house boy." It was reported in Westminster Hall that arrangements were recently attempted to procure his retirement in favor of his son-in-law, the Attorney-General; but unsuccessfully.

Baron Parke[2] is the senior *puisne* judge. He is about fifty-six years old; is rather above the common size, quite erect, and with eyes the brightest I ever saw. He is always dressed with great care, and in the evening wears a blue coat and bright buttons,—which is also the dress of Lord Abinger and several other judges. He is a man of society, and succeeds to a remarkable extent in uniting a devotion to this with great attention to his elevated judicial duties. He is also not a little conceited and vain. Lady Parke is a person of remarkable personal attractions for her years. They have a daughter who goes with them into society, who is quite pretty. All have the reputation of being very fond of the highest society. You know Baron Parke from the books, as well as I. I think the profession place him at the head of the bench; the only two to be compared with him are Alderson and Patteson. Alderson is hasty and crotchety. Parke is also open, in some degree, to the same objection. He is not what you would call fluent on the bench; though there is no particular want of words. I think he could not have been eloquent at the bar. He is evidently a well-read *lawyer;* and yet he is not a *jurist.* You will understand my meaning. I know of but one *jurist* in Westminster Hall; and that is Charles Austin, — brother of John, — of whom I will speak by-and-by. I dined in company with Baron Parke a few days ago; and he told me he had just been reading your "Bailments," which has been republished here.

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[1] James Scarlett was born in Jamaica, in 1769; called to the bar in 1791; made Attorney-General in 1827; Chief-Baron of the Exchequer in Dec., 1834, and a peer the next month, as Baron Abinger. He presided in the Exchequer until his death in 1844. His failure as a judge was hardly less conspicuous than his success at the bar. Lord Brougham has given a sketch of him in his "Autobiography," Vol. III. Chap. XXVIII.

[2] *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 321.

Next is Baron Alderson.[1] He and Baron Parke were both of the Northern Circuit, which has given more judges than any other to Westminster Hall. Abinger, Parke, Alderson, Tindal, Coltman, Williams, and one other, — I forget which, — were all of this circuit. I have written you so much and often about Alderson that I have little to add. Like Parke, he is a Tory; I have heard them both called "bitter Tories." He has not the air and manner of Parke. Indeed, he is *gauche*, and abrupt and uneven in his voice. He is an excellent scholar; and when at Cambridge he carried away at the same time the highest classical and mathematical prizes of the University, — a conjunction that has very rarely occurred. He is now about fifty, has light hair, and a high forehead. I have heard from him a higher display of the judicial talent than from any other judge in England. The bar, however, think him often unsafe. Some dislike him on account of his Toryism, others from pique and imagined personal coldness or insult. I think that he has more enemies — or, rather, more who call him hard names — than any other judge in Westminster Hall. Lady Alderson is a modest, quiet person, with a young family; she is the sister of Lady Gifford, — the dowager of the late Lord Gifford. It was to Baron Alderson that I was indebted for an introduction to the latter lady, and also to the Bishop of Durham.[2] Lockhart seems to be quite a friend of Alderson. I have always met him when I have been at the Baron's. Alderson has a good deal of dry humor. It was he who said, on Brougham being made Lord Chancellor: "If his Lordship knew a *little law*, he would know a *little* of every thing."

Of the other two barons of the Exchequer I literally know nothing. Baron Gurney[3] is old, and appears infirm. I never meet him or hear of him in society. On the bench he is always silent, and indeed is dead weight.

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[1] *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 362.

[2] The Bishop — Dr. Maltby — was at one time the private tutor of Alderson.

[3] John Gurney, 1768-1845. He was called to the bar in 1793; assisted Erskine in the trials of Hardy and Horne Tooke; became, after a long training at the bar, a baron of the Exchequer in 1832, and resigned in 1845. His son, Russell Gurney, has been Recorder of London, and was, in 1871, a commissioner on behalf of Great Britain under the Treaty of Washington.

Baron Bolland[1] was taken ill shortly after my arrival, was obliged to give up his circuit, and has just resigned with his pension, — giving the Government a certificate of his being incurably incapacitated for service. This is a generous feature of the English Constitution, allowing a valuable public servant to retire with a pension after fifteen years of hard service, and at any time before, on the registration of a proper certificate of his incapacity. Of course, the bar are busy in speculating who will be the new baron. The place has been offered to Rolfe, the Solicitor-General; but he has declined it. It is supposed that Maule will have it.[2]

From the judges I pass to the leading members of the bar. In the courts of common law, the Attorney-General, Sir William Follett, and Serjeant Wilde stand first. Charles Austin's practice lies chiefly before committees of Parliament.

Sir John Campbell,[3] the Attorney-General, is a Scotchman by birth. He is now about fifty-eight. He has been a laborious, plodding man, and has succeeded by dint of industry and strong natural powers, unadorned by any of the graces. He has a marked Scotch accent still. He is a very powerful lawyer; but his manner is harsh and coarse, without delicacy or refinement. I think he is not much liked at the bar; though all bow to his powers. They call him "Jack Campbell." We pronounce his name wrong in America. All the letters, including the *b*, are pronounced; thus, Camp*b*ell, and not *Camell*, as we say. He was astonished when I told him that his "Reports" had been republished in America; and I thought he was not a little gratified. He has been quite kind to me, both in town and country. I visited him at Duddingstone House, and have received many civilities from him in London.

Sir William Follett[4] is truly a lovable person; and one great secret of his early success has been his amiability. He is about forty-two, and is still youthful in manners and conduct. As a speaker he is fluent, clear, and distinct, with a beautiful and harmonious voice. He seems to have a genius for law: when it comes to the stating a law point and its argument, he is at home, and goes on without let or hindrance, or any apparent exertion. His business is immense; and he receives many briefs which he hardly reads before he rises in court. His income is probably fifteen thousand pounds. Strange thing in the history of the bar, he is equally successful in the House of Commons, where I have heard them call for "Follett, Follett!" and here he shows a parliamentary eloquence of no common kind, and also wins by his attractive manner. He is the great favorite of the Tories, and, in the event of their return to power, would be Lord Chancellor, — a leap wonderful to take, but which, all seem to agree, would be allowed to him. In the event of the death of Sir Robert Peel, — such is the favor to him, — I think he might become the leader of the Tories in the Commons, if he would consent, which is not at all probable. I do not think his politics are founded on much knowledge. Circumstances have thrown him into the Tory ranks, where he will doubtless continue. He has little or no information out of his profession, — seems not to have read or thought much, and yet is always an agreeable companion. I feel an attachment for him, so gentle and kind have I always found him.

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[1] William Bolland, 1772–1840. He was called to the bar in 1801, became a judge of the Exchequer in 1829, and resigned in 1839. He was more versed in common law than in other departments. He delighted in old books and coins, and generally in whatever was ancient and rare.

[2] Bolland resigned in Jan., 1839; Maule, who was appointed in his place in March, was transferred to the Common Pleas in November.

[3] John Campbell, 1781–1861; *ante*, Vol. I. p. 332. He was called to the bar in 1806, appointed Solicitor-General and knighted in 1832; was Attorney-General, with a brief interval, from 1834 to 1841; a parliamentary leader from 1830 to 1841, when he was made a peer, and Lord Chancellor of Ireland. From 1846 to 1850 he was a member of the Cabinet; became Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench, succeeding Lord Denman, in 1850, and was Lord Chancellor from 1859 until his death. Beyond his own country he is most widely known as the author of the "Lives of the Lord Chancellors," and of the "Lives of the Chief-Justices." Lord Denman, when resigning as Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench, was much averse to the appointment of Lord Campbell as his successor. "Life of Lord Denman," Vol. II. pp. 228-231. Some of Lord Campbell's notes, inviting Sumner to be his guest, are preserved; also a note thanking him for information in relation to commitments by Congress and the State Legislatures being questioned in the courts, — probably with reference to the case of Stockdale *v.* Hansard. Sumner met Lord Campbell in London in 1857, and visited him the same year at his seat, Hartrigge House.

[4] *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 332.

Serjeant Wilde[1] is different from both of these. He commenced as an attorney; and Mr. Justice Vaughan has told me that he has held more than a hundred briefs from him. After his entrance to the profession, he was guilty of one of those moral delinquencies which are so severely visited in England. I have heard the story, but have forgotten it. In some way, he took advantage of a trust relation, and purchased for himself. He was at once banished from the Circuit table.[2] A long life of laborious industry, attended by the greatest success, has not yet placed him in communion with the bar; and it is supposed that he can never hope for any of those offices by which talents and success like his are usually rewarded. I think it, however, not improbable that the Government, in their anxiety to avail themselves of his great powers, may forget the past; but society will not. He does not mingle with the bar, — or, if he does, it is with downcast eyes, and with a look which seems to show that he feels himself out of place. He is the most industrious person at the English bar, — being at his chambers often till two o'clock in the morning, and at work again by six o'clock. His arguments are all elaborated with the greatest care; and he comes to court with a minute of every case that can bear upon the matter in question. In the Common Pleas he is supreme, and is said to exercise a great influence over Lord Chief-Justice Tindal. He once explained to me the secret of his success: he said that he thoroughly examined all his cases, and, if he saw that a case was bad, in the strongest language he advised its adjustment; if it was good, he made himself a perfect master of it. He is engaged in every cause in the Common Pleas. In person he is short and stout, and has a vulgar face. His voice is not agreeable; but his manner is singularly energetic and intense, — reminding me in this respect of Webster more than any other person at the English bar. If you take this into consideration in connection with his acknowledged talents and his persevering industry, you will not be at a loss to account for his great success. I have been told that he was once far from being fluent; but now he expresses himself with the greatest ease. His language has none of the charms of literature; but it is correct, expressive, and to the purpose. In manners, — to his friends, — he seems warm and affable. To me he has shown much volunteer kindness. I have conversed with him on some points of professional conduct, and found him entertaining very elevated views. He told me that he should never hesitate to cite a case that bore against him, if he thought the court and the opposite counsel were not aware of it at the moment.

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[1] Thomas Wilde, 1782–1855. At the bar, he was noted for his industry and fidelity to his clients. He was assistant counsel in the defence of Queen Caroline; entered Parliament in 1831, where he was the steady supporter of the Liberal party; became Solicitor-General in 1840, Attorney-General in 1841, Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas in 1846, and Lord Chancellor in 1850, — when he was raised to the peerage, with the title of Baron Truro. He retired from office in 1852. Sumner dined with him in Dec., 1838.

[2] Life of Lord Denman, Vol. I. p. 124, where the offence seems to be stated as one of a different character.

In this connection I must speak of Charles Austin,[1] who is of the common

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[1] The career of Charles Austin, to whom Sumner refers in his letters in terms of great admiration, is unique. He was a lawyer, but never a judge. His specialty in the profession did not connect his name with celebrated causes, and he retired from it so early that at the time of his death, — Dec. 21, 1874, at the age of seventy-five, — he had been almost forgotten by his generation. He never entered Parliament, — a body to which men of his character and tastes are usually attracted. He was not an author, writing neither books nor pamphlets, but only a few articles for Reviews, the subjects and dates of which he could not in his later life recall. His name finds no place in biographical dictionaries; but the biographies of John Stuart Mill and Lord Macaulay will save it from oblivion.

Charles Austin, the younger brother of John, was, while a student at Cambridge, the youthful champion of Jeremy Bentham's utilitarian philosophy. In a group of young men, several of whom achieved distinction, he was, in conversation and in the contests of the Union Debating Society, without a peer. Such is the testimony of one so purely intellectual as Mr. Mill. He "shone with great *éclat* as a man of intellect, and a brilliant orator and converser," "the really influential mind among these intellectual gladiators." "He continued, after leaving the University, to be by his conversation and personal ascendancy a leader among the same class of young men who had been his associates there." "The impression he gave us was that of boundless strength, together with talents which combined with such apparent force of will and character seemed capable of dominating the world. Those who knew him, whether friendly to him or not, always anticipated that he would play a conspicuous part in public life." "Autobiography" of J. S. Mill, pp. 76–79, 118, 124, 126.

At the University, Austin "certainly was the only man who ever succeeded in dominating Macaulay." "With his vigor and fervor," says the historian's biographer, "his depth of knowledge and breadth of humor, his close reasoning illustrated by an expansive imagination, set off as these gifts were by the advantage, at that period of life so irresistible, of some experience of the world at home and abroad, — Austin was indeed a king among his fellows." — Trevelyan's "Life of Lord Macaulay," Vol. I. Chap. II.; Vol. II. Chap. XIV.; "Edinburgh Review," April, 1876, p. 548.

The promises of Austin's youth were not fulfilled, though his professional success in a certain direction was remarkable. He became the leader of the Parliamentary bar in its most flourishing period, — that of great railway enterprises, — and his income, which was at its highest in 1847, has no parallel in the history of the profession. The fear law bar, though he practises chiefly before Parliamentary committees. He has just sprung into an income of fifteen thousand pounds. He is about forty-two years old, and is a bachelor. He is the brother of John Austin. I think Charles Austin the only *jurist* at the English bar. It is only recently that he has arrived at his present position, and he has employed his time in liberal studies as well as upon the law. He was one of the editors of the "Retrospective Review." He is a fine speaker, — clear, distinct, intelligent. In conversation he is very interesting, full of knowledge, information, literature, and power of argument. In politics he is a decided, but rational, liberal. In the event of Lord Durham coming to power, or any more liberal government, he will be Attorney-General or Lord Chancellor. If he has health, there is a great future before him. He is admirably informed about America, and will probably visit us next summer. He will be glad to see you. I have heard him say that he thought you the first judge and jurist of the day. Take him all in all, and I cannot hesitate to place him before Follett. In my next I shall continue my sketch of the common law barristers, and then shall carry you before the Lord Chancellor.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

LONDON, Feb. 4, 1839.

DEAR HILLARD, — I wish you to do me the favor to send Brownson's tracts, and his Review for the first year, — in short all the publications that contain any thing of his philosophy, — to Rev. Professor Whewell, Athenæum Club, London. The latter is a friend of mine, and is now engaged on an extensive philosophical work.

In my last I wrote you that Prescott's book had been reviewed in the "Edinburgh." The author is Mr. Gayangos, a Spaniard and great friend of Lord Holland. He also wrote the article on the Moors in the "London and

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of him brought him many briefs from clients, merely to prevent his appearance against them; and the story is told of his being asked, when riding in Hyde Park on one of the busiest days of the session, "What in the world are you doing here, Austin?" and his answering, "I am doing equal justice to all my clients." With health impaired, and surfeited, it is said, with success, he retired in 1848, at the age of forty-nine, to an estate in Suffolk, Brandeston Hall, Wickham Market; and from that time until his death lived a life of seclusion, — its monotony relieved only by neighborly offices, and by service as magistrate at the Quarter Sessions of East Suffolk. —"Pall Mall Budget," Jan. 2, 1875. Sumner writing to Mrs. Grote, Nov. 3, 1873, and referring to persons mentioned in her recent "Life" of her husband, said: "I was glad to read of Charles Austin, whose talk I always placed, as you do, foremost. Why does he not appear in Parliament?" Mrs. Grote calls him "the first of *conversers*." — "The Personal Life of George Grote," pp. 42, 139, 154, 155, 254. Greville speaks of him as a "lawyer, clever man, and Radical," ch. xviii. June 18, 1832. His characteristics and his habits in retirement are described in the "Fortnightly Review," March 1, 1875, Vol. XXIII. pp. 321-338. In our Civil War he took the side of the Government against the Rebellion.

Foreign Quarterly," for January. My friend, Henry Reeve,[1] the editor of this Review during the absence of John Kemble (now in Germany for his health), wished me to call Mr. Prescott's attention to the latter article. The note at page sixty or seventy about Prescott's book is written by Reeve. I have been pressing Reeve to review the work at length in his journal, and he would like to do so very much if he could find a competent critic. He has read the work with the greatest pleasure. I dined last evening with Edward Romilly[2] (the son of Sir Samuel): there were only Lord Lansdowne, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Hallam, Mr. Wickham, Mrs. Marcet, and myself; and the conversation turned upon this book. To-night I dined with Mr. Ord,[3] an old stager in Parliament, who fought under the leadership of Fox.

To-morrow Parliament meets. Through the kind interference of Lord Morpeth, I am to have a place to hear the Queen's speech; and the Speaker has given me the *entrée* of the House of Commons at all times.

Lord Brougham has given me his full-bottom Lord-Chancellor's wig,[4] in which he made his great speech on the Reform Bill. Such a wig costs twelve guineas; and then, the associations of it! In America it will be like Rabelais' gown.

Ever yours, C. S.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

TRAVELLERS', Feb. 16, 1839.

DEAR HILLARD, — Perhaps this is my last greeting from London; and yet it is hard to tear myself away, so connected by friendship and by social ties have I become with this great circle; and I will not venture to write down the day when I shall leave. My last was a volume rather than a letter; and I have again such stores to communicate as to call for another volume. Parliament is now open, and I have been a constant attendant; but I will first tell you of its opening and of the speech of the Queen.[5] I was accommodated through the kindness of Lord Morpeth with a place at the bar, — perhaps it was the best place occupied by any person not in court dress. Behind me was the Prince Louis Bonaparte.[6] It was a splendid sight, as at the coronation, to watch the peeresses as they took their seats in full dress, resplendent with jewels and costly ornaments; and from the smallness of the room all were within a short distance. The room of the House of Lords is a little longer but not so wide as our College Chapel, at Cambridge. The Queen entered, attended by the great officers of state, with her heavy crown on her head, the great guns sounding, and the trumpets adding to the glow of the scene. She took her seat with sufficient dignity, and in an inaudible voice directed the Commons to be summoned. In the mean time, all eyes were directed to her. Her countenance was flushed, her hands moved on the golden arms of the throne, and her fingers twitched in her gloves. There she was, a Queen; but a Queen's nerves and heart are those of a woman, and she showed that little nervousness and restlessness which amply vindicated her sympathy with us all. And yet she bore herself well, and many, whose eyes were not as observing as you know mine are, did not note these pleasing tokens. I was glad to see them, more by far than if she had sat as if cut in alabaster. The Commons came in with a thundering rush, their Speaker at their head. Her Majesty then commenced reading her speech which had been previously handed to her by the Lord Chancellor. It was a quarter or a third through before she seemed to get her voice so that I could understand her. In the paragraph about Belgium, I first caught all that she said, and every word of the rest of her speech came to me in as silver accents as I have ever heard. You well know I had no predisposition to admire the Queen, or any thing that proceeds from her; but her reading has conquered my judgment. I was astonished and delighted. Her voice was sweet, and finely modulated, and she pronounced every word slowly and distinctly, with a just regard to its meaning. I think I have never heard any thing better read in my life than was her speech; and I could but respond to Lord Fitzwilliam's remark to me when the ceremony was over, "How beautifully she performs!" This was the first sovereign's speech he had ever heard. In the evening the Lords met for business, and the Lord Chancellor read the speech to the House: but how unlike that of the girl Queen was the reading of the learned Lord! You remember Wilkes's comparison: it is too unsavory, however, for this connection. In the evening's debate Brougham was wonderful. Lord Holland had placed me on the steps of the throne, so that I saw and heard with every advantage. Brougham spoke for an hour and a half or two hours. His topics were various, his spirits high, his mastery of every note in the wide music of the human voice complete, and his command of words the greatest I have ever known. Add then, the brimful house interrupting him with vociferous applause, and old Wellington nodding his head, and adding his cheer. You will read his speech, but the report is utterly inadequate. I have heard many say that they thought it the best speech in point of eloquence and effect they ever heard. The thunders he hurled at O'Connell seemed blasting, and the Tory benches, which were crowded to excess, almost rent the walls with their cheers. Then followed the funeral oration on Lord Norbury,[1] and —

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[1] Mr. Reeve, who was born in 1813, was at one time the editor of the "Edinburgh Review," and has translated Tocqueville's "Democracy in America." He has been for some years Registrar of the Privy Council. Sumner dined with him in 1839, at Chapel Street, Belgrave Square; and, in 1857, breakfasted with him in company with the French princes. His recollections of Sumner are given, *ante*, Vol. I. p. 305.

[2] 1804–1870.

[3] William Ord.

[4] For many years kept at the Harvard Law School.

[5] Feb. 5, 1839. Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, Third Series, Vol. XLV. p. 2.

[6] Napoleon III., then an exile.

> "He changed his hand and checked his pride;"

his voice fell from its high invective to a funeral note, and we almost saw the lengthened train that followed the murdered nobleman to the tomb passing through the House. I will not carry this description farther; for I cannot give you such an idea as I could wish without taking more time than I have to spare. The next morning I was in Lord Brougham's study, and we were speaking of the debate. I suggested to him a blunder which the Duke of Wellington had committed in his speech, when he alluded to the case of Spain and Portugal as analogous to that of Canada and the United States; a blunder pregnant with the double error of fact and of the law of nations. Brougham said that I was right in the view I took. The report will not let you fully see, I think, the Duke's mistake; for it is quite curtailed. Brougham told me that I should have heard a good debate if Lansdowne had not spoken "so damned stupidly;" for, if he had said any thing worth replying to, Copley would have spoken. We then passed to other things, and spoke, as we often have before, of *versification*. I expressed to him my admiration of Johnny Williams's Epigram on Napoleon, and told him that I thought it compared well with that on Themistocles in the Anthology. He said the latter was very fine; that he thought, however, there were others in the Anthology better, but that the Marquis of Wellesley was of a different opinion on this point, and that the Marquis was a much higher authority than himself on these matters. He then repeated to me Williams's lines on the Apollo, and took up his pen and wrote them down for me without referring to any copy, and as fast as I write English.[1] I have the lines in Brougham's Greek autograph, and shall send them home. As I was leaving, he said: "You are still at 14 Vigo St.?" — "No," said I, "I was never there: it is No. 2." "Why," said he, with an oath, "I have got you down in my address book, No. 14." He has given me a standing invitation to see him in his study any morning before two o'clock. I wish that I could believe in Brougham. All who best know him distrust his word. He said to me that his mother had written to him several times making inquiries about me, and expressing a kind interest for me. If I could believe this, I should feel more gratified than by any notice or compliment I have received in England. To think that I am remembered by that venerable, good, and great woman, is a pleasure indeed.

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[1] Earl Norbury was murdered in the demesne of his seat, Durrow Abbey, Jan. 3, 1839.

I hardly know what dinner, or form of society, to describe to you. I have already sent you some account of almost every circle. Every day still brings its contribution of invitations, and proffered hospitality. This week, I have been obliged to decline three different invitations from the Marquis of Lansdowne, three from Samuel Rogers, one from Lord Langdale, Barry Cornwall, &c. One of the pleasantest dinners I ever enjoyed was with Mrs. Norton.[2]

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[1] They are among the autographs bequeathed by Sumner to the Library of Harvard College.

[2] Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Sheridan, poet and novelist, daughter of Thomas Sheridan, granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was born in 1808, and married, in 1827, to George Chapple Norton, the Recorder of Guildford, a union which ended unhappily. In 1836, she was accused of criminal intimacy with Lord Melbourne, then prime minister, who, however, prevailed in a suit brought by her husband. Greville's "Memoirs," Chap. XXI. May 11, 25, and June 27, 1836. She married, March 1, 1877, Sir William Stirling (Maxwell), author of works on Spanish history and literature, who was her junior by ten years, and died the June following. Sumner met her in 1857, and found her then "as beautiful as ever."

She now lives with her uncle, Mr. Charles Sheridan, who is a bachelor. We had a small company, — old Edward Ellice; Fonblanque, whose writings you so much admire; Hayward; Phipps, the brother of the Marquis Normanby; Lady Seymour, the sister of Mrs. Norton, and Lady Graham, the wife of Sir John Graham; and Mrs. Phipps. All of these are very clever people. Ellice is the person whose influence is said, more than that of all other men, to keep the present ministry in power. Fonblanque[1] is harsh looking, rough in voice and manner, but talks with the same knowledge and sententious brilliancy with which he writes. But the women were by far more remarkable than the men. I unhesitatingly say that they were the four most beautiful, clever, and accomplished women I have ever seen together. The beauty of Mrs. Norton has never been exaggerated. It is brilliant and refined. Her countenance is lighted by eyes of the intensest brightness, and her features are of the greatest regularity. There is something tropical in her look; it is so intensely bright and burning, with large dark eyes, dark hair, and Italian complexion. And her conversation is so pleasant and powerful without being masculine, or rather it is masculine without being mannish; there is the grace and ease of the woman with a strength and skill of which any man might well be proud. Mrs. Norton is about twenty-eight years old, and is, I believe, a grossly slandered woman. She has been a woman of fashion, and has received many attentions which doubtless she would have declined had she been brought up under the advice of a mother; but which we may not wonder she did not decline, circumstanced as she was. It will be enough for you, and I doubt not you will be happy to hear it of so remarkable and beautiful a woman, that I believe her entirely innocent of the grave charges that have been brought against her. I count her one of the brightest intellects I have ever met. I whisper in your ear what is not to be published abroad, that she is the unaided author of a tract which has just been published on the "Infant Custody Bill," and purports to be by "Pearce Stevenson, Esq.," a *nom de guerre*. I think it is one of the most remarkable things from the pen of a woman. The world here does not suspect her, but supposes that the tract is the production of some grave barrister. It is one of the best discussions of a legislative matter I have ever read. I should have thought Mrs. Norton the most beautiful woman I have ever seen, if her sister, Lady Seymour,[2] had not been present. I think that Lady Seymour is generally considered the more beautiful. Her style of beauty is unlike Mrs. Norton's; her features are smaller, and her countenance lighter and more English. In any other drawing-room she would have been deemed quite clever and accomplished, but Mrs. Norton's claims to these last characteristics are so pre-eminent as to dwarf the talents and attainments of others of her sex who are by her side. Lady Seymour has no claim to literary distinction. The homage she receives is offered to her beauty, and her social position. Lady Graham is older than these; while Mrs. Phipps is younger. These two were only inferior in beauty to Mrs. Norton and Lady Seymour. In such society you may suppose the hours flew on rosy pinions. It was after midnight when we separated.

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[1] Albany W. Fonblanque, 1797–1872; an early contributor to the "Westminster Review," editor of the "Examiner," — a weekly newspaper, — from 1822 to 1846, and appointed, in 1852, director of the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade. Greville thought him "a very agreeable man." "Memoirs," Chap. XXXI., March 13, 1836.

[2] Jane Georgiana, youngest daughter of Thomas Sheridan, was married, in 1830, to Edward Adolphus, — Lord Seymour, — who became Duke of Somerset on his father's death, in 1855.

I will not tell you of dinners or parties with peers or others, who have no particular interest attached to them except a high social position; but come to an incident. At breakfast at Mr. Senior's, a few mornings after the Duke of Wellington's attack on our country, I met a person who was quite brilliant and clever in conversation, and who, in a manner almost rude, — well knowing that I was an American, — followed up the Duke's attack on our country. I never introduce American topics in conversation, but never shun them when introduced by others. I had a passage with him which was, for a moment, slightly unpleasant. I did not know who my opponent was. When we rose from the breakfast-table, he came to me very cordially, and said that he was to write a review of Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella" for the "Quarterly," and he should like to converse with me about the author, the book, its reception in America, and the style of review that would best please the author and our country. When he had said this, I knew that he was Mr. Ford.[1] I gave him my card, and he has since called upon me, and discussed the subject at great length. He is a high Tory, who frankly says that he detests republics, and likes the government of Austria better than that of any country, and should be pleased to see it established in England. He has passed several years in Spain, living in Granada, and has made Spanish history and literature a particular study. He married a daughter of the Earl of Essex, and has a very nice place near Exeter, which he has adorned with buildings in the Spanish style. I met him in the same frank way in which he had met me, and at once suggested to him that now was a fair occasion for the "Quarterly Review," in an article on Prescott, to make the *amende honorable* to America for its past conduct, and to present a criticism that should do not a little to banish some of the harsh feelings that still existed in the United States toward the Tory journal. He professed his willingness to do all this; and to this end consulted me most minutely, with pencil and paper in his hands, with regard to the points that he might urge. He was disposed to have a page or two of fun about Prescott's Americanisms, of which he says (and Milnes has also told me the same) there are about twenty, chiefly in the notes. To this I simply suggested: "Be sure that they are Americanisms, and not English words, the use of which is forgotten here but preserved with us; and consider if some of the words as *locate* (which I detest myself) are not fairly vindicated by their significance."

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[1] Richard Ford, 1796–1858; author of "Handbook for Spain" and "Gatherings from Spain." He visited Spain in 1830, and lived in that country for several years. From 1836 to 1857 he was a contributor to the "Quarterly Review." His article on Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella" is in that Review for Jan., 1839, Vol. LXIV. p. 1–58. He proved to be a less friendly critic than Sumner had hoped.

He also wished to have a page of fun about American titles; and the text for this was the dedication to the *Hon.* William Prescott. "What right," he asked, "has Mr. Prescott to this title?" I confessed that there was a ridiculous prevalence of titles in America; but submitted that comment on them, in a grave article on Spanish history, would be out of place, and particularly it would be unjust to hang it upon Judge Prescott, whose merits richly deserved the title, and would have carried him without doubt to some equivalent distinction had he been born in England. I think he adopted my view. Wishing not to claim too much for Prescott, I said: "I presume you will rate his book as high as Watson's 'Philip,'"—though you know I place it infinitely before that. Ford promptly said: "I place it before Robertson, and I shall say so in my article." He then gave me a sketch of his article, which he will begin by a description of the tomb at Granada; and in the course of it serve the Tory purpose of his journal by a comparison between the Great Captain and the Duke of Wellington. He wished it to be known that, if it contained no humor or satire, it wouldn't be because he could not deal in those things; and carefully told me that he wrote the articles on Puckler Muskau,[1] and the Spanish Bull-Fight.[2] The article will be in the July number. Our acquaintance, which commenced in a harsh personal argument, ripened so that I received from Ford a cordial invitation to visit him at his country-place and enjoy his Spanish buildings. Emboldened by our conversation, I took the liberty of addressing him a long letter on what I thought would be the proper tone of the article, and suggesting to him some matters about American literature; to which I have a letter in reply. This I shall send to you; and you may give it to Prescott, if you see fit. It contains Ford's written opinion about his book, of which he may well be proud. Since seeing Ford I have met Pascual de Gayangos,[3] the author of the article in the "Edinburgh Review."[4] I met him at a dinner at Adolphus's, where also was Macaulay, just returned from Italy.[5] Gayangos, you know, is a Spaniard, and was Professor of Arabic at Madrid. He is a fine-looking person, with well-trimmed *moustaches*, and has married a talkative English wife. He is about forty, and has a proper Spanish gravity. We talked a great deal of Prescott's book; and he seemed never to tire in commending it. He voluntarily explained to me the reason for the absence of certain things in his article. As a foreigner, he was unwilling to commend the style which he admired, for fear of its being said that he was no judge of such things;

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[1] Quarterly Review, July, 1837, Vol. LIX. pp. 134–164,—"Semilasso in Africa. By Prince Pückler Muskau."

[2] Quarterly Review, Oct., 1838, Vol. LXII. pp. 385–424,—"Spanish Bull-Feasts and Bull-Fights."

[3] He was born at Seville, in 1809; studied in Paris under Silvestre de Sacy; published in English a "History of the Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain;" translated into Spanish Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature;" and assisted Mr. Prescott in his historical researches. In a note of Feb. 22, 1839, he invited Sumner to breakfast with him at 1 Woburn Buildings, Tavistock Square, saying: "I will give you a scholar's cup of tea and plenty of literary resources to regale your sight with."

[4] Jan., 1839, Vol. LXVIII. pp. 376–405.

[5] He arrived in London early in February, having left for Italy the October previous.

and he abstained from comparing it with any other English history on the same ground. He thought Prescott was too much in love with Isabella, and that his researches had stopped short with regard to the Moors. But Gayangos, perhaps, is too much in love with the Moors; he has devoted a great deal of time apparently to the study of their memorials, and is preparing something for publication with regard to them. He has been a great mouser in manuscripts, and says that he has some which would be very useful to Mr. Prescott, and which are entirely at his service. Among these is a collection of letters from the Great Captain. He has invited me to examine his treasures; but I fear that I shall fail in time.

At dinner Adolphus was as quiet as usual, — you know him as the friend of Scott, — and Macaulay was truly oppressive. I now understand Sydney Smith, who called Macaulay a tremendous machine for colloquial oppression. His memory is prodigious, surpassing any thing I have ever known, and he pours out its stores with an instructive but dinning prodigality. He passes from the minutest dates of English history or biography to a discussion of the comparative merits of different ancient orators, and gives you whole strophes from the dramatists at will. He can repeat every word of every article he has written, without prompting: but he has neither grace of body, face, nor voice; he is without intonation or variety; and he pours on like Horace's river, while we, poor rustics, foolishly think he will cease; and if you speak, he does not respond to what you say, but, while your last words are yet on your lips, takes up again his wondrous tale. He will not confess ignorance of any thing, though I verily believe that no man would ever have less occasion to make the confession. I have heard him called the most remarkable person of his age; and again the most overrated one. You will see that he has not left upon me an entirely agreeable impression; still I confess his great and magnificent attainments and powers.[1] I wish he had more address in using them, and more deference for others. It is uncertain what he will do; he is now to a certain extent independent, with thirty thousand pounds, the spoils of India, — and fifteen thousand pounds, the legacy of a recently deceased uncle. Ministers have tried to bring him into Parliament, and to induce him to take office; but he stipulates for a seat in the Cabinet, which they, foolishly I think, are unwilling to grant: there are reports that at Easter this arrangement will be brought about. It was nearly one o'clock at night when we separated. I have several times seen in society your correspondent, Taylor,[2] but without becoming acquainted. At Lady Davy's we were introduced. I at once told him that I had a near friend who had received a letter from him. He had received your letter, and wished me to say to you that he should be most happy to see you if you should ever visit England.

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[1] Greville, in his "Memoirs," Chap. XXX., Feb. 9, 1836, gives a description of Macaulay's conversation at this time, not unlike Sumner's. But he adds a note, in 1850, saying that then Macaulay was "a marvellous, an unrivalled (in his way), and a delightful talker."

[2] Henry Taylor.

March 1, 1839.

Since my last date, I have dined with Lord Brougham. We had Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Stuart De Rothesay,[1] Lord Denman, and Charles Phillips — of Irish eloquence. I should not forget Lady Brougham, — a large-featured, rather coarse-looking woman, — who of course presided at her own table. In the drawing-room, before we went down to dinner, appeared the daughter, the wretched representative of this great man. She is now seventeen, tall, and with features resembling her father's, even to the nose; but ill-health has set its mark upon her. She entered the room with short and careful steps, so as not to add to the palpitation of the heart with which she is afflicted, and in her motion very much reminded me of the appearance of a person who is carrying a vessel full of water which he is anxious not to spill. Her lips and cheeks are blue, which is caused by her strange disease, under the influence of which one of the bloods becomes stagnant in the system. It was one of the most melancholy sights I have for a long time beheld, and threw a gloom upon all present. I think I have never seen a woman in such apparent ill-health; and yet her father carries her to assemblies and parties, that she may see the world, thinking this may have a good effect upon her health; and one of the newspapers, chroniclers of fashion, has this day announced, as one of the youthful *débutantes* of the season in the world of fashion, the Hon. Miss Brougham. To all who have seen her, such an annunciation seems like hanging a garland over one who is dying. On entering the room, she sank on a divan in the centre, and her father came to her and kissed her. He loves her well, and watches her tenderly. When dinner was announced, he stood before his child, as if to intimate that she would not be handed down, and we passed on. She was not at table. In the dining-room are four beautiful marble busts of Pitt, Fox, Newton, and Lord Brougham's mother; also a beautiful piece of sculpture, — Mercury charming Argus to sleep. Lord Lyndhurst[2] has just returned from the Continent, where he has been for many months, so that this was my first meeting with him. Lord Brougham presented me in the quiet way in which this always takes place in English society, — "Mr. Sumner; one of our profession," — without saying of what country I was. We had been at table an hour or more before he was aware that I was an American. I alluded to America and Boston, and also to Lord Lyndhurst's relations there, with regard to whom Lord Brougham had inquired, when Lyndhurst said: "When were you in Boston?" "It is my native place," I replied. "Then we are fellow-townsmen," said he, with a most emphatic knock on the table, and something like an oath. He left Boston, he told me, when a year old. I was afterwards betrayed by the frankness of his manner into saying the rudest thing I have to my knowledge uttered in England. Brougham asked me the meaning and etymology of the word "caucus." I told him that it was difficult to assign any etymology that was satisfactory; but the most approved one referred its origin to the very town where Lord Lyndhurst was born, and to the very period of his birth, — in this remark alluding to his *age*, which I was not justified in doing, especially as he wears a chestnut wig. Lord Brougham at once stopped me. "Yes," said he, "we know what period you refer to, — about 1798." "Somewhere in the latter part of that century," I replied, anxious to get out of the scrape as well as I could by such a generality. I was gratified by Lyndhurst's calling upon me a few days afterwards, because it showed that he had not been disturbed by my unintentional impertinence. The style of intercourse between Lyndhurst and Brougham, these two ex-Chancellors, was delightful. It was entirely familiar. "Copley, a glass of wine with you." He always called him "Copley." And pointing out an exquisite gold cup in the centre of the table, he said: "Copley, see what you would have had if you had supported the Reform Bill." It was a cup given to Lord Brougham by a penny subscription of the people of England. It was very amusing to hear them both join in abuse of O'Connell, while Charles Phillips entertained us with his Irish reminiscences of the "Agitator," and of his many barefaced lies. "A damned rascal," said Lyndhurst, while Brougham echoed the phrase, and did not let it lose an added epithet. This dinner was on Sunday. On the next Sunday I was invited by Lady Blessington [1] to meet these same persons; but I was engaged to dine at Lord Wharncliffe's, and so did not get to her Ladyship's till about eleven o'clock. As I entered her brilliant drawing-room, she came forward to receive me with that bewitching manner and skilful flattery which still give her such influence. "Ah, Mr. Sumner," said she, "how sorry I am that you are so late! Two of your friends have just left us, — Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham; they have been pronouncing your *éloge*." She was, of course, the only lady present; and she was surrounded by D'Orsay, Bulwer, Disraeli, Duncombe, the Prince Napoleon, and two or three lords. Her house is a palace of Armida, about two miles from town. It once belonged to Wilberforce. The rooms are furnished in the most brilliant French style, and flame with costly silks, mirrored doors, bright lights, and golden ornaments. But Lady Blessington is the chief ornament. The world says she is about fifty-eight; by her own confession she must be over fifty, and yet she seems hardly forty: at times I might believe her twenty-five. She was dressed with the greatest care and richness. Her conversation was various, elegant, and sparkling, with here and there a freedom which seemed to mark her intercourse as confined to men. She has spoken with me on a former occasion about Willis, whom she still likes. She would have been happy to continue to invite him to her house, but she could find no persons who would meet him. She thought some of his little poems exquisite. Indeed, she spoke of him in a way that would please him. I did not venture to introduce his name, for fear of stepping on forbidden ground; but she volunteered to speak of him. Count d'Orsay[1] surpasses all my expectations. He is the divinity of dandies; in another age he would have passed into the court of the gods, and youths would have sacrificed to the God of Fashion. He is handsome, refined, gallant, and intelligent. I have seen notes or letters from him, both in French and English, which are some of the cleverest I have ever read; and in conversation, whether French or English, he is excessively brilliant. Barry Cornwall, who is very simple in his tastes and habits, thinks D'Orsay a very remarkable person. Both he and Lady Blessington offered me letters for Italy. Into the moral character of these persons I do not enter, for I know nothing. Lady Blessington is never received anywhere; but she has about her Lords Wellesley, Lyndhurst, Brougham, Durham, &c., and many others less known on our side of the sea. You may suppose that I made no advance to Bulwer[2] or Disraeli,[3] and we did not exchange words. An evening or two afterwards I sat opposite Bulwer at dinner. It was at my friend Milnes's, where we had a small but very pleasant company, — Bulwer, Macaulay, Hare[4] (called Italian Hare), O'Brien, and Monteith. I sat next to Macaulay, and opposite Bulwer; and I must confess that it was a relief from the incessant ringing of Macaulay's voice to hear Bulwer's lisping, slender, and effeminate tones. I liked Bulwer better than I wished. He talked with sense and correctness, though without brilliancy or force. His wife is on the point of publishing a novel, called "Cheveley; or, The Man of Honor," in which are made revelations with regard to her quarrels with her husband. She goes to the theatre, which is now echoing with the applause of his new play (the most successful one of the age, it is said), and attracts the attention of the whole house by her expressions of disapprobation.

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[1] 1793–1848; second Marquis of Bute and sixth Earl of Dumfries.

[2] John Singleton Copley, 1772–1863; son of the painter, and born in Boston, Mass.; entered Parliament in 1818; became Solicitor-General in 1819; was a prosecutor of Queen Caroline; became Attorney-General in 1824 and Master of the Rolls in 1826; was created Lord Chancellor and raised to the peerage as Baron Lyndhurst in 1827; resigned the great seal with a change of ministry, in 1830; was appointed Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer in 1831; Lord Chancellor again in 1834, and still again in 1841, and resigned the great seal in 1846. He was, during his life, devoted to the Tory or Conservative party.

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[1] Countess of Blessington, 1789–1849. She lived at Gore House, Kensington, from 1836 to April 14, 1849; and, being pressed by creditors, left for Paris, where she died, June 4, following. — "Autobiography of John F. Chorley," Vol. I. pp. 173–178.

There is some new evidence which tends to show that Francis was the author of "Junius." I find that most people here believe Sir Philip to be the man. That is Lord Lansdowne's opinion. He told me that it was a mistake to suppose that the late Lord Grenville knew any thing about the authorship. Lord Grenville had solemnly assured him that he was entirely ignorant with respect to it. You must observe that Channing's writings are making their way here. Lady Sidmouth[5] has been reading his sermons to her husband, and said: "I do not see any thing bad in Unitarianism." A

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[1] 1801–52. He was an artist by profession, but was better known as a leader of fashion. In 1827 he married Lady Blessington's daughter, and became Lady Blessington's intimate friend and companion, living in her house.

[2] Sir Edward George Lytton Bulwer, 1816–73. He was raised to the peerage as Baron Lytton in 1866.

[3] Benjamin Disraeli, author and statesman, born in 1805, and twice Prime-Minister of England.

[4] Julius Charles Hare, 1796–1855.

[5] The second wife of Viscount Sidmouth (Henry Addington, Prime-Minister of George III. after Pitt's resignation). She was the only daughter of Lord Stowell, and died in 1842. Lord Sidmouth died two years later.

Tory peer, Lord Ashburnham, asked me if I knew "a Mr. Channing." His Lordship had been reading with great admiration the discourse on "Self-Culture." Among the opposite contacts which I have had, was meeting at dinner the Earl of Haddington, the last Tory Viceroy of Ireland; and the next morning, while at breakfast with Lord Morpeth, encountering Lord Ebrington (now Lord Fortescue), who has just been sent to Ireland by the present ministry. Two days before, I had met the last Whig Viceroy, the Marquis of Normanby, at Lord Durham's.

Let me acknowledge, in this already overgrown letter, the receipt of Felton's verses.[1] I first gave them to Lord Brougham, and have also sent them to Lord Leicester at Holkham; to Mr. Justice Williams, now on his circuit; and to the Bishop of Durham: so that they are in the hands of the best anthologists in the kingdom. I mentioned them one day at dinner to Sir Francis Chantrey;[2] and he prayed *oyer*, though he does not know a word of Greek. I have, accordingly, given him a copy. I do not know if I have ever spoken of Chantrey in my letters. He is an unlettered person, who was once a mere joiner, but has raised himself to a place in society, and to considerable affluence. He lives well, and moves in the highest circles. In personal appearance he is rather short and stout, without any refinement of manner; but he is one of the best-hearted men I have ever known. He has shown me the casts of all his works, and explained his views of his art. He gave me the history of his statue of Washington.[3] He requested West to furnish him with a sketch for that: the painter tried, and then delayed, and then despaired, till Chantrey undertook it himself. The covering which I have sometimes heard called a Roman *toga* is nothing but a cloak. Chantrey laughed at the idea of its being a *toga*, saying that he had never seen one; it was modelled from a cloak, — a present from Canova to Chantrey. This cloak was stolen by a servant of an inn where the sculptor was changing horses. I shall send you some of Sir Henry Halford's verses:[4] you know that he is one of the best Latin versifiers in England. They are a translation of Shakspeare's "To be, or not to be," &c., and of "Ay, but to die, and go we know not where."

I was requested to give my evidence as that of an expert upon a question of admiralty law, to be used before the High Court of Admiralty. On grounds which I specified, I declined to do this, but gave my opinion in writing at some length. It was a subject with which I was quite at home. I received a most complimentary letter, and a professional fee of two guineas enclosed, and was told that the case was settled. I promptly returned the fee.

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[1] On "Chantrey's Woodcocks," *ante*, Vol. I. p. 378.

[2] Sir Francis Chantrey, 1781–1841. Among his works are "The Sleeping Children," in Lichfield Cathedral, and statues of William Pitt, Canning, and Washington.

[3] In the State House, at Boston.

[4] 1766–1844. He was the brother of Mr. Justice Vaughan and of Sir Charles R. Vaughan, and exchanged his family name for that of a relative, from whom he had inherited a large fortune. He was physician to four successive sovereigns, — George III., George IV., William IV., and Victoria. He was President of the College of Physicians from 1820 until his death. His professional income is said to have been ten thousand pounds a year. He practised Latin composition in prose and verse.

The delicacy with which the affair was managed by the English proctors[1] was admirable, — most unlike what I experienced in Paris, or what would happen, *in casu consimili*, in America. Tell Washington Allston that a brother artist of great distinction — Mr. Collins[2] — inquired after him in a most affectionate manner, and wished to be remembered to him. Southey told Collins that he thought some of Allston's poems were among the finest productions of modern times. Mr. and Mrs. Gally Knight are reading Prescott, and admire him very much. I know few people whose favorable judgment is more to be valued than his. I have spoken with Macaulay about an American edition of his works. He has received no communication from any publisher on the subject, and seemed to be coy and disinclined. He said they were trifles, full of mistakes, which he should rather see forgotten than preserved.[3] I have just heard that he has concluded a contract with a bookseller for his history of England. If this is so, farewell politics, — for a while at least. He is said to have all the history in his mind, for fifty or sixty years following the Revolution, so as to be able to write without referring to a book. Lord Brougham is revising his characters in the "Edinburgh Review" for publication in a volume.[4] The booksellers have offered him five hundred guineas!

Miss Martineau's novel of "Deerbrook" will be published in a few days. I have already, I believe, borne my testimony to her; I think she has been wronged in America. I have mingled in her society much, and have been happy to find her the uniform and consistent friend of our country, and much attached to many of its inhabitants. I am also glad to confess my obligations to her for much kindness. I have always found her heartily friendly. I should like to write you about Parliamentary orators, all of whom I have heard again and again.

Tell Felton I have not written him, because he will read this letter. I thank him for his Greek. Remember me to all my friends. You will get very few letters more from me; my whole time will be occupied. Besides, the books of travel will tell you about Italy. I have scores of letters to all sorts of people on my route, but am sated with society, and shall look at *things*.[5]

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.

TRAVELLERS' CLUB, March 5, 1839.

MY DEAR LIEBER, — Here goes a sheet after your own heart, — mammoth, and capable of holding an evening's chat. First, let me acknowledge and answer your letters, which are now open before me. Under date of Dec.

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[1] Messrs. Crockett & Son.

[2] William Collins, 1787–1847. A memoir of this landscape painter has been written by his son, William Wilkie Collins, the novelist.

[3] An edition by Carey & Hart, of Philadelphia, was published in 1841, and preceded any lish edition.

etches of Statesmen of the Time of George the Third.

the remainder of this letter, which was continued March 9, see *post*, p. 77.

23, 1838, — that good, teeming year, so brimful of happiness and instruction for me, — you ask for a Life of William of Orange. The day I received your letter, I asked Hallam, whom I often see, if he knew of any Life of this great man. He did not; and, as his studies have turned his attention to the whole subject of modern literature, — you know his great work, now in press, on the "History of Literature," — I think his answer quite decisive as to the non-existence of any such work; though not entirely so. He remarked that the Dutch were very unfortunate in having a language which is neglected by all the world; so that their writers are very little known. I have since inquired of Macaulay and of some other friends, but with the same want of success. I like the idea of the "Republican Plutarch" very much, — *macte*. I have not yet been able to make the inquiry you desire with regard to the Dutch word *wet* (law). Your next is dated Jan. 8. It is a capital letter, — full of friendship for me, and exhortations imposing upon me responsibilities to which I am all unequal. . . . Mr. Burge — the author of the great work on the "Conflict of Laws," just published in four large volumes — has read your "Hermeneutics" in the "Jurist," and likes it very much. He is the only exception I know to the rule I have above stated, that eminent English lawyers do not write books.[1] . . .

Ever yours, CHARLES SUMNER.

TO LORD MORPETH.[2]

2 VIGO STREET, March 5, 1839.

MY DEAR MORPETH, — . . . I have read with sorrow the intimations in this morning's "Times," with regard to certain alleged disturbances in the State of Maine;[3] which, that vehement journal supposes, must lead to some decisive measures, — even war on the part of your Government. There must be some great mistake. I hope you are not in possession of any intelligence which tends to confirm that article in the "Times." Before I leave, I hope to discuss that subject with you. Peace, and amity, and love, are the proper watchwords of our two great countries. God grant that they may always be recognized as such!

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[1] The omitted parts of the letter relate chiefly to Sumner's efforts to promote the success of Dr. Lieber's "Political Ethics."

[2] George William Frederick, seventh Earl of Carlisle, and Viscount Morpeth, 1802-1864. He was Chief Secretary of Ireland, 1835-1841; succeeded to the earldom on the death of his father in 1848, and was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, 1855-1858, and again, 1859-1864. He was one of the best of men, and one of the most popular viceroys that Ireland ever had. He never married, and was succeeded in the peerage by his brother, William George. In 1841-1842, he travelled in the United States, and gave his views of the country in a lecture, delivered at Leeds, Dec. 5, 1850, in which he said of Sumner: "I do not give up the notion of his becoming one of the historical men of his country." This visit is referred to in "Life of Lord Denman," Vol. II. p. 115. In 1854, he published "A Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters." He was warmly attached to Sumner, followed his career with great interest, and remembered him in his will by some token of affection. He requested Sumner to sit for a portrait; and one taken in crayon in 1854, by William W. Story, was sent to him. Sumner was his guest at Castle Howard, in 1857.

[3] Relating to the North-eastern Boundary dispute, which was finally determined in 1842, by the Treaty of Washington.

I shall stay in London till after the arrival of the "Great Western," — say next Sunday, — in order to leave here with the freshest letters and intelligence from home.

Believe me ever very sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO JUDGE STORY.

TRAVELLERS', March 9, 1839.

MY DEAR JUDGE, — Let me hastily conclude the personal notices I have promised you of the Bench and Bar. I left off with Follett and Charles Austin. I wish to add, that I think Follett has a sort of intuitive perception of legal principles and reasoning, apparently almost without effort; whereas, Charles Austin, though quick, active, and brilliant, does not astonish one like Follett. I still think Austin, taking all things into consideration, the greater man, and one who will play a great part in his country, if he has health and life. After no little ado, Maule[1] has been appointed as Baron Bolland's successor. The appointment was just announced when I last wrote; but there were several impediments before it was perfected. Great opposition is said to have been made to it from various quarters, and particularly from two of the barons with whom he is now associated, — Alderson and Parke. The opposition was, however, overcome, and Baron Maule is now on the Circuit. It is difficult, as you well know, to anticipate the way in which the judicial function will be performed; but those who are best acquainted with Maule, and I concur with them, anticipate for him the highest eminence, — an equality at least with his great associates, if not a superiority over them. He is a very peculiar person, and is now about fifty-two. At Cambridge, he was a distinguished scholar both in the classics and mathematics, and is said to have kept up his acquaintance with these studies to this day. He is confessed, on all hands, to be the first commercial lawyer of England, and has been for some time the standing counsel of the Bank. He was the counsel against whom the court decided in Devaux *v.* Salvador. His attainments and high legal character make him, therefore, so far as they go, a most unexceptionable candidate for the bench; but his moral character in some respects renders him a strange person for a judge. . . . It was in his chambers that the fire originated which consumed, last winter, so valuable a part of the Temple. He lost his books, clothes, — literally every thing, — and escaped with only a shirt on his back. He has not been in the habit of expressing himself about the bench with any respect. He has said that he always took porter previous to an argument, "in order to bring his understanding down to a level with the judges." Still he has in him a great deal of good. His brother failed; and he generously gave up his two horses and groom, in order to devote his superfluous income to free his brother from his pecuniary liabilities, — a sacrifice which in England was not slight. One consideration which influenced the ministers in nominating Maule was that they felt secure of his seat in Parliament, — Carlow; but here they reckoned without their host: they have been defeated at Carlow, though I am assured that, on petition, they will eventually get the seat. I should add that in politics Maule is a Radical, or very near one.

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[1] William Henry Maule, 1788-1858. He was remarkable at Cambridge for his mathematical powers. He made commercial law his specialty; was counsel of the Bank of England; was elected to Parliament, in 1837, for Carlow; appointed a judge of the Exchequer, in March, 1839, and of the Common Pleas in November of that year; he resigned in 1855, on account of ill-health; and was placed in the Privy Council, in which he served upon the Judicial Committee. Humor was one of his marked personal characteristics.

Let me now finish what I have to say of the lawyers. I have already spoken of the Attorney-General, Follett, Wilde, and Charles Austin. In the next rank to these, but differing of course among themselves in talents and in business, are Sir Frederick Pollock, Talfourd, Alexander, Cresswell, Kelly, J. Jervis, Crowder, Erle, Bompas, Wightman, and perhaps some others.

Pollock[1] is deemed a great failure. He was the Tory Attorney-General, and must be provided for in some way if the Tories come into power. He has not succeeded in the House of Commons; and is dull, heavy, and, they say, often obtuse at the bar.[2] He has a smooth solemn voice, and on the Northern Circuit enjoyed, as you well know, great repute and business. In manners he is a gentleman, and I am indebted to him for much kindness.

Talfourd is a good declaimer, with a great deal of rhetoric and feeling. I cannot disguise that I have been disappointed in him. I know him very well, and have seen him at dinners, at clubs, in Parliament, and in courts.

Alexander and Cresswell are the two leaders of the Northern Circuit, — the former, a married man; the latter, a bachelor. Alexander has a good deal of business, which he manages very well, showing attention and fidelity. Lord Brougham once sneered at him, when talking with me, as "little Alexander." He is a thoroughly moral and conscientious person, and will not take a seat in Parliament, because it would be inconsistent with the performance of his professional duties. I think he inclines to Toryism; though he is very moderate. I have had much instructive conversation with him about professional conduct, with regard to which his notions are of the most elevated character. Cresswell[3] is a very quiet and agreeable person, and is

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[1] Frederick Pollock, 1783–1870. He became the leader of the Northern Circuit; was appointed Attorney-General in 1834; was superseded with a change of administration, and reappointed in 1841; became Lord Chief-Baron of the Exchequer in 1844, and resigned in 1866. He represented Huntingdon in Parliament from 1831 to 1844; was twice married, and was the father of twenty-five children.

[2] Lord Denman, in a letter written on the bench while Pollock was arguing, said of him: "He bestows tediousness in a spirit of lavish prodigality." — "Life of Lord Denman," Vol. II. p. 11.

[3] Cresswell Cresswell, 1793–1863. He was called to the bar in 1819; became leader of the Northern Circuit; was a reporter, in association with Richard V. Barnewall, of cases in the King's Bench; represented Liverpool in Parliament; and was appointed a judge of the Common Pleas in 1842. Sumner dined with him at Fleming House, Old Brompton.

M. P. for Liverpool. He is a Tory; and is exclusively a lawyer, with very little interest in literature. His dinners have been among the handsomest that I have seen.

Kelly has a very large business . . . J. Jervis[1] is a good friend of mine, and the leader of the North Wales Circuit. He is an M. P., and inclines to ultra-Liberal opinions; indeed, he is a Radical. Crowder[2] is one of the leaders of the Western Circuit, and a very pleasant fellow, whom I know intimately. Erle[3] is also a leader of the Western. He is a learned and clear-headed man; M. P. for the town of Oxford. Had the ministry felt sure of his seat, he would probably have been made judge. He is sure of being raised to the bench, if the present Government continue in power. Erle is not far from fifty; but is recently married to a young and agreeable wife very little over twenty. Bompas is the senior leader of the Western. He has been made by Serjeant Wilde, who has dropped business upon him. He is a very amiable person, with red hair, or hair approaching to red, a round face, and large wide-open eyes. In arguments he is very earnest and noisy, sometimes confused. Chief-Justice Tindal was once asked "if he thought Bompas a *sound* lawyer." "That will depend," said the Chief-Justice, "upon whether *roaring* is an unsoundness."

Wightman[4] is not a Queen's counsel; but he has an immense business as junior. He is now about fifty-two. He is what is called the *devil* of the Attorney-General; that is, he gets up the Attorney's cases, and is his junior always. This relation is supposed to entitle him to a vacant *puisne* judgeship; and Wightman was talked of recently for this place. He is not in Parliament, and knows and cares nothing about politics. Somebody once asked him, "Wightman, are you Whig or Tory?" "Sir," was his reply, "I am neither Whig nor Tory; I am a special pleader."

I will now take a hasty look into the courts of Chancery. You know the reputation of the Chancellor.[5] It seems to grow daily; and Tories, Whigs, and Radicals with one accord praise him. And this praise is a just tribute to the singleness and devotion with which he gives himself to the judicial functions of his office. I doubt if he adds in any way to the political strength of the ministry. He seems on the wool-sack, as on the bench, intent on some deep matter, silent, almost dull and ruminating. On the bench he hears with the greatest patience, never interrupting counsel except to interpose some pertinent, searching question, — and this is done in the fewest words and most quiet way possible. He is said to be thinking of his law-cases at all times. Of course, he has no time for society. I have seen him at one dinner only; and there he looked as if he were still hearing an argument. He is about fifty-eight, and had a *seventh* child a few weeks ago. I heard Lord Langdale and some others laughing about it, saying it was the first child born to the great seal for more than a century. As a speaker in the Lords he is very dull.

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[1] John Jervis, 1802–1856. He was a reporter of cases in the Exchequer, and an author of books on "Coroners," and "Pleading;" represented Chester in Parliament; became Attorney-General in 1846; and Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas in 1850.

[2] *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 341.

[3] William Erle was born in 1793; was returned to Parliament by the city of Oxford in 1837; became a judge of the Common Pleas in 1844, and of the Queen's Bench in 1846; Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas in 1859, and resigned in 1866. See reference to him in "Life of Lord Denman," Vol. II. p. 171. Sumner was invited to dine with him in Dec., 1838.

[4] William Wightman, 1785–1863. He was a judge of the Queen's Bench from 1841 until his sudden death, while attending the Northern Circuit, at York. See reference to him in "Life of Lord Denman," Vol. II. p. 90.

[5] Lord Cottenham. *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 337.

I have already described the Vice-Chancellor[1] to you in former letters. He is sparkling, gay, and animated in conversation, with a fresh-looking countenance. He swims in cold water every morning, warm or cold though the weather be. Some barristers, who are not pleased with his judicial services, have hoped that he might some time get frozen or drowned. He is not regarded as a good judge.

Lord Langdale[2] I should have mentioned, of course, before the Vice-Chancellor. He is about fifty-five and of the size of Mr. Binney,[3] with a bald head, and with a voice which in conversation reminds me of Webster's; in manner frank, open, and warm. He has disappointed the bar. I have communicated to several barristers the opinion you have expressed about him; but they all say he is a failure, — and these, too, are some of his most intimate friends. I may mention Sutton Sharpe[4] and John Romilly, both of whom in politics coincide with Lord Langdale; but who said with regret that he had disappointed them as a judge. His decisions amount to nothing, they say, and he is irresolute in his judgment. His opposition to the Lord Chancellor's Bill, in 1836, which seemed so unaccountable to us in America, is accounted for here. It seems that he had submitted his own views to the Lord Chancellor, who, notwithstanding, introduced his own measure, which was defeated by the opposition of Lord Langdale.

Of the chancery barristers, Pemberton[5] is decidedly the best. He is a bachelor and a Tory. In manner he is not unlike Follett. He is about forty-five. In person he is rather short, — say of the size of Charles G. Loring.[6] After him come the Solicitor-General, Knight Bruce, Wigram, Jacob, Cooper, &c.

I should like to close this series of hasty sketches by some general comparison of the Bench and Bar in England and America; but the subject is so extensive and my time is so limited that I am unwilling to enter upon it. I will, however, say that the English are better *artists* than we are, and understand their machinery better; of course, they despatch business quicker. There is often a style of argument before our Supreme Court at Washington which is superior to any thing I have heard here. I cannot agree with McDuffie, who, having heard a writ of right before the Court of Common Pleas, in which the Attorney-General, Talfourd, Follett, Wilde, Vaughan, Williams, &c. were counsel, went away saying that there are half a dozen lawyers in South Carolina who would have managed the cause better than these lawyers, the flower of the English bar; and as many judges who would have tried it better than the English Common Pleas. I will not quit the Bench and Bar, without speaking of the superior cordiality, friendliness, and good manners that prevail with them in England as compared with ours. They seem, indeed, a band of brothers. They are enabled to meet each other on a footing of familiarity, because all are gentlemen. The division of labor sets apart a select number, who have the recommendations, generally, of fortune or family, and invariably of education, and who confine themselves to the duties of a barrister. In social intercourse the judges always address each other familiarly by their surnames, without any prefix; and they address the barristers in the same way; and the barristers address each other in this style. Thus the young men just commencing their circuits addressed Taunton, the old Reporter, who was on his seventy-fifth circuit, simply as "Taunton." I believe I have already written you that I was received as a brother, and was treated with the same familiarity as the other barristers. Such a course will seem inconceivable in America, where we are starched by forms of our own. There would be more stiffness and formality at a dinner-party in Boston than at a table of English peers. I have been again and again where all were titled people about me, and I have heard nothing which denoted the title. The answer is plain "yes" or "no;" and you speak right on without the constant interjection of "Mr." or "My Lord," or "Sir": all this gives a grace and ease to intercourse which is quite inconceivable to those who have not enjoyed it. But I will not fatigue you with these things. I hope to talk about them upon my return, when I can see how the conclusions from my experience strike you.

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[1] Sir Lancelot Shadwell, 1779–1850. He was elected to Parliament for Ripon in 1826; appointed Vice-Chancellor in 1827, and continued to hold the office until his death.

[2] Henry Bickersteth, 1783–1851. He changed from the profession of medicine to the law; became, in 1835, Master of the Rolls, a Privy Councillor, and a peer with the title of Baron Langdale; resigned in 1851, and died a few days after his resignation. Sumner dined with him in Feb. 1839, at 37 South Street.

[3] Horace Binney, *ante*, Vol. I. p. 125, note.

[4] An eminent chancery barrister; he died of apoplexy in 1843.

[5] Thomas Pemberton-Leigh, 1793–1867. He rose to eminence as an equity lawyer; sat in Parliament for the boroughs of Rye and Ripon; was raised to the peerage, in 1858, with the title of Baron Kingsdown. He assumed, in 1843, the additional surname of Leigh. See Brougham's opinion of Follett and Pemberton, *ante*, Vol. I. p. 351.

[6] *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 135.

The very day on which I received your letter of Jan. 16 from Washington, when I was sitting next to Lord Denman at dinner (it was at Lord Brougham's), I took the liberty of mentioning what you had written me about the case of De Vaux *v.* Salvador.[1] He told me that your judgment made him doubt about their own; and he wished me to communicate to him exactly what you had written me. This I did; and I have his answer, written from the bench, which is among the letters I have sent to Hillard. He said the Queen's Bench decided as they did simply in the absence of authority. I did not mention to Lord D. your opinion about his judgment in the Parliamentary libel case,[1] because it is still *sub judice*. I have often been spoken with by the judges here about cases still *sub judice;* but you will appreciate the feeling which made me hesitate to introduce the subject myself. I have, however, communicated it to the Attorney-General. Ellis, the reporter, and a very able man, is gratified by your opinion in De Vaux *v.* Salvador. He says he always thought the court wrong; and, as reporter, he attended to the case very closely. Lord Lyndhurst was at Lord Brougham's dinner. You may understand that he does not keep the run of the law, from his remark that he did not know who the present reporters are.

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[1] 4 Adolphus' and Ellis' Reports, p. 420. This was a case of marine insurance, in which the application of the maxim, *causa proxima non remota spectatur*, was considered. The case in which Judge Story's adverse opinion was given was Peters *v.* Warren Insurance Company, 3 Sumner's Reports, 389; s. c. 14 Peters' Reports, 99. Lord Denman, writing to Sumner, Feb. 27, 1839, said: "I am greatly obliged by your communication of Judge Story's opinion, which excites a great doubt of the justice of ours;" and again, Sept 29, 1840, he said that if the point "should arise again, the case of Peters *v.* The Warren Insurance Company will, at least, neutralize the effect of our decision, and induce any of our courts to consider the question as an open one." "Life of Story," Vol. II. p. 379. Lord

I now leave England; and do you wonder it is with a beating heart? I have seen so much, enjoyed such great kindness, and formed so many friendships. The extent of my acquaintance you will appreciate from my letters. Farewell, dear England! I wish you more peace than I fear you can have.[2] And now for Italy!

As ever, affectionately yours, CHARLES SUMNER.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

SATURDAY, March 9, 1839.[3]

MY DEAR HILLARD, — I have just got to my lodgings, after what I intend shall be my last evening in London, — that is, my last evening of society; and my heart is full almost to bursting. I am truly sad; for I have parted with so many kind and affectionate friends, and received so many hearty "God-bless yous!" that I must be of flint not to feel them. This morning

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Denman refers to Judge Story's opinion adverse to the Queen's Bench in a letter to Mr. Justice Patteson, in Oct., 1840. "Life of Lord Denman," Vol. II. p. 88. See *ante*, Vol. II. p. 25, note. The authority of Peters *v.* Warren Insurance Company has been somewhat shaken by later American cases. General Mutual Insurance Company *v.* Sherwood, 14 Howard Reports, 351; Mathews *v.* Howard Insurance Company, 11 New York Reports, 9. See Sumner's reference to Lord Denman's letter to him concerning this case, in his oration on "The Scholar, the Jurist, the Artist, the Philanthropist." — Works, Vol. I. p. 269.

[1] Stockdale *v.* Hansard, *ante*, Vol. II. p. 13.

[2] A postscript of this letter contains an extended review of English politics, in which Sumner expressed the conviction that radical changes would soon be insisted upon by the people; particularly the abolition of primogeniture, the reduction of the great estates of the aristocracy, and the reform of representation in the House of Commons: resistance to such changes, he thought, would involve great social and political disturbances. "Lord Morpeth," he said, "once asked me where I should find myself, if I were an Englishman. I unhesitatingly replied: 'A moderate Radical, — much like the "Examiner" newspaper.'" The letter also refers to interviews with Leader, Sir William Molesworth, and George Grote, 1794-1871, — the last being described as "a most remarkable man, a scholar of great acquirements." Both Sir William and Mr. Grote entertained Sumner at dinner. The former gave him a book which had belonged to Dr. Parr.

[3] This is a continuation of the letter of Feb. 16 and March 1, *ante*, Vol. II. pp. 59, 66.

I whiled away with dear Lord Morpeth. We discussed politics; and he freely confided to me his views about the Cabinet, of which he is a member, and spoke of his own ambition and of the future before him, as to a bosom friend. I have dined with Lord Lansdowne, who received me, as he ever has, in the most friendly manner, and has assured me of the warmest welcome to his house if I should ever visit London again; and, since dinner, I have been to the Marquis of Northampton's. It was his first *soirée* as President of the Royal Society; and here I found all that is most distinguished in science, literature, and politics, and literally troops of friends. The London world here seemed to empty itself. The many invitations which I have received to tarry still longer I will not attribute entirely to personal feelings; but I know that I should do injustice to some, if I did not give credit to their professions. I was engaged to-night at two other places, — Hallam's and Hume's; but I have come away from Lord Northampton's sad and little disposed for any further society. This night snaps my relations with this great place, — so full of good, and great, and learned, and refined men. My reminiscences will be to me better than a fortune; to think of what I have seen and heard will be a source of pleasure, of which I cannot be deprived. Among the most gratifying testimonies which I have received is a sort of valedictory letter from Lord Denman. You will not think me vain, because I tell you of these things. I should not be doing justice to your friendship, if I did not by so doing enable you to share my satisfaction. I ought to be satisfied with what I have seen; for I have often been told — several times this very day — that I have seen more of England and of its society not only than any foreigner, but even than a native. As a stranger I have ranged over party lines, and have seen men of all the various *nuances*, and men of science and literature of every degree; and I have to reflect, as I have before told you, that I have not asked for an introduction since I have been in England. With Lord Morpeth I am intimate. He is thirty-eight, and yet he said to me: "You and I are about the same age." I find that I am generally supposed to be from thirty-five to forty. Ingham, who is much older himself, made a greater mistake.

After the long letter I have written, you can hardly expect any extended remarks on English and American society, as compared. It is probable that you will be able to make the comparison for yourself. I am almost afraid to do it, for fear of being misunderstood. In England, what is called society is better educated, more refined, and more civilized than what is called society in our country. You understand me to speak of society, — as society, — and not of individuals. I know *persons* in America who would be an ornament of any circle anywhere; but there is no *class* with us that will in the least degree compare with that vast circle which constitutes English society. The difference of education is very much against us. Everybody understands French, and Latin, and Greek, — everybody except Chantrey. Mrs. Jameson,[1] who likes America, said with great feeling that the resemblance and the difference between England and America were startling; one moment she exclaimed, how like England! and the very next, how unlike! She compendiously said that England had further advanced in civilization. I would repeat this, if I did not fear being misunderstood. The true pride of America is in her middle and poorer classes, — in their general health and happiness, and freedom from poverty; in their facilities for being educated, and in the opportunities open to them of rising in the scale. Charles Buller was best pleased with all below the "silk-stocking classes." Seeing what I have in England, I am not surprised at this. I fear that I have been repeating what I have already written you. But you must pardon any such inadvertencies; for I write at snatches of time, and hardly remember what I have sent you before.[1]

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[1] Mrs. Anna Jameson, 1797–1860; author of "The Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art," and other works. She married in 1824, and accompanied her husband to Canada. A separation followed, and she returned to England. Sumner met her in Paris in 1857, or later.

TO LORD MORPETH.

Sunday Evening, March 10, 1839.

My dear Morpeth, — I have just received an invitation from Lord Holland[2] to dine with him on Wednesday next, and have accepted it. This added kindness I owe to you, I doubt not. Lord Holland's is the only house in England where I have not been, and where I have had a desire to go.

I parted with so many people yesterday who have been kind to me that I am quite sad. I seem to be quitting home and country a second time. You I have left with feelings of sincere regret; and believe me that I cherish for you an attachment which will make me ever observe your career with the interest of the strongest personal friendship. But I will say no more upon this.

As ever, your sincere friend,

Chas. Sumner.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

Wednesday, March 13.[3]

You would hardly suppose that, after what I had written, I should be again induced to venture out; but I could not resist an invitation from Lord Holland. I have just come from dining with him. There was a very pleasant party, — Rogers, Macaulay, Hallam, Milnes, Allen, Colonel Gurwood[4] (the editor of "Wellington's Despatches"), Sir Henry Ellis,[5] Lord Aberdeen, Lord Hatherton, and Lord Seaford. During a long evening a variety of subjects have been discussed, from the dramatists, ancient and modern, down to the outbreak on the Maine frontier, the news of which has just reached us. Macaulay was dinning, but more subdued than I have ever before seen him. That common expression "her" and "me" for, as some say, "she" and "I," was ingeniously discussed. Lord Holland defended the use of "her" and "me," as good idiomatic English, thus: "No one is handsomer than *her*," and "He is absent oftener than *me*." Lord Holland said that his uncle, C. J. Fox, had studied these points, and used these expressions. Macaulay was strong the other way, but was much struck by the authority of C. J. Fox. Lord Holland spoke with me a great deal about Prescott's book. He thought it one of the finest of the age, and an honor to the country; he had been astonished that the author had such command of manuscript materials; he said that the style was beautiful, and he could not commend it enough: if he should venture to make any criticism, it would be that Prescott was a little too *anti-Gallican*, and that he had not quite done justice to Louis XII. He said that he made the age about which he wrote stand forth as distinctly to us as that of Louis XIV. All who have read Edward Everett's message[1] about the Maine disturbances are much pleased with it, it compares so finely with the undignified, illiterate, and blustering document of Fairfield.[2] When I read the latter, I felt ashamed of my country. By the way, Lord Holland spoke kindly of Governor Everett, whom he called Dr. Everett, — he did not know that he was Governor. I had a great deal of conversation about George III. and Lord North. Lord Holland confirmed in conversation all that he had written to Sparks, and which has been printed; and further said that he could have furnished much more from the same letters which would have illustrated the bad temper and spirit of the king, but he thought it hardly becoming in a minister of the son of George III. to do more than he had done.

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[1] For continuation of letter on March 13, see below.

[2] Henry Richard Vassall Fox, 1773–1840, third Lord Holland, the nephew of Charles James Fox, was a Liberal statesman, a friend of scholars, and a kindly host. See sketch in Brougham's "Autobiography," Vol. III. p. 298. There is a reference to Lady Holland's career in "Life of Lord Denman," Vol. II. p. 119. Macaulay, a welcome and frequent guest at Holland House, commemorated its hospitality in the "Edinburgh Review," July, 1841.

[3] Continuation of previous letter, *ante*, Vol. II. p. 66.

[4] Colonel John Gurwood, 1791–1845; private secretary to the Duke of Wellington.

[5] 1777–1869; Librarian of the British Museum.

I have taken leave of Lord Brougham, who said, "O God! must you go?" If I should ever be able to visit England again, I should find many places where I might hope to be welcome. Lord and Lady Holland have warmly asked me to let them know when I come to London again, and Lord Lansdowne has done the same; and to-day I had a letter from Lord Leicester, inviting me and any friend of mine to Holkham, if I should ever visit England again. But I will not detail these civilities: I will only mention one of the most gratifying, — a personal call this morning from old Mr. Marshall (one of the richest men in England and the largest proprietor in the United States Bank, and the old Member of Parliament for Yorkshire, and as remarkable for moral worth and independence as for riches), who treated me like an old friend, thanked me for having visited him, and expressed a desire to see me or any of my friends hereafter. Consider the vast circle of younger people in which I have moved familiarly, and you may well imagine that I leave with regret. I count very little the meretricious compliments of Lady Blessington;[3] but

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[1] As Governor of Massachusetts.

[2] Governor of Maine.

[3] "Lady Blessington presents her compliments to Mr. Charles Sumner, and regrets exceedingly that she was not aware that he was still a sojourner in London, as she would

I do value the testimony of a person like Mrs. Montagu, herself the friend of Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Parr. Her letter to me, describing the character of Parr, I shall enclose. You will also find Lord Lansdowne's note herewith; in it, besides what is personal to myself, there is a profession of friendliness to our country that is interesting from such a source. Mrs. Montagu's kind language about me may show you that I am not yet entirely perverted by Europe; that I have not ceased to be American, — at least, that all of President Quincy's predictions have not come to pass.

Do you wonder that I quit England full of love and kindly feeling? I have found here attached friends; I have been familiar with poets and statesmen, with judges and men of fashion, with lawyers and writers, — and some of all these I claim as loved friends. I seem to have almost lost the capacity for further enjoyment in my travels, so much have I had in England. For all this I trust I am duly grateful. You will hear from me next in Paris; perhaps in Rome.

As ever, affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

MARCH 21, 1839.

P. S. The coach will soon take me to Canterbury; then Dover and Paris.

TO LORD MORPETH.

SHIP HOTEL, DOVER, March 22, 1839.

MY DEAR MORPETH, — I must send you one more arrow — no Parthian shaft — before I quit dear old England. I have to-day seen, perhaps for the last time, its green fields and one of its magnificent cathedrals. I have always told you that England is the *Italy* of an American. An Englishman sends his mind back, and finds nothing to rest upon before he gets to Rome; but we pause before your annals, and when in your country are impressed by its well-defined historical associations, and feel an awe not unlike that with which you would survey the Capitol. And can it be that we shall fight each other? I must confess that the last news from America has made me despond. I fear that both countries are too heady and well-conditioned to be kept out of a contest. I will not disguise from you, with whom I have ever dealt on the footing of entire frankness, that I have read a series of articles written by Mr. Rush, former Minister of the United States in London, distinctly recommending *war*, and abounding in the grossest insinuations against the national character of Great Britain. But I know the deep love to England which is borne by all the educated classes, and I do not think this will fail to exercise all its naturally healing influences. Still it is a dreadful thing

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have joined her efforts to those of his numerous friends there to induce him to prolong his stay, and to render it more agreeable. Lady Blessington hopes to see Mr. C. Sumner on his return, and to renew an acquaintance which has left but one regret, and that is for its brevity.

"GORE HOUSE, March 12, 1839."

to entertain the idea of the possibility of such a war, the most fratricidal ever waged. My own heart is so bound up in England, while as to a first love I turn to my own country, that I cannot forbear writing you as I do. You can do much in your high place, and with your great influence, to avert such a calamity; and I shall always confidently look to you as one of the peace preservers. For myself, I hold all wars as unjust and un-Christian; and I should consider either country as committing a great crime that entered into war for the sordid purpose of securing a few more acres of land. But I will not trouble you more.

You know how thankful I am for all your kindness, and believe me, as ever,
Very sincerely yours,
Charles Sumner.

P. S. Tell Macdonald that I visited Chichele's tomb with a most becoming respect, and thought of All Souls.

CHAPTER XIX.

PARIS AGAIN.—MARCH TO APRIL, 1839.—AGE, 28.

CHANGING the plan of his journey, in which a visit to Germany was to follow his visit to England, Sumner turned towards Italy, and crossed the Channel, by way of Dover and Boulogne, on the night of March 22. During four weeks in Paris, he renewed his intercourse with friends[1] from whom he parted the year before; and was kindly received by Lord Granville, then British ambassador, to whom he had been commended by Lord Morpeth. He also saw much of Lord Brougham,[2] who was then making one of his frequent visits to that city.

He undertook at this time a patriotic service, which interfered with the pursuit of the special objects of his journey, — the defence of the American title to territory included in the "North-eastern Boundary" controversy between the United States and Great Britain. The friendly relations of the two countries were then disturbed, not only by the territorial dispute, but also by the affair of the "Caroline." Partisans on both sides were indulging in recriminations and threats of hostilities. The State of Maine had erected forts along its frontier, and armed a civil *posse* to maintain possession of the disputed district. The controversy grew out of the uncertain language by which the treaty of 1783 defined the line between the two countries, as running "from the North-west angle of Nova Scotia; namely, that angle which is formed by a line drawn due north from the source of St. Croix River to the Highlands; along the said Highlands, which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean, to the North-westernmost head of Connecticut River, &c." The application of the terms "North-west angle," "Highlands," "Atlantic Ocean" (whether including or not the Bay of Fundy), and "the North-westernmost head of Connecticut River," was much contested by the parties. Great Britain, under her interpretation, asserted title to the northern part of Maine, — a pretension stoutly resisted by the United States. The conflicting claims were considered in 1814 in the negotiations at Ghent, but without any result. They were referred, in 1827, to the King of the Netherlands as arbitrator; but his award was unsatisfactory to both parties, and was not carried into effect. The longer the controversy lasted, the more it imperilled the peaceful relations of the two nations. It was thought important by Americans in Paris, particularly by General Cass, that the American argument, which was not as yet well known in England and on the Continent, should be stated in a form best calculated to reach foreign opinion. At a meeting held at the American Legation, Sumner proposed that Robert Walsh should prepare a paper on the subject. This was agreed to; but Walsh, when waited upon by Sumner, declined. General Cass next undertook the work, but did not persevere; and, at his request, Sumner finally prepared the argument. It was an elaborate paper, the materials of which were confessedly drawn from an article in the New York "Courier and Enquirer;" but original sources were also examined. It reviewed at length the history and points of the dispute, and particularly the speeches in Parliament at the time of the treaty of 1783. It was printed in "Galignani's Messenger," April 12, filling six and a half columns. A large number of copies, at the instance of General Cass, were sent to England, addressed to members of Parliament and other leaders of public opinion; and thus the American view was diffused in that country. The paper is largely documentary and critical; the concluding paragraph shows the spirit in which it was prepared. In it, as also in his correspondence at the time, one observes thus early strong convictions upon the peace question: —

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[1] At this, or during the latter part of his previous, visit to Paris, he made the acquaintance of Alexis de Tocqueville.

[2] James Watson Webb, already editor of the New York "Courier and Enquirer," since Minister to Brazil, was then in Paris. He had taken much interest in the North-eastern Boundary question, and had, in elaborate articles, maintained in his journal the title of the United States to the disputed territory. He was, together with Brougham and Sumner, present at a dinner given by General Cass; and, after Sumner had retired to meet another engagement, Lord Brougham said that he had never met with any man of Sumner's age of such extensive legal knowledge and natural legal intellect, and predicted that he would prove an honor to the American bar. General Webb always maintained very friendly relations with Sumner. This veteran editor (1877), aged seventy-five, now lives in New Haven, Conn.

> "We have endeavored honestly and candidly to present some of the principal considerations that bear on this important question. We hope that, in

doing it, we have not failed in respect for England. To her, as the land from which our fathers came, we bear a sentiment of love and devotion little short of what is felt by her own immediate children. We feel the inspiration of her history and literature, and are proud to claim them partly as our own. Her power we do not question. It was an American[1] who, on the floor of the Senate of the United States, in allusion to her magnificent empire, has said that 'she has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts;' and that her 'morning drum-beat, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.' We venture to ask her to be as just as she is powerful. 'Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war;' and may it be reserved to the youthful Queen, who now sits on the English throne, to illustrate her reign by a greater victory than that of the *Armada*, — the overcoming of a national prejudice and the acknowledgment of a national wrong.

"*A Citizen of the United States.*

"Paris, April 9."

In the negotiations which finally closed this ancient controversy, questions of title were not argued. The parties, wearied with the hopeless task of attempting to convince each other, at length, in 1842, by the treaty of Washington, established a conventional line, — a line by compromise, — each abating its pretensions, and parting with alleged rights for supposed equivalents. The United States gave up a large territory, for which it compensated the State of Maine by the grant of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and the payment of the expenses of its civil *posse*. Mr. Webster, when assailed, four years later, with the charge of having failed, as Secretary of State, in his duty to his country, defended the treaty in the Senate in an able speech; and his name and that of Ashburton, the British representative, are associated on one of the most honorable pages in the history of diplomacy.[2]

Sumner's article was well received in this country. It was reprinted in full in the Boston "Courier,"[3] where it was commended as "a clear and able statement of the American view." A correspondent of the "Advertiser,"[4] writing with the signature of "Senescens," said: —

"The article is written by our townsman, Mr. Charles Sumner, whose name makes any particular commendation superfluous. . . . It is a learned, perspicuous, and satisfactory view of the subject, presenting the American argument to the European public more clearly than it has heretofore been presented in any form equally compendious, and for that reason calculated to render important public service. . . . The copy of the letter before us was specially transmitted to this country by our Minister at Paris, General Cass, to whom, when it first appeared, the article was attributed in Paris. Nor was the praise bestowed upon it confined to the Americans. Avowedly temperate in its tone and candid in its manner of handling the subject, it received the approbation of liberal Englishmen. The British ambassador at Paris, Lord Granville, spoke of it in decided terms of commendation. . . . In conclusion, allow me, sir, as an individual citizen, to express my obligations to Mr. Sumner for the worthy use which in this and other ways he has made of his residence abroad."

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[1] Mr. Webster.

[2] The history of the question and of its settlement is given in Webster's Works, Vol. I. pp. cxxi-cxxix; Vol. V. pp. 78-150; Vol. VI. pp. 270-290.

[3] June 4, 1839. The article was also reprinted in the "Globe," where it was ascribed to General Cass.

[4] May 28.

Professor Greenleaf wrote, May 17: —

"I ran my eye rapidly over your article on the North-eastern Boundary in 'Galignani's Messenger.' The impression it gave me was delightful. They ought at least to give you a secretaryship of legation for it."

Governor Everett wrote, May 20: —

"I am greatly indebted for the paper containing your admirable article on the North-eastern Boundary."

Hillard wrote, May 24: —

"Your article does you great credit. . . . Its tone and spirit are just what they ought to be, — manly, patriotic, and decided; but courteous, dignified, and bland. You seem to make the argument as clear as a proposition in geometry."

Mr. Ingham wrote, May 29: —

"I read attentively your argument, which is conclusive, I think, on the two points, — that 'Mars Hill' is not the Highlands, and that the 'Bay of Fundy' is the ocean; and these points being decided against the British claims, there is nothing in the text of the treaties to support them. I believe that the desire for continued peace and amity between the two countries is sincere and fervent with all of those whom Cobbett used to call our 'thinking people.'"

Sumner was much annoyed by a personal incident connected with the publication. Walsh, a sensitive and disappointed person, was not quite pleased with the credit which the authorship had given to another; and besides disparaging Sumner's article in an American newspaper, he furnished for the London "Times" an incorrect report of Lord Brougham's conversations in Paris, which tended to weaken the effect of his remarks in the House of Lords favorable to the American view; giving as authority, "an

American who was in the habit of seeing him (Lord Brougham) frequently when he was recently in Paris." Sumner, who had talked too freely with Walsh, was the only American to whom the description could apply, and soon after he received a note from Lord Brougham, kindly in terms, but complaining of the report of his conversations. Sumner wrote a letter to the "Times"[1] from Rome, May 23, stating Walsh's account to be "entirely false," and giving the true version. His relations with Brougham were not disturbed by the affair.

LETTERS.

TO LORD MORPETH.

PARIS, RUE DE LA PAIX, April 12, 1839.

MY DEAR MORPETH, — Since I left England, the alternate tidings I have had from your country and from America have made me anxious — you will not think me too anxious — with regard to the question of peace and war; and our minister at Paris, a sensible, able, and honest man, has sympathized with me fully. I have written an article in "Galignani's Messenger," in which I have aimed to present the American side in a way not disagreeable, I trust, to Englishmen. I have examined the question since I have been in Paris; and though I saw it undoubtedly through the American medium, yet I endeavored to look at it candidly: and I cannot resist coming to the conclusion that we are right, and that the subject needs to be more studied in England. I have examined the debates in the treaty of 1783, at the time when the question of boundaries was discussed, and have made some extracts from them in the hasty article I have written. Lord Brougham — who is not very well now[2] — has expressed himself very strongly to me with regard to the American claim, and has told me that Lord Jeffrey was of the same opinion with himself. Let us keep war afar: I tremble at the thought of it.

I send herewith the "Galignani," and venture to ask you to run your eye over it. You know my love for England; and I believe you will do me the justice to think that I would never write about her, except in the spirit of love.

This letter will find you in the midst of your own ministerial contest. You will have the ardent opposition of Leader, but the support of Hume. Lady Granville has received me most kindly. I owe you many thanks for introducing me to her.

I leave Paris soon for Rome, where I shall be in the middle of May. My address will be with Torlonia & Co.; and I should be much gratified by an assurance from you that we shall have peace between our two countries.

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[1] Printed in the "Times," June 14.

[2] He was just getting well, as Sumner states in another letter, "of a needle he had swallowed."

As ever, very sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD, BOSTON.

PARIS, April 15, 1839.

DEAR HILLARD, — Wherever I am, I find something to do more than I anticipated. I am here simply *en route* for Italy; but I could not be in this charming place without reviving some of my old acquaintances, and once more enjoying the splendid museums and galleries and sights. What a change from London! I was not aware that the atmosphere of London was so black and surcharged with dirt as I am now convinced it is by the contrast; the gilding, and silks, and furniture of the drawing-rooms — *salons* — are here so clear and bright, compared with those of London, where damp and dirt are constantly at work.

I came from Boulogne in the diligence with an English M. P., who did not know me personally, but who took me for an Englishman, and talked about the Americans; while I, enjoying it so much, forbore to undeceive him. I love Paris for its sights and gay scenes, and for its palaces for the people: its museums, stored in the halls of kings, which are gazed on by the humble, the lowly, and the poor. I again entered the Louvre with a throb, and rejoiced as I ascended its magnificent stairway, to think that it was no fee-possession, set apart to please the eyes of royalty. One day I have passed at Versailles, to revive the recollections of that place; and I stood with melancholy interest before that exquisite conception of Joan of Arc, by poor Mary of Orleans. This sculptor-princess I once saw. She seemed pretty, intelligent, and lively; and this statue is brimful of genius and thought. In that mighty palace of France, where it now is, there is nothing more touching. One night, I listened to Mademoiselle Rachel, — the new meteor that has illuminated the French drama. Without beauty, she has intense dignity, a fine voice, and great power of conceiving the meaning of the poet. Another night, I was charmed by the wonders of the French opera, the glories of the ballet, the dance and song; another, I was an indifferent listener to Grisi, Lablache, Tamburini, and the Italian corps. And then, society has spread its nets. I have found invitations when I did not wish them. Lord Granville has been very kind to me. Thorn's balls are truly brilliant, and his house is one of the finest I have ever seen. People with titles beg for invitations there. Before the last ball, Lord Brougham, who was in Paris, and of whom I have seen much, wrote me a note, — which I send you for an autograph, — asking me to get him an invitation! Said Brougham to me the other day, as we were walking arm-in-arm: "Ah! my dear friend, is this like Boston?" Tell Cleveland and Longfellow that we were then in the shadow of Napoleon's Column, in the Place Vendôme; and ask them whether they find any thing in Boston like that. Strange things I may tell of Brougham. I have talked with him much about our

Maine affair. "It shall be discussed!" said he, with an oath, when I told him that all we wanted was to have the subject looked into and studied; but I have written two very long letters to Governor Everett on this subject. At the request of General Cass, our minister, I have written a long article in "Galignani's Messenger," stating the American side. It was after no little ado that it was admitted. It is the longest article ever published in that journal since its foundation, and, I believe, the longest American article ever published in Europe. Besides the circulation it will have of some eight or ten thousand on the continent of Europe, there are one thousand copies struck off to send to members of the English Parliament. Mr. Hume (M. P.) was so interested in it that he has undertaken to distribute it. I am convinced that we are right, and have said so, but have expressed myself full of kindness to England. More than this: I have written to some thirty persons of influence in British politics, soliciting their attention to this subject; being fully convinced that, if they will look at it, they will agree with us. I have felt anxious to avail myself of the personal relations which I have with English statesmen, for the benefit of my country. But this affair is merely a day's episode in my travels. You will find something new in my article with regard to the *intention* of the framers of the treaty. Brougham told me it was "unanswerable."

Ever affectionately, C. S.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

PARIS, April 20, 1839.

DEAR HILLARD, — In an hour or two, I shall be rattling behind shaggy demons of horses in the *malle-poste* for Lyons. I shall be two nights and a day in the confined vehicle, without stopping, except for a single half hour. Why do I find so much to do, always? I have found it almost impossible to get away from Paris. The letters I have been obliged to write have consumed a great deal of my time. It is not simply the seeing sights and enjoying society that occupy me; but I happen everywhere upon people who wish some sort of thing, some information about something which I am supposed to know, who wish introductions in America, or England, or the like; and, forsooth, I must be submissive, and respond to their wishes. I assure you my tour has been full of pleasure and instruction; but it has not been less full of work. I have been gratified to find how readily I have fallen into the hours of Europe, without deranging my constitution or my pursuits in the least. Thus, now, I take my coffee and roll (*c'est tout*) at eight, and dine at six or seven o'clock, — eating nothing in the mean time. Indeed, I do not find time to eat. I should think anybody mad who asked me at one, two, or three o'clock to waste an hour or two, by sitting down to a meal. We lose a great deal of time in our thrifty country, by cutting the day in two, as we do. But on my return to America, I shall not hesitate to conform to the habits of our town; and I feel assured, from experience, that

I can return to former hours with the same facility with which I abandoned them.

Last night, I dined in company with Papineau, and then went to Lord Granville's, — thus passing from the so-called traitor to the ambassador. I like Papineau[1] very much. He is a remarkable man, — firm and dignified in his manner, and conversing with great grace and ability. His hatred of England somewhat shocked my love of my mother-country. He prefers to speak French; and it was easy to see, when he used English, that he was not at home, and that his ideas lost much of their force. I have seldom met a person who interested me more, and whose society I felt more anxious to cultivate. Perhaps I was won by his misfortunes. As we parted, — he treating me with great warmth and attention, — I contented myself with saying, and I could not say less: "Monsieur Papineau, je vous souhaite le bonheur." — "Ah!" he replied, "Nous nous verrons encore une fois en Amérique dans les jours qui seront bons et beaux."

The last "Quarterly Review" contains an article on a Spanish subject, — written undoubtedly by Ford, who will review Prescott. Fearing that Ford's high Toryism might be turned against us by recent events, I wrote him yesterday in order to turn aside his wrath, and suggesting to him that the Muse should extend her olive branch, even in this time of semi-strife, between our two countries. I go to Naples as fast as I can go. You will next hear from me lapped in soft Parthenope; and perhaps I may encounter even the August heat of Rome, without, alas! hearing the hoarse verses of Codrus.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. Foelix has just been here to take leave, and has given me a most noisy kiss, *à l'Allemande.*

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[1] A Canadian revolutionist.

CHAPTER XX.

ITALY.—MAY TO SEPTEMBER, 1839.—AGE, 28.

LEAVING Paris April 20, and going by way of Lyons, Sumner embarked at Marseilles, May 3, by steamer for Naples. On the route he visited Genoa,[1] Leghorn, and Pisa, and was kept a day at the unattractive port of Civita Vecchia. While at Naples, where he remained about twelve days, he visited the well-known points of interest, — the Museum, Lake Avernus, Misenum, Baiæ, Capri, Pompeii, and Vesuvius. Leaving Naples May 20, and riding during the night, he had the next day his first view of St. Peter's from the Alban hills. That moment a darling vision of childhood and youth was fulfilled. No pilgrim ever entered the Imperial City with a richer enthusiasm, — not even Goethe, who, in his German home, could not, for some time before he crossed the Alps, look at an engraving of Italian scenery or read a Latin book, because of the pang they gave him. Here Sumner remained till the close of August. Rome and the Campagna have attractions at this season which are withheld in winter, and he always regarded the time of his sojourn there as well chosen.[2] He afterwards referred to these days as the happiest of his whole European journey. Thence he went, by way of Siena, to Florence, where he passed a fortnight; and then with a *vetturino* to Bologna, Ferrara, Rovigo, Padua, and "across the plains of Lombardy alone, in a light wagon with a single horse, harnessed with ropes, old leather, and the like." Leaving Venice on the last day of September, after a week's visit, he arrived, Oct. 2, without breaking the journey, at Milan, where his Italian tour ended. Three days later, he took a seat in the *malle-poste* to cross the Alps by the Stelvio Pass for Innsbruck. Such, in brief, was his route at a period when as yet there was no railway in Italy.

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[1] See his description of Genoa, July 4, 1845, in "The True Grandeur of Nations:" "She still sits in queenly pride as she sat then, — her mural crown studded with towers; her churches rich with marble floors and rarest pictures; her palaces of ancient doges and admirals yet spared by the hand of Time; her close streets thronged by a hundred thousand inhabitants, — at the foot of the Apennines as they approach the blue and tideless waters of the Mediterranean Sea, leaning her back against their strong mountain-sides, overshadowed by the foliage of the fig-tree and the olive, while the orange and the lemon with pleasant perfume scent the air where reigns perpetual spring. Who can contemplate such a city without delight?" — Works, Vol. I. p. 26.

[2] Mr. Ticknor wrote to him, Dec. 3, 1839: "I agree with you about the season for seeing Italy. I have been there every month of the year except August, and give me the sunshine even at the expense of the heat."

His journey, as originally planned, included a visit to Greece, and he was provided with letters of introduction by Dr. Samuel G. Howe, which would have brought him at once into relations with the surviving leaders of the Greek Revolution; but he had lingered too long in Rome to allow him to extend his journey further east. Afterwards he much regretted this failure in his plan, though he felt his precious days in Rome had been only too few.

During his three months in Rome, Sumner was a devoted student. He determined not only to learn the language of the country, but to come into full communion with the thought and spirit of its literature. He kept aloof from society, and even his visits to galleries and ruins were made mostly in hours of needful recreation. Rising at half-past six o'clock in the morning, and breakfasting some hours later in his room, he was devoted to his books till five or six in the afternoon, when he sallied out for dinner or a walk. With such devotion, his progress even exceeded his expectations. He read not only Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Boccaccio, Macchiavelli, Guicciardini, Alfieri, and Niccolini, but several minor authors, whose neglected works are explored only by the most assiduous students of Italian literature. Most of all he enjoyed the great work of an author then living, — the "Promessi Sposi" of Manzoni.

Hillard wrote to him, Nov. 29: "You have made an admirable use of your opportunities in Italy. Nobody has ever done more so. The list of books which you have read absolutely startles me. I do not understand how you could have found time for any thing else."

Sumner found at Rome, in the Consul of the United States, a scholar of kindred tastes, with whom he established a perpetual friendship. Some will remember that when, in his later years, he was to speak at Faneuil Hall, he brought with him to the platform a slightly built man of fine texture, scholarly mien, and imperfect sight, for whom he cared with singular delicacy. That was George W. Greene, who at Rome, thirty years before, had assisted him in his studies, strolled with him among ruins and on the Campagna, and was associated with the memories of happiest days, — a friend whom Sumner was ever afterward quick to serve. Greene, the grandson of Washington's most trusted general, was born in the same year with Sumner. As a youth of sixteen, and again three years later, he had been Lafayette's guest at La Grange. In 1827, he met casually at Marseilles a pilgrim scholar like himself, — Henry W. Longfellow; and the two journeyed together to Rome. No scholar was ever more generous and patient than Greene in helping others to follow paths already familiar to himself; and favors and associations in common studies were always freshly remembered by Sumner, even in the absorbing pursuits of public life.

Professor Greene remembers well Sumner's habits at this time, — his prolonged studies, his bringing each day a list of questions suggested by his reading, his forgetting at dinner the food before him while his difficulties were being solved, his earnestness, apparent in his countenance as well as in voice and gesture, and his prodigious interest in books. If he was compelled to leave volumes unread, he would at least know their titles. Just before leaving the Convent of Palazzuola, he took down one by one all its books, the dust of which had not been disturbed for years; and before leaving Rome he did the same with Greene's library. His taste for art was then developing, but his interest in literature was greater. Of public life or fame as an orator he had no thought. Knowledge he appeared to seek for its own sake, and as a means of usefulness.[1]

From Rome he made two excursions, — one to Tivoli, where, with "Horace" in hand, he observed the scenes commemorated by the poet; and the other, in company with Greene, to the Convent of Palazzuola, where for four days they were the guests of the monks.[2]

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[1] Professor Greene, now living on an ancestral estate at East Greenwich, R. I., became also an intimate friend of George Sumner. His writings have related not only to Italian literature, but also to American history and biography of the period of the Revolution. He was Consul at Rome, 1837–45, afterwards Professor of Modern Languages in Brown University, and later a professor in Cornell University.

[2] His friend recalls that one evening, while they were gazing on the moonlit waters of the Alban Lake, Sumner suddenly exclaimed, as the thought of his deserted law-office came to his mind: "Let me see if I can draw a writ!" Here, also, while the two friends were walking one day in the woods near the convent, and were for a moment separated, it happened that Sumner fell into a wolf-trap; Greene answered at once his call for help, and soon extricated him from his imprisonment.

In his argument of Dec. 4, 1849, against the constitutionality of separate colored schools in Massachusetts, Sumner thus referred to this last visit: —

> "In Italy, at the Convent of Palazzuola, on the shores of the Alban Lake, amidst a scene of natural beauty enhanced by historical association, where I was once a guest, I have for days seen a native of Abyssinia, recently from his torrid home and ignorant of the language spoken about him, mingling in delightful and affectionate familiarity with the Franciscan friars, whose visitor and scholar he was. Do I err in saying that the Christian spirit shines in these examples?"[1]

At Rome Sumner made the acquaintance of a young artist, then little known but afterwards distinguished, to whom he rendered a most important service. Thomas Crawford was then toiling in his studio, waiting for commissions, with narrow means and serious misgivings as to the future. Sumner recognized at once his genius, and was particularly struck with the "Orpheus" on which he was at work. He not only cheered the artist with hopeful words, but wrote many letters home, urging friends to interest themselves in his behalf. He never failed, after leaving Rome, to set forth Crawford's merits as a sculptor to English and American travellers who were likely to invest in works of art. Nor did his zeal in the cause of the young artist end here, as the sequel will show. Crawford, truly grateful for this kindly interest, was anxious to take a bust of Sumner, who consented reluctantly upon Greene's assuring him that he would thereby render a service to his friend. It is the earliest representation of Sumner, and was thought at the time to be faithful to the original.[2] Sir Charles Vaughan and John Kenyon, on different occasions, saw it in Greene's library a few months later, and each was so struck with the likeness that he gave Crawford a commission to take a bust of himself.

William W. Story writes, of this visit of Sumner to Rome:

> "It was during this visit that the world of art first opened to him; and though he liked living men better, the great statues and pictures he saw made a profound impression on him. When he returned, hour after hour he used to talk with me about them, and stirred my blood with his glowing descriptions. He took me, so to speak, by the hand, and carried me through the great galleries, and talked enthusiastically of the great works he saw there, —

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[1] Works, Vol. II. p. 375.

[2] William H. Prescott wrote concerning it, in 1844: "It is a very good likeness and a beautiful piece of work, like every thing else from Crawford's chisel." The bust is among the works of art bequeathed by Sumner to the city of Boston, and is now in the Art Museum.

of Titian and Correggio, the Elgin marbles and Phidias; of all the great names. I remember his account of the Vatican, with its population of statues; and I well remember that one of the things which struck him most was the bust of the young Augustus; not so much because of its beauty and excellence of workmanship as because it was Octavius, — the Emperor, the Father of his country, the Augustus of history. The world of art, as art purely, was to him always a half-opened, if not a locked world. He longed to enter into it, and feel it as an artist does; but the keys were never given to him. His interest in it was historical and literary, not artistic. His judgment as to a work of art was poor; his sense of art very limited, though he ever strove to cultivate his taste and feeling for it. It was in Rome that he first made the acquaintance of Thomas Crawford, — the distinguished sculptor, — for whom he formed a strong friendship and sympathy. Crawford was then a young man, struggling up the first difficult steps of his art, with high ambition and very small means, — full of talent and vigor of mind and purpose, but hampered by the *res angusta domi*. Sumner, with that natural kindness and geniality of heart which always characterized him, sought his society, lent him encouragement, and prophesied for him the fame which he afterwards acquired. More than this: his friendship did not exhaust itself in words, but took the shape of earnest acts of kindness. Crawford was then modelling one of his first statues, representing Orpheus descending into Hades to redeem Eurydice; and Sumner, impressed by the beauty and spirit of the work, urged so strenuously upon his friends at home the propriety of giving a commission for this work in marble that he succeeded in his purpose; and Crawford owes to him his first commission for a statue, and his first great lift to fame. Many a long year after, walking in Rome with me, Sumner recounted the pleasant days spent with him; and pointing out his studio, said: 'There, in the old days, I passed many a pleasant hour with our friend: there he confided to me his great ambition, and his small hope of success; and once when, almost in despair at his dark prospects, he poured forth his heart to me, I said: "*Coraggio*, Crawford! When I come again to Rome, you will be a great and successful sculptor, and be living in a palace." He smiled, and shook his head. Look now! Was I not a true prophet? He is now living in a palace; and he is a great sculptor.' This friendship, let me add, never abated through life. Crawford never forgot the debt of gratitude he owed him; and Sumner always took the most earnest and active interest in him and his works, and never failed to chant his praise. After Crawford's death, we went together over his studio; and the tears came into Sumner's eyes, as he spoke of the old days, and the untimely end of our friend."

Tidings reached Sumner at Rome of his father's death, which had taken place April 24. He had languished for several weeks, and the end was not unexpected. He had reached the age of sixty-three, — a year which he had, for some time, designated as likely to prove fatal to him. The family, in communicating the event, urged Charles not to allow it to affect his plans of travelling, or to speed his return. The character of his father has already been given, — just, but severe and rigid. Felton wrote, in relation to his death: "President Quincy spoke of his character as a high-minded and honorable man in the most energetic terms; and that is the character which all ascribe to him." Charles reverenced his father's uprightness and fidelity to his convictions, and through life referred to him always in terms of filial respect. He had no undutiful conduct to recall. He had observed, in boyhood and in manhood, all the obligations of a son. "You were a good son," wrote Lieber, in a letter of condolence. Cleveland, who knew all the circumstances of his life at home, wrote: "That your duty to him was fully done, must now be a source of infinite satisfaction." But this narrative would be incomplete, if it said no more of this relation of father and son. The father's rigid nature imposed an iron rule at home, which bore heavily on the elder sons. Charles chafed under it; and after he was himself emancipated, and had taken lodgings away from home, he sympathized with his brothers and sisters whom he left behind. When he went to Europe, he besought from his father a milder *régime* for the younger children; and, indeed, a somewhat milder one followed the next year. The intervention, however, was not kindly received; and no letters passed between the two from that time. This feature of Sumner's early life was not a transient grief only. The want of a genuine sympathy between father and son leaves a void in one's being, which time and new relations never fill. While abroad, and for years after his return, he referred — though with no unfilial reproaches — to this unhappy experience of his youth, in words which showed how profoundly he had felt it. This was his first domestic calamity; but it was not to be his last!

At Florence, Sumner became much interested in Horatio Greenough, who was then at work on his "Washington" and "Rescue," both now placed — the latter a group — at the east front of the National Capitol. Sumner was greatly impressed with Greenough's intellectual power, as well as his genius in his art, and much enjoyed his society. Greenough, answering a letter in which Sumner, after leaving Florence, made some suggestions as to the "Washington," wrote, Nov. 16, 1839: —

> "I look upon your advice respecting the accessory ornaments of my *chair* as having been most well-timed and fortunate for me, — not that I think the

figures you object to cannot be rendered poetical as well as effective; but because, as you convincingly observed, I ought, in a first great work, appealing to great national sympathies, to keep clear, quite clear, of debatable ground."

Sumner frequented at Florence the studio of Powers, who was then at work upon his "Eve." He formed at the same time a pleasant acquaintance with Richard Henry Wilde, — once a member of Congress from Georgia, — then pursuing researches for a Life of Dante, on which he was engaged. At Wilde's request, he traced out at Ferrara some manuscripts of Tasso, and afterwards at Venice others connected with Dante. In Florence, he met a tourist from Boston, already known to him, and younger than himself, — William Minot, Jr., — in whom he took much interest, inspired in part by an ancient friendship which had existed between their fathers. Young Minot wrote to him from Florence, Sept. 26, 1839: —

"I consider, my dear Mentor, my having met you at my entrance into Italy as a great piece of fortune. You have set me at once on the right track, have stimulated all my motives and tastes, and have made the path of improvement and pleasure clear to me. I shall bind up our conferences with my bundle of associations in Italy, mark them 'number one,' and lay them in a very handy corner of my brain."

Mr. Minot, now a member of the Boston bar, writes: —

"While in Italy, he devoted himself with great zeal to the study of Italian art and literature. I recollect being much impressed by his rapid acquisition and mastery of these subjects. He made himself familiar with, and incorporated into his own mind, the works and thoughts of the master minds of Italy. His intellectual food was of the richest and most nutritious kind, and was rapidly assimilated by his vigorous mind. His tenacious memory, his capacity for continuous work, and taste for acknowledged superiority secured to him a rich harvest. He was very kind and friendly to me personally, and full of anecdotes of the noted people he had met the previous summer in England, — especially Lord Brougham, with whom he had passed some time in Paris."

To his brother George, Sumner wrote from Florence a long letter full of counsel on various points, — the latter's proposed book on Russia, his study of languages, his style of writing, intercourse in society, manners, and dress, — in which he said: —

"There is, perhaps, no other person in the world who would venture to make to you the suggestions in this letter. I judge others by myself; and

I should be truly grateful to any friend whose relations with me justified suggestions on such delicate subjects, who exercised the same freedom towards me that I now use with you. '*Veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.*'"

Remembering, as he faithfully did, his family ties, he added:

"I hope you have already written home stimulating mother to the education of the children. Lend me your influence. Teach your brothers and sisters to be ambitious, to aspire, and to look up. You can do a great deal of good in this way. I hope that Horace, when grown up, will not smart as I do under the mortification of a defective education."

From Venice he wrote a long letter to Judge Story, urging the adoption of a higher standard at Harvard College, where, as he thought, there was then a want of thoroughness in the system of instruction.[1] Particularly he lamented the imperfect way in which the modern languages were taught, — a defect from which he had especially suffered. He wrote: —

"Let a boy acquire one thing well, and he gets a standard of excellence to which he will endeavor to bring up his other knowledge; and, moreover, he will be conscious of his deficiencies by observing the difference between what he knows *well* and what *indifferently*. Let the requisites for admission be doubled, and subject all candidates for degrees to a most rigid examination. We must make a beginning, and where can it be done better than at Harvard? . . . I cannot forbear writing you, *ex mero motu*, to say that I think Felton's usefulness as a professor would be very much increased if he could come abroad; and such a tour as he proposes would be productive of benefit and honor to himself, the college, and our country. Thank God! *I am an American.* Much as there is to offend me in our country, yet it is the best country to be born in on the face of the globe."

In his tribute to Washington Allston, Aug. 27, 1846, there is a description of Italy which was inspired by the memories of these days: —

"Turning his back upon Paris and the greatness of the Empire, he directed his steps towards Italy, the enchanted ground of literature, history, and art, — strown with richest memorials of the past; filled with scenes memorable in the progress of man; teaching by the pages of philosophers and historians; vocal with the melody of poets; ringing with the music which St. Cecilia protects; glowing with the living marble and canvas; beneath a sky of heavenly purity and brightness; with the sunsets which Claude has painted; parted by the Apennines, early witnesses of the unrecorded Etruscan civilization; surrounded by the snow-capped Alps and the blue, classic waters of the Mediterranean sea. Rome, sole surviving city of antiquity, once disdaining all that could be wrought by the cunning hand of sculpture, — who has commanded the world by her arms, her jurisprudence, her church, — now sways it further by her arts. Pilgrims from afar, where her eagles, her prætors, her interdicts never reached, become willing subjects of this new empire; and the Vatican, stored with the priceless remains of antiquity and the touching creations of modern art, has succeeded to the Vatican whose thunders intermingled with the strifes of modern Europe." [1]

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[1] It hardly needs to be noted, that in American colleges, and particularly in Harvard, great changes have been made since 1839 in the direction to which Sumner then pointed.

LETTERS.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

NAPLES, May 19, 1839.

Embarked at Marseilles, May 3, in the steamer "Pharamond;" touched and passed two days at Genoa, wandered among its palaces and groves of oranges, and enjoyed its paintings. Next stopped at Leghorn long enough to make a most delightful excursion to Pisa, to ascend its leaning tower, and admire its cathedral; then to Civita Vecchia, in which dirty hole we were kept a day, and then to Naples. How can I describe to you, my dear Hillard, the richness of pleasure that I have enjoyed! Here is that beautiful bay with its waters reflecting the blue of heaven, and its delicious shores studded with historical associations. What day's enjoyment has been the greatest I cannot tell, — whether when I walked amidst the streets of Pompeii, and trod the beautiful mosaics of its houses; or when I visited Baiæ and Misenum, and looked off upon Capri and Procida; or when I mounted the rough lava sides of Vesuvius, and saw the furnace-like fires which glowed in its yawning cracks and seams. I should like much to go into details about these things, but your own mind will revive, on glancing at these hasty words, volumes that you have read. I think I do not say too much when I let you know that, with all my ardent expectations, I never adequately conceived the thrilling influences shed by these ancient classical sites and things. You walk the well-adjusted pavement of Pompeii, and distinctly discern the traces of wheels worn into its hard stone; and in the houses you see mosaics and frescos and choice marbles that make you start. But reach the Forum, and there you are in the midst of columns and arches and temples that would seem wonderful to us if found in a grand city, but are doubly so when disentombed in a humble town. What must Rome have been, whose porches and columns and arches excited the wonder of the ancient world, if this little place, of whose disastrous fate only we have heard an account, contained such treasures! I do not believe there is a single town of the size of the ancient Pompeii in modern Europe where you will find so much public or private magnificence, where you will enter so many private dwellings enriched by the chisel and the pencil, or stand in a public square like her Forum. Would that Felton could see these things! How his soul would expand and palpably feel — what he has been groping after in books — the power and beauty of ancient art! Capo Miseno is on the opposite side of the bay. One day's excursion carried me over the scene of the Cumæan Sibyl (I would fain have sent you home a mistletoe from the thick wood), round the ancient Lake Avernus, even down the dark cave which once opened to the regions of night; by the Lucrine bank, whence came the oysters on which Horace and Juvenal fed; over the remains of Baiæ, where are still to be seen those substructions and piles, by which, as our old poets said, their rich owners sought to abridge the rightful domain of the sea; and on the top of Capo Miseno, in the shade of the vine, with fresh breezes coming from Hesperus and the West; and in the ancient gardens of Lucullus I sat down to such a breakfast as the poor peasants of this fertile land could supply. Lucullus's servants, I doubt not, fared better than we did; but who, amidst such a scene, could think of the coarse bread and the poor wine? Then there is the Museum at Naples, where are collected all the spoils of Herculaneum and Pompeii, with other productions that are full of interest and beauty and grace. Several days are exhausted in examining its treasures. Here are the frescos that have been taken from the walls of the houses of Pompeii, and the bronzes and the marbles that have been there disentombed. But you know all this. Naples is a disagreeable place saving its fine scenery and its classical interests. Beggary is here incarnate. You cannot leave the house without being surrounded by half a dozen squalid wretches with most literally scarcely a rag to cover their nakedness; they travel with you, and go into the country with you — whenever you make a *sortie* from the town — as if joined to your person; and on the quays they stretch themselves at full length, while a hot sun is letting fall its perpendicular rays. The streets are narrow and dirty, and the famed Toledo is without a sidewalk (a good word, though American). I have several letters of introduction here, but I shall leave the place without taking advantage of any. I have travelled from Marseilles with three Frenchmen, young men of rank, in whose company I have made all my excursions, and for some time have not been in the way of hearing English. From my French friends I have learned some lessons in economy. It is to me astonishing to observe the nicety with which they drive a bargain; and as one of them has always held our common purse and acted as manager, I have had the benefit of it without the trouble. To-morrow we start together, in a carriage we have hired, for Rome.

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[1] Works, Vol. I. pp. 275–276.

ROME, May 21.

I am in the *Eternal City*. We passed through dirty Capua (shorn of all its soft temptations); with difficulty found a breakfast of chocolate and bread where Hannibal's victorious troops wasted with luxury and excess; enjoyed the perfume of the orange and lemon trees that line the way in the territories of Naples; at midnight awoke the last *gendarme* of his Neapolitan Majesty, who swung open the heavy gates through which we entered the territories of the Supreme Pontiff; rode all night; crossed for twenty-eight miles the Pontine marshes; and at length, from the heights of Alba, near the tomb of the Curiatii, descried the dome of St. Peter's and Rome! I have now driven within sight of the Colosseum and the Arch of Constantine, and under Trajan's Column! My fondest expectations are all on tiptoe. Good-by and love to you all.

Most affectionately ever,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT, BOSTON.

PIAZZA DI SPAGNA, ROME, June 28, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR, — Amidst saddening and perplexing intelligence from opposite quarters, I received your agreeable letter of the 18th April.[1] I have done nothing worthy of the thanks you have been so good as to send me. The debt is on my side; for, over and above the great satisfaction I derived from the hasty perusal of your work (during a few of the odd hours rescued from society and sight-seeing), I experienced in England a constant pleasure from the honor which it has reflected upon our country, and the favorable impression it is calculated to inspire with regard to the American mind. Wherever I went I saw your history. It was on the tables of the London clubs — those great centres of the highest-toned literary and political circles — and in the cabinets or drawing-rooms of the best houses at which I had the honor of being received. From time to time, I have communicated to some of my friends at home a portion of what I heard about it; some of this may have reached you. I cannot refrain now from adding that no literary triumph could be more complete than yours. In the judgment of the best scholars of England, you have taken your place —

> "Con segno di vittoria incoronato" —

at the head of the literature of our country.

Ford, to whom you refer in your letter, is a sort of *chevalier de la plume*, who writes less to do the right than to show his own good mettle. His favorable judgment of an American work I should prize highly, while his unfavorable criticism would not disturb me. He is among the most ultra Tories and absolutists I have ever met, and hates our institutions and our great example. On Spanish subjects, and generally on Continental topics, I thought him acute and well informed, though prejudiced and perhaps unsound. He was pleased to solicit some information from me with regard to yourself, and generally with regard to American literature. All this I furnished to the best of my ability, and to his apparent great satisfaction; and on some points I thought he gave up some of his first-expressed opinions. His admiration of your labors was unfeigned; and he hoped that, if ever you came to England, you would take a note from me to him, that he might have the pleasure of making your personal acquaintance. In personal appearance and manners, he is much the gentleman. He has a considerable place near Exeter, where he has built ornamental walls and houses in imitation of some of those old Moorish remains which he so loved in Spain. His article was to appear this June, but I should not be surprised if it went over till October. On the receipt of your letter I wrote him from Rome, to let him know that a large number of corrections had been made in the recent American edition. I also wrote Bentley, whom I saw when in London, communicating your wishes. "It is a far cry" across the Atlantic Ocean, and not a short one from Rome; but I thought the two together — your Western call and my halloo from the East — would certainly be heard in Burlington Street. In London I met a Spaniard,[1] an ex-professor of Madrid, who wrote the review of your history in the "Edinburgh." I have forgotten his name and address. Hillard, however, has both. He would be pleased to find himself in some way *en rapport* with you. He has addicted himself to Spanish subjects, and collected very valuable manuscripts, — some illustrating the life of the Great Captain, to which you had not referred (so he told me); and he expressed the greatest willingness to communicate them to you. If you should care to enter into correspondence with him, you may do it freely, and be assured that he will be not a little gratified. I hope to see Capponi at Florence, through the kindness of our friend Greene, who has been reading your history with the greatest admiration, — a judgment which carries with it great weight, when it is known that for two years he has devoted himself to a subject, part of which falls within your work. If I should learn any thing from Capponi which I should deem interesting to you, I shall take the liberty of communicating it. From Italy I go into Germany, where, if I can serve you in any way, I shall be truly happy to do it.

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[1] *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 308, note.

Believe me ever, my dear sir, very sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. Do you remember, in the Sala di Torre Borgia, at the Vatican, painted by Raphael, a portrait of your hero, Ferdinand the Catholic? It is one of the caryatides that supports the "Battle of the Saracens;" and under it is inscribed, *Christiani Imperii Propagator.* Other caryatides are Charlemagne and Lothaire. You will find some mention of this in De Quincy's "Histoire de la vie et des ouvrages de Raphael," p. 176;[2] though Lanzi makes no mention of it; nor Vasari, I think.

P. S. Let me take the great liberty, in this duplication of postscript, to mention that there is a young American sculptor here, Mr. Thomas Crawford, who has great merit, and has found considerable favor among artists. *Laudatur et alget.* Can't something be done for him in Boston? I shall write at length to Hillard or Longfellow about him, and should feel much gratified if you would counsel with them as to the proper way of promoting his interests.

C. S.

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[1] Gayangos, *ante*, Vol. II. p. 64.

[2] Bohn's ed., p. 298.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

Rome, July 13, 1839.

Dear Hillard, — I have now before me all your kind, very kind, letters of March 19, April 29, and May 29. In the first you say, "I wonder where you are *just now*, &c." I opened this letter and read it on the Capitoline Hill, with those steps in view over which the friars walked while Gibbon contemplated; the wonderful equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius before me; while thickening about in every direction were the associations of Old Rome. I need not say that your page was more interesting even than that mighty leaf of history then for the first time open before me. Your other letters have repeated to me what I first heard from my own family, — the death of my father; an event which has caused me many painful emotions, — not the less painful because beyond the reach of ordinary sympathy. To you, who so well understand my situation, I need say nothing. I do not know why I should return home, for I do not see any particular thing in which I could be useful. My father's business and property were always managed with such carefulness and exactness, as to leave little for any person to do who has the administration of his estate. It is of the *education* of my young brother and sisters that I most think; and I wish I were at home to aid them in their studies, to stimulate them, and teach them to be ambitious. I have written to my mother at length on this subject, for I know no one on whom the responsibility of their education now depends more than myself. I have no right to trouble you on this subject, but I cannot forbear saying that you would render me a very great service if you would advise with my mother about this. I have already referred her to you. I wish that the three younger children should have a competent French instructor to give them lessons, — daily I think they should be, — in speaking and reading this language. If school studies do not allow the devotion of much time to this, they can at least give the hour of the lesson, and that will be something. I am anxious that my sisters should have the best education the country will afford: this I know their portion of our father's estate will amply give them; and further, to that purpose most freely do I devote whatever present or future interest I may have in it. I do not understand well enough the terms of his will to know what this is — if it is any thing; but this may be counted upon, that, in any division of my father's property as regards my sisters, I am to be considered entirely out of the question; so that, if need be, reference may be had to this circumstance, in incurring the necessary expenditure for their education. This I communicate to your private ear, — not to be spoken of, but to be used for your government in any conversation you may have with my mother. Do pardon all this trouble — but would I not do as much for you if any circumstances gave me the opportunity?

What joys open to one here in Rome! My time has been saddened and perplexed by the intelligence which I have received here; but still I have enjoyed much. Art in these noble galleries, and antiquity in these noble ruins, afford constant interest. To these and to Italian literature I have given myself here. Painting I have studied in the works of the masters before me, and in the various books in which their lives and merits are commemorated; and I have not contented myself by simply seeing and looking upon the ancient remains that have been preserved to us. My rule is with Horace, — "Dona praesentis cape lætus horae;" and while in any place to surrender myself as much as possible to all those things which make its life and peculiarity. What a day I passed at Tivoli! I was with French companions, one of whom lent me his pocket "Horace." The others strolled away to see some ruin or catch a nearer spray of the falling water. I lay on the grass with the *praeceps Anio* before me, in the very Tiburtine grove that Horace had celebrated; and there I read the first book of his odes, and on the spot saw and felt the felicity of his language. I am going to pass a few days in a convent with some Franciscan friars, on the banks of the beautiful Alban lake.

Ever affectionately yours, C. S.

P. S. Ah, my Dante! how I have thrilled under his stern and beautiful measures! I shall write you and my friends a letter soon about an artist here, Mr. T. Crawford, for whom I am anxious that something should be done. In your letters always cover every spot; tell me all the news about everybody in Court Street, and State Street, and Beacon Street, &c. I shall be in Germany when your answer to this comes, away from sight of any American paper.

Greene, who is now with me, remembers you in Boston, and sends his regards. He has the highest admiration for you, and you should have the same for him, as he is one of the most accomplished scholars of our country, and is full of honorable ambition. Give my love to all. How is Longfellow?

When I leave my convent, — where I intend to live as I chiefly do here, on fruit, salads, and wine, — I shall go to Florence. But I shall write you from my hermitage, if Nature and the library spare me any time.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

CONVENT OF PALAZZUOLA, July 26, 1839.

DEAR HILLARD, — In my last, dated from Rome, I mentioned that there was an American sculptor there, who needs and deserves more patronage than he has. I wish now to call your particular attention to his case, and through you to interest for him such of my friends as you choose to mention it to. He is Mr. Thomas Crawford,[1] of New York; he commenced life humbly, learned something of sculpture in the study of Frazee, where among other things he worked on the heads of Judge Prescott and Judge Story; here he saved a little money and gained a love for his art; and on this capital — of which his devotion to his profession was the larger part — he came abroad to study here the great remains of ancient sculpture. He has studied diligently, and formed a pure, classical, and decided taste, loving and feeling the antique. Thorwaldsen, I have occasion to know, has shown him much kind consideration, which, of itself, is no mean praise; among the thousand young artists of Rome, and from the greatest sculptor of modern times, this is the "laudari a viro laudato." The three principal English sculptors here, whose names are well-known in their own country though they may not have reached you, speak of Crawford as a remarkable artist; and I will add that I think he gives promise of doing more than they have done. I have seen his bas-reliefs, the heads he has done, and some of his most important studies. They all show the right direction. They are simple, chaste, firm, and expressive, and with much of that air (heaven-descended, I would almost call it) which the ancients had, which was first reproduced in modern times by Canova, and has since been carried so far by Thorwaldsen. Crawford is now modelling an "Orpheus descending into Hell." The figure is as large as life. He has just charmed with his lyre the three-headed dog, and with an elastic step is starting on the facile descent: Cerberus is nodding at his feet. The idea is capital for sculpture, and thus far our countryman has managed it worthily. It is, without exception, the finest study I have seen in Rome, and if completed in corresponding style, — and I do not doubt that he will do this, — will be one of the most remarkable productions that has come from an artist of his years in modern times. Crawford is poor, and is obliged to live sparingly in order to continue his studies. If his soul were not in them, I think he would have abandoned them long ago. Strange to say, his best orders have come from foreigners, — English and Russians. Let him once have a good order from some gentleman of established character, and let the work be exhibited in America, and his way will be clear. Orders will then come upon him as fast as he can attend to them. This, you will understand, is predicated upon my confidence in his ability. It was the case with Greenough. Cooper saw him, was pleased with him, and gave him an order for his bust; this he executed finely. Cooper then ordered a group, which was the "Chanting Cherubs," and gave Greenough the privilege of exhibiting it in the principal cities. From that moment his success was complete. Before, he had been

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[1] Thomas Crawford was born in New York, March 22, 1813, and died in London, Oct. 10, 1857. He visited Italy in 1835, and studied under Thorwaldsen at Rome. Among his chief works are the "Orpheus" (1840), in the Boston Athenæum; the colossal equestrian statue of Washington at Richmond; the colossal statue of "Liberty" on the dome of the National Capitol; and the designs on the bronze doors of the Capitol, illustrating

scenes in the history of the country. Among his statues are the "Beethoven" in the Music Hall, Boston, and the "James Otis" in the chapel at Mount Auburn. — Tuckerman's "Book of Artists," pp. 306–320; "Atlantic Monthly," July, 1869; "Thomas Crawford, A Eulogy," by George S. Hillard, pp. 40–54. Sumner, the day he arrived in Paris, in March, 1857, sought Crawford's lodgings, which he found only after a considerable effort. A fatal disease was upon him. Sumner wrote: "The whole visit moved me much. This beautiful genius seems to be drawing to its close." Sumner attended his funeral in New York, on December 5, and was one of the pall-bearers with George W. Greene, H. T. Tuckerman, and Dr. Lieber.

living as he could; not long after, he was able to keep his carriage. Let me suggest, *seriatim*, some of the ways in which you and others may contribute to put Crawford in the same position. . . . I am sorry to trouble you so much, my dear Hillard, but I can do nothing at this distance but give my friends trouble. In the matter of this letter I feel a sincere interest, because the artist is young, amiable, and poor; and, benefiting him, you will be sowing the seed which will ripen to the honor of our country. Therefore, —

"Assai ten priego
E ripriego ch 'l priego vaglia mille."

I write this in a convent of Franciscans, where with Greene I am passing three or four days. It is on the ancient site of Alba Longa, — of which scarcely the least trace is now to be found, — and overlooks the beautiful Alban lake. No carriage can approach within two miles on either side, and it is surrounded by precipices and almost impenetrable forests. I do not remember ever to have seen a more lovely and romantic situation. Here we read the poets, chat with the fathers, ramble in the woods, and bathe in the clear water. The scene is so like a picture, that I sometimes look to see Diana in full chase with her nymphs about her. I was, the other day, lying on a bank in the shade of a broad tree (whether it was a *beech* I do not remember), reading the "Gerusalemme;" a Capuchin, with his long beard, had just brought us wine. I showed the venerable father my book, and inquired if he had read it. "Ahi! non ho tanta scienza," was his reply.

Ever affectionately yours.

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. I wish you would show this to Cleveland, Felton, and Longfellow, and tell them to consider it as addressed to each and all. Can you not speak to Governor Everett, and Ticknor, and Prescott, in Crawford's behalf? But I will not say more, for you will understand my wishes, and I leave the whole to your discretion.

TO HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, CAMBRIDGE.

CONVENT OF PALAZZUOLA, July 26, 1839.

MY DEAR LONGFELLOW, — *Fra* Greene and myself have already withdrawn from the cares of this life, — "the world forgetting, by the world forgot." We have sought quiet in a convent, among cowled, thick-robed, sandalled Franciscans. From our retreat, perched high among rocks, and well guarded by precipices and impenetrable forests, we look down upon that silver lake which once reflected the image of Alba Longa, and, for aught that we know to the contrary, of Narcissus; for its waters deserve to be the seat of the prettiest legends. You who have explored all "the dingles and alleys green" of this country must remember our present seat. Ah! what a welcome we will give Felton,[1] when he reaches our convent! The cellar should send up its richest treasures — *cellar*, did I say? The *grottos* shall afford their most icy wines; and with him we will try to find, amidst these thick woods and precipitous descents, some remains of that noble city which was so long a match for Rome. In our garden we will show him a tomb with the fasces still boldly visible, where reposes the dust of a consul of the Republic! How those ancient Romans did build! Not for themselves, nor for their children simply; but for generations. Stimulate Felton to come abroad. If he comes, I am fully persuaded he will find his mind filled, his knowledge confirmed and enlightened, and his ambition aroused to do something that we shall all be proud of. How I shall rejoice to know that he has —

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[1] Felton was expecting to visit Europe soon; but circumstances prevented the visit for several years.

> "Shipped himself all aboard of a ship,
> The foreign countries for to see!"

Here, in our monastic retreat, we speculate upon his advent, and the burst of glorious emotions that he will feel; and then, his laugh! I hear it now: it has crossed the lake, and its echoes are rumbling along its rocky margins.

How pleased I shall be on my return to talk over with you the beautiful things of the Old World, — the skies of Italy, looking down upon fields and sites studded with breathing associations; the pictures and the sculpture; the remains of ancient glory; the verses of poets; the sayings of wise men, and the dark eyes of women. Ah! how the live-long day would be shortened to me, and what sunlight would be let into the dark places of my future pilgrimage! My soul will long for European sympathy, — for some one who has seen the things that I have seen, and who will join with me in reproducing them to our eager imaginations. And I look forward with hope to renewing our former intercourse under your happy roof.

. . . I thank you for all the kind things you have written about me to Greene. I have found him a most valuable friend. He is quite devoted to literature, and is one of the most accomplished persons I have ever met. He is full of honorable ambition, and for two years has been devoting himself to a great subject, which will occupy fifteen or twenty years more of his life.[1] That is good. They build for immortality who calmly dedicate to a work so much time. I have written to Hillard about an American sculptor at Rome, — Mr. Thomas Crawford, — who is full of merit, and only wants some slight notice or patronage to have the fullest success. Greene and myself both take the greatest interest in him, and wish you and other friends to do something for him. If you cannot order a statue, you can at least write an article. Read my letter to Hillard about him, and then do your best. When you hear from me again, — or, rather, when I hear from you, — I shall be among the *Tedeschi lurchi*, as Dante calls the children of the Black Forest. Good-by. Success be with you!

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

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[1] A "History of Italy," planned, but not executed.

TO PROFESSOR SIMON GREENLEAF.

CONVENT OF PALAZZUOLA, July 27, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I wrote you once, I think, from the palace of an English Bishop: this will go to you from a monastery of Franciscans. In Rome, the heat is intense; and the fever-laden airs of the Campagna even enter the city. Here Greene and myself have come to pass a few days, — "hermits hoar in solemn cell." An English noble would give a subsidy for such a site as this. In the background is the high mountain which was once dedicated to the Latial Jove, to whom Cicero makes his eloquent appeal in the oration for Milo; and on one side, clearly discernible from my window, is Tusculum, the favorite residence of the great Roman orator. The road over which I passed in coming here is that on which Milo encountered Clodius. The stillness and solemnity that is about me makes every day appear a Sabbath. My companion is the Consul at Rome, — a dear friend of Longfellow, and a most delightful and accomplished person. The monks have given us three rooms each, besides the grand hall: each of us has a bed-room, a cabinet, and an ante-chamber. My ante-chamber is vaulted, and covered with arabesques. My other two rooms are painted, so as to resemble the cell of a hermit, — the ceiling is arched, — and I seem to see the rude stones which the pious man has built in the wilderness; and at my bedside are the beads and the crucifix. The hall is hung with pictures of the most distinguished of the order; and a fresco on the high-vaulted ceiling represents the ascension of St. Francis, its patron. What would these Fathers have said, if they could have foreseen that their retreat was to be occupied by heretics; that the hospitality of their convent was to be extended to those who do not believe in the Pope or St. Francis? You know that this order is one of the most rigid of the Roman Church. They wear neither hats nor stockings, but simply sandals for their feet. The remainder of their dress is a thick, heavy robe, or gown, — "Odious! in woollen! 't would a saint provoke," — which they wear alike at all seasons. They live upon charity. One of their number lately was begging for corn of a farmer, who was treading out with his oxen the summer's harvest. The farmer, in derision, and as a way of refusing, pointed to a bag which contained a load for three men, and told the monk he was welcome to that, if he would carry it off. The monk invoked St. Francis, stooped and took up the load, and quietly carried it away! The astonished farmer followed him to the convent, and required the return of his corn. His faith was not great enough to see a miracle. It was given up; but the story coming to the ears of the governor of the town, he summarily ordered the restoration of the corn to the convent.

I have amused myself not a little in examining the library here. It consists of about a thousand volumes, all in parchment, and in Latin and Italian. There is *one* Spanish work, and *one* German! Our poor language has not a single representative. The monks have looked with astonishment upon the avidity with which I have examined their books; I doubt if they have had such an overhauling for a century. With gloves on, I took down and scanned every book, — a large portion of them I found standing bottom upwards; and as I put them in their places properly (having had some experience in dealing with a library), I think the monks may be gainers by my visit. The librarian told me there were no MSS.; but I found more than a dozen. The work on geography, which seemed to be the standard of the convent in this department of knowledge, spoke of England as divided into seven kingdoms, — one of which was Mercia, another Northumberland, &c.; actually going back to the Heptarchy! The English possessions in America were represented as being taken (*tolte*) from Spain; and of these, Bostona was the capital; but the great commercial place of America was Vera Cruz. When I get home, I will tell you what sort of people monks are.

Only a few days ago, I received your kind letter of May 17. I deeply appreciate your sympathy in my father's death. Such a relation cannot be severed without awakening the strongest emotions; and though I cannot affect to feel entirely the grief that others have on such a bereavement, yet it has been to me a source of unfeigned sorrow, and has thrown a shadow across my Italian pleasures. In the education of my young brother and sisters I have always interested myself as much as I was allowed to, from the moment in which I had any education myself. I feel anxious to be at home, that I may take upon myself the responsibility which belongs to me as the eldest brother. Remember me to Mrs. Greenleaf, and believe me

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. ROME, July 28. — I have just received a long letter from my brother George, who has penetrated the interior of Russia, Tartary, Circassia, Bithynia, and is now going to the Holy Land. He has seen more of Russia, I doubt not, than any foreigner alive. He is the most remarkable person of his age I know. Pardon this from a brother.

TO WILLIAM F. FRICK, BALTIMORE.

ROME, Aug 4, 1839.

MY DEAR FRICK,[1] — Your kind letter, now a year old, gave me great pleasure; and I have been much gratified to hear, from another source, of your being fairly and honorably embarked in your profession. I am half disposed to regret that you did not find it agreeable and convenient to give a year at Cambridge to the quiet study of the books of your profession; but I doubt not the able superintendence and advice of your father, and your own well-directed ambition, have answered as well. I have no right, now at least, to offer you my suggestions; but I cannot forbear saying that I hope you will propose to yourself a high rank, and accustom yourself to look with proper contempt on the shallow learning and pettifogging habits (I must use the phrase) which characterize so large a part of the lawyers of America.[1] . . . I shall be in Boston in December or January. Let me hear from you there at least, if not before; and believe me, as ever,

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[1] For the letter which Sumner wrote, on sailing for Europe, to his young friend, see *ante*, Vol. I. pp. 206–209.

Most sincerely yours, C. S.

TO GEORGE W. GREENE, ROME.

FLORENCE, Sept. 11, 1839.

DEAR GREENE, — I have thought of you every hour since I left Rome; but have delayed writing till I was on the point of quitting Florence, wishing to give you my final report upon this place. But things in the natural order. My journey was very pleasant, — four days and a half. My companions, a French officer, quite a gentleman and scholar, an Italian artist and a *litterateur*, — the latter Signor Ottavio Gigli.[2] With him I became quite well acquainted. He took me, on his arrival in Florence, to old Abbate Missirini,[3] and to the Marquesa Luzaris, and has given me a letter to Giordani.[4] I found Gigli quietly engaged in literary pursuits, one of which is so akin to yours that I am anxious you should know him; and he is quite desirous of your acquaintance. He is preparing a "Storia Politica" of Italy, and has collected from all the principal libraries such manuscripts as will illustrate his subject. He is an admirer of Botta, and is anxious to talk with you about this historian. A friend of his has in press at Milan a collection of letters from Botta. He is of our own age, and is amiable and agreeable. He will return to Rome in the course of a few weeks, and I have given him a note of introduction to you. In Florence I passed one night at Madame Hambet's, in the Piazza Trinità (not the S. Maria Novella, as you said), which cost me three *francesconi;* then decamped, and am now in the house at the corner of Lung' Arno and the Piazza, with Alfieri's palace near. Greenough[5] I like infinitely. He is a person of remarkable character every way, — with scholarship such as few of our countrymen have; with a practical knowledge of his art, and the poetry of it; with an elevated tone of mind that shows itself equally in his views of art, and in all his conversation. I am firmly convinced that he is a superior person to any of the great artists now on the stage. I have seen something, you know, of Chantrey in England, David in France, and those English fellows at Rome. As men — as specimens of the human race to be looked up to and imitated — these are not to be mentioned in the same breath with our countryman. Three cheers for the Stripes and Stars! I have seen his "Washington" and studied it very carefully, and we have talked about it a great deal. It is truly great, — far beyond my expectation. The likeness is capital, and will be recognized at once; but the expression and tone of the whole are truly grand. It is in every way equal to the "Nerva" of the Vatican, before which we have paused several times in our walks through that glorious gallery. The "Washington" of Chantrey is childlike in comparison with it. I admire the thought and devotion that Greenough has given to his subject, and his determination to do his utmost in order to render the statue all that it should be. He is doubtful whether he shall get it finished to his satisfaction within a year from now; and he will not part with it, so long as he can hope to amend it by further labor. The other piece upon which he is engaged for the Capitol is not yet entirely set up; as far as he has gone it is very fine. It is intended to represent the surprise of a white settlement by the Indians.[1] The group reminds me of the "Deluge," by Kessels,[2] the drawing of which, by the way, Greenough has never seen. On the ground is a mother clasping her child, in order to save it from the uplifted tomahawk of an Indian who stands over her, but whose hand is arrested by a fearless settler, who is represented on a rock so that the upper half of his body appears above the Indian. This subject has capacities of all kinds. The woman is on the ground, so that she does not conceal the Indian, who is naked (except an accidental fold about his loins), and the settler, who appears above the savage, restraining his fury, is dressed in a hunter's shirt and cap. The passions are various, — the child, the mother, the father, the husband, the savage, the defender, &c.; all these various characters being blended in the group. The "Abdiel" is taken just as he has concluded his speech to Satan and is turning to leave him. It is a winged, heaven-born Achilles. The subject was suggested to Greenough by Washington Allston, years ago. The statue is about three or four feet high; but Greenough means to make one as large as the Apollo Belvedere. He has also done a beautiful little bas-relief for Mr. Salisbury, — the angel telling St. John not to address his prayers to him but to God; and is now engaged on a bas-relief for Miss Gibbs, to be put in a church at Newport; also busts of Franklin, of Marquis Capponi, &c. I have seen a good deal of Powers.[3] He is very pleasant and agreeable. His busts are truly remarkable, close likenesses without coarseness or vulgarity, — without *Frazeeism*. I asked Greenough if he thought Powers could make a young Augustus. "If he had a young Augustus to sit to him," was the reply. At present he has not gone beyond bust-making. He has made two fancy heads which are quite pretty, but rather tame and insignificant; so that I am entirely at a loss with regard to his final success in the great walks of his profession. He is preparing to attempt higher things — *paulo majora* — an infant — being chiefly a copy from one of his own children — and an "Eve." His "Eve," of course, will be a beautiful woman, and he will represent her just inclining her ear to the voice of the serpent, who is to address her from a branch of a tree which is to be nearly on a level with her ear. This whole accessory of the serpent and the tree strikes me as impracticable. A serpent is not a sufficiently agreeable personage to look well in company with a beautiful woman. Powers is a very ingenious man, and has already invented a machine to use instead of compasses in transferring measurements from a cast to the marble on which one is working. This facilitates labor so much, particularly in bas-reliefs, that Greenough told me his men were only twelve days on one piece, when they would have been engaged thirty without Powers's "Scorpion." I hope Crawford will get one. Capponi[1] I saw but once, as he has left town to be absent some six weeks. He inquired kindly after you. He said that he hoped to see Prescott's book translated. When I told him that Prescott used his eyes considerably now, he exclaimed in English: "God, what a happy man he must be!" I like Capponi much, and regret that I saw so little of him. Of Wilde[2] I have seen very little. I have called upon him and he upon me; but I have found him at home only once, and he has never found me at home. We all talk about you, and wish that you were in Florence. I have missed you not a little; you were my literary banker, who discounted all my drafts at sight: here I have been obliged to work along as I could. I have read nearly all of Macchiavelli. The "Storia" I liked better than the "Discorsi;" the "Mandragola" is as witty and amusing as it is vulgar; and "L'Occasione"[3] is a beautiful piece. But Guicciardini has pleased me more than Macchiavelli. He is a magnificent writer. On what broad-spread pinions he sails along! Not so correct and polished as Macchiavelli, but with greater glow and energy. Some of his speeches are splendid. Manzoni's tragedies are better than Niccolini (who is a languid writer); but both seem dull after Alfieri. They are Marsala wine after one has been drinking bumpers in Madeira that has made five times the voyage of the world. Alfieri's Life of himself is a rare production. I don't know whether it raises or sinks the writer. On the road I read the "Promessi Sposi." It is one of the finest romances, if not the finest, I have ever read in any language.

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[1] The omitted part of the letter is chiefly a strong plea for an interest in Crawford.

[2] Gigli lived at Rome, and was well known among Italian scholars.

[3] Canova's biographer.

[4] Pietro Giordani, 1774–1848. He began his career as a lawyer; was afterwards a Benedictine monk; and at one time Professor of Eloquence at the University of Bologna. He published, in 1808, a panegyric of Napoleon.

[5] Horatio Greenough, 1805–52. He passed most of his life, after leaving college, in Florence. He was a native of Boston, and died in its neighborhood. His chief works are the "Chanting Cherubs;" "The Angel and Child;" "Venus contending for the Golden Apple;" the statue of Washington; and "The Rescue." The "Washington," for which the artist received a commission in 1832, cost him four years of active labor, and was not shipped from Italy till Oct., 1840. "The Rescue," designed in 1837, was completed in 1851. Greenough's "Essays," with a "Memoir" by H. T. Tuckerman, were published after his death. Tuckerman's "Book of Artists," pp. 247–275.

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[1] "The Rescue."

[2] A Dutch sculptor, 1784–1836.

[3] Hiram Powers, 1805–73. He was born in Vermont; removed to Cincinnati; went to Italy in 1837; exhibited his "Eve" in 1838; and soon after executed the "Greek Slave." Tuckerman's "Book of Artists," pp. 276–294.

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[1] Marquis Gino Capponi was born in Florence in 1792, and died Feb. 3, 1876. He was at one time in public life in Tuscany, but was mainly devoted to literature. A "History of the Popes," and a "Treatise on Education," are among his works. He persevered in authorship notwithstanding his blindness. He was a correspondent of Mr. Prescott, and is frequently mentioned in the "Life" of the historian.

[2] Richard Henry Wilde, 1789–1847. He represented Georgia in Congress at different times, from 1815 to 1835; was in Europe from 1835 to 1840, residing much of the time in Florence; published a book on "The Love, Madness, and Imprisonment of Tasso;" undertook a "Life of Dante," which he did not live to complete; and became, in 1847, Professor of Common Law in the University of Louisiana. He was fond of literary researches, and his name finds a place among American poets.

[3] A poem of Macchiavelli, addressed to Filippo de' Nerli.

Its homage to truth and virtue I admire. The Pope should remit Manzoni[1] ten thousand years through purgatory in consideration of "Fra Cristoforo" and the "Cardinal Borromeo." When I read the asking of pardon by Cristoforo, though I was in a public *vettura*, and albeit unused to the melting mood, I yet found the spontaneous tear, — the truest testimony to the power of the writer. Young William Minot from Boston is here, having been through Greece. He is of a most respectable family, and is one of the few Americans who think of self-improvement by travel. I am desirous to join my recommendation to that of your other friends to procure for him your advice and countenance during his stay in Rome. He will be there in about a month, and wishes to study Italian literature and art. Ah, would that I could be there too! But I must be elsewhere. My next place is Venice, where I shall stay but two or three days or a week. If you do not write me I shall have nothing at Venice to read fresher than Paul Sarpi or Paruta. Nothing that I have seen alters my faith in Crawford. Let him go on, and his way is clear. Remember me most kindly to Mrs. Greene, and give one torment to Ponto,[2] and believe me,

Ever most sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. Signor Gigli would like to know Crawford, and will be happy to write about his works in some Italian journal. I have promised him that you will take him to Crawford's studio. Greenough has read me some essays of his on art, which are superior to any thing in the English language after Reynolds, and in some respects better than the British painter's. The style is beautiful, and many of the views are very valuable and original. I cannot help saying how sorry I am that Crawford has put those books under my bust. Can't you saw them off? It will seem to everybody a cursed piece of affectation and vanity on my part. Wilde is busy with the "Life of Dante." Have you seen Vol. I. of the "Reports of the Venetian Ambassadors?" They will make twenty volumes when published.

I shall leave Florence Monday next; stay a day or two at Bologna, and five or seven at Venice.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

PALAZZO GIUSTINIANI, VENICE, Sept. 29, 1839.

MY DEAR HILLARD, — Among canals, amidst the cries and songs of gondoliers, and the gentle splash of their oars, from the isles of Venice, under the shadow of the Lion of St. Mark, I write you now. At the price of a blot I will mark on the above view the house and room where I am.

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[1] Alessandro Manzoni, 1784–1873. His rank is first among modern Italian writers. His eightieth birthday was celebrated with popular rejoicings, and his death was the occasion of a national tribute to his memory.

[2] Greene's poodle dog. Sumner was quite fond of him, and enjoyed teasing him in his walks with Greene.

Would that you were here to look with me upon the gilded water, and then to stroll under the arcades of the great Piazza, — the ancient centre of the doings of that proud, rich, and cruel republic. When shall we be respected by Kings and Emperors as was Venice? All addressed her, even Charles V., as "Inclita Republica, — Serenissima Republica." A trumpet to rouse the pride of the people were those words. In a day or two I shall quit Italy, — with what reluctance I cannot describe; for here I have enjoyed myself beyond my most sanguine expectations, though, as you well know, my path has not been without the shadow of sad tidings. How different the whole country, — every thing, all that interests, — from England! How unlike my English life is this that I have passed in Italy! You already know something of the one. It was a series and round of intercourse with *living* minds, in all the spheres of thought, study, conduct, and society. Here I have spent my time with the past. I arrived in Italy when the hot weather had commenced, when man's season was over, but God's had come. The sky and fields were in their carnival, and I was able to enjoy them, and all else that is rendered so much the more beautiful by their beauty. I saw pictures in clear day, and I could sit down amidst ruins, nor fear a winter damp or chill. Of society I have seen little, except incidentally, though I have known many individuals. In Naples I did not trouble myself to leave a single letter of introduction. In Rome, the Prince Borghese died two days after my arrival; the French Ambassador had left for the summer before I came. The Countess of Coventry [1] had retired to Albano, where she invited me to visit her: I did not go. Others had fled in different directions. In Florence, the Marquesa Lenzonis Medicis — the last of this great family — invited me to her *soirées:* I went to one. The Marquis Strozzi called upon me: I had not the grace to return his call. The Count Gråberg [2] called upon me repeatedly: I called upon him once, &c. In Venice, I have letters to some of the first people: I shall not disturb them in my portfolio. With the little time that I have, I cannot embarrass myself with the etiquette of calls and society. The hot months passed quickly in Rome. My habits were simple. Rose at half past six o'clock, threw myself on my sofa, with a little round table near, well-covered with books, read undisturbed till about ten, when the servant brought on a tray my breakfast, — two eggs done *sur le plat*, a roll, and cup of chocolate; some of the books were pushed aside enough to give momentary place to the tray. The breakfast was concluded without quitting the sofa; rang the bell, and my table was put to rights, and my reading went on often till five and six o'clock in the evening, without my once rising from the sofa. Was it not Gray's heaven? I did not read Crébillon and his school; but I will tell you soon what I did read, and you shall say if it was not as good. At five or six got up, stretched myself, dressed to go out; dined in a garden under a mulberry tree, chiefly on fruits, salads, and wine, with the occasional interjection of a soup or steak: the fruits were apricots, green almonds, and figs: the salads, those of the exception under the second declension of nouns in our old Latin Grammar; the wines, the light, cooling, delicious product of the country. By this time Greene came to me, — in accomplishments and attainments our country has not *five* men his peers, — and we walked to the Forum, or to San Pietro, or out of one of the gates of Rome: many an hour have we sat upon a broken column or a rich capital in the Via Sacra, or the Colosseum, and called to mind what has passed before them, weaving out the web of the story they might tell: and then, leaping countries and seas, we have joined our friends at home, and with them shared our pleasures. After an ice-cream we parted; I to my books again, or sometimes with him to his house, where over a supper not unlike the dinner I have described, we continued the topics of our walk. This was my day's round after I had seen the chief of those things in Rome that require mid-day, so that I was able to keep in the house. I read Dante, Tasso's "Gerusalemme," the "Decameron" of Boccaccio, the "Rime" of Politian, all the tragedies of Alfieri, the principal dramas of Metastasio — some six vols., — the "Storia Pittorica" of Lanzi, the "Principe" of Macchiavelli, the "Aminta" of Tasso, the "Pastor Fido" of Guarini: and much of Monti, of Pindemonte, Parini, the histories of Botta, the "Corbaccio" and "Fiammetta" of Boccaccio, &c. Since I left Rome I have continued my studies: have read the "Promessi Sposi" by Manzoni, — the finest romance I have ever read, — the "Rime" of Petrarch, Ariosto, all of Macchiavelli — except his tract on the art of war — embracing his "Discorsi," his "Storia," his comedies: the "Storia" of Guicciardini, the tragedies and "Rime" of Manzoni, the principal plays of Niccolini, Nota, and Goldoni, "Lettere di Jacopo Ortis," &c., of Ugo Foscolo, the autobiography of Alfieri, and a great deal else that I cannot now call to mind, particularly of the lyrics, in which Italian literature so abounds. I now find myself in the midst of some of the most remarkable works of our age, and those too of our own profession. I mean those of Romagnosi: his introduction to the "Diritto Publico," is a specimen of masterly analysis, and strength of conception; his "Genesi del Diritto Penale" is the most remarkable work I know on "Criminal Law," — your codifiers should read it. And his work on the "Law of Waters" is superior to any thing we have in its discussion and reasoning, though I am not prepared to say that it contains much that we can practically employ. I know no country that within a few years has produced such great, regenerating writers as this despised Italy. Alfieri is forty thousand strong. I am lost in wonder at his power. What an arch is that of Italian literature spanning from Dante to Alfieri, — two columns fit to sustain the mightiest pressure! I was not aware till I read the latter that such a mind had shone upon our times: the finding him out seems like getting near Homer or Shakspeare. And Manzoni still lives! All his writings are full of the most fervent morality, and the "Promessi Sposi" will do the preaching of myriads of sermons. Botta writes with the heart of a Roman of the Empire, who saw the republic decline, but longed to bring it back. As a writer I like Guicciardini better than Macchiavelli, though the latter is neater and more polished. Tasso and Ariosto pale before Dante. Tasso is too elaborate. Ariosto is tedious from his great length, and the constant succession of stories but slightly varied: he is a bright and beautiful kaleidoscope. Petrarch is always delicious. I read Dante with great attention, using four different editions, and going over a monstrous mass of notes and annotations. I have astonished some of the librarians in the places where I have been by my inquiries; that is, it seemed strange to them that an American should be dealing so minutely with their treasures. My aim has been to acquire the literature, and to see the country. Whether *en voyage* or stationary, I employ at least six hours a day in study: I do not find this inconsistent with seeing sights to my heart's content. What matters it to me if the road be dull, or my fellow-passengers sleepy? My poet is always interesting, and his eye is not heavy with slumber. Then if the scenery is fine or the conversation interesting, I give myself to them with a greater zest. I ought not to forget to mention among my reading, that of newspapers; I habitually read every American, English, French, Spanish, and Italian journal I can lay my hands on. I average ten a day; but, with my facility in handling these, I despatch the greater part while taking coffee or ice. You know the English papers well; perhaps the French not so well. The latter are conducted with great ability, and have a wide influence upon the Continent. Stop even in a small village, — or certainly in any town of considerable size, — and enter a *café*, and you will find one or more papers by the last post from Paris. It is the Paris press that supplies the news for the Continent; in Rome, I first learned Roman news through Paris, and I always looked to the French press for Oriental intelligence, though I was eight hundred miles nearer the source than Paris. What do you think of Maroto? Is he a traitor? The Milan and Venice press are branding him with the foulest terms. But Spain seems to be near repose.

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[1] Lady Coventry was the daughter of Aubrey, sixth Duke of St. Albans, and the wife of George William, eighth Earl of Coventry, and the mother of Lady Holland. She died in 1845. Mr. Milnes (Lord Houghton) gave Sumner a letter of introduction to her.

[2] 1776–1847; a distinguished geographer, at one time Swedish Consul in Tripoli; author of an historical essay on the Scalds and ancient Scandinavian poets.

Greenough at Florence is a wonderful fellow, an accomplished man, and master of his art, — I doubt not, the most accomplished artist alive, — a thinker of great force, and a scholar who does not trust to translations, but goes to the great originals. I came to know him very well, and the more I saw of him the better I liked him. He has written some beautiful and instructive essays on art, which he has promised to prepare for publication (though of this nothing is to be said). As a writer he will take a very high stand. I feel proud of him. . . . I have German to learn; but I have the consolation of knowing that I know as much about it now, as I did of Italian when I came to Italy. I did not understand the "Carta di Sicurezza" that was given me at the gate of San Giovanni, when I entered Rome, the 21st of May. At the first town that I come to in Germany I shall stop, take a master, and commence an assault for one week; then move on, studying on the road to Vienna; three weeks in Vienna, — a master all the time; then to Prague, Dresden, Berlin, and probably next down to Heidelberg, — an immense sweep; then down the Rhine into Belgium, to London, where I expect to be at the end of December or beginning of January. Venice is a sort of jumping-off place. I am here equally distant from Vienna and Athens. I can be at either in less than seven days. I have ordered my letters to Vienna, where I expect to find a batch of two months. This is a temptation to the North; but there are the Piræus and Marathon! I am strongly tempted. My next will be to you from Vienna or Athens. Which had you rather it should be? Tell me in your next. I hope you will encourage Felton in his plan of travel. Speed him in every possible way.

As ever, affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. Remember me to Forbes[1] when you write him. It is something to send a wish from Venice to Canton *viâ* Boston. It is equal to Pope's

> "Waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole."

I have seen every thing in Venice now, and been in a gondola to my heart's content. A little boy asked me the other day if he should not go with me to sing "Tasso." The gondoliers are a better set of men than any of the cabmen or hackmen I have had to do with in other places.

TO THOMAS CRAWFORD.

MILAN, Oct. 5, 1839.

DEAR CRAWFORD, — To-morrow I quit Italy with a beating heart. I love it, and am sad on leaving it. I have taken my place in a *malle-poste*, to cross the Alps by the Stelvio to Innsbruck. I hope your labors go on well. There will be many of our countrymen in Rome this winter, and I feel confident you will reap a full harvest. By accident, I encountered in this place two friends of my own age, who are bound for Rome *viâ* Naples; so that they will not reach you short of a month or six weeks. Both of them wish to spend some money in paintings, engravings, and sculpture. I have promised them your friendly counsel, and have given them a letter of introduction to you, and also to Greene, and wish you would show them what you can about art in Rome. Go to the Vatican with them, and let them see the work of your studio. . . .

So be of good cheer! And yet I do not know that all these grounds of hope may not fail. I would not have you, therefore, too sanguine; though you should never lose the confidence of ultimate and distinguished success. I wish to be kept informed of your works; and am,

As ever, very sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

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[1] Captain R. B. Forbes, *ante*, Vol. I. p. 163.

TO GEORGE W. GREENE.

MILAN, Oct. 5, 1839.

MY DEAR GREENE, — I was thankful for your letter at Venice, and only regretted that it was not closely written, like these lines that I am now scrawling. I read it again and again, as I plied about with luxurious motion in a gondola. When I last wrote, I was shortly to leave Florence. I still lingered several days; saw more of Wilde, and admired Greenough more. Left Florence with a *vetturino* for Bologna, where I passed one day; then to Ferrara, Rovigo, Padua, and Venice; losing something at each of these towns, — a silk handkerchief at one, a cambric one at another, a shirt at another, and an umbrella at a fourth; to say nothing of a pair of gloves. At Venice passed one week; worked the gondoliers hard; heard the "Oreste" of Alfieri; visited every thing; did not present a single letter of introduction; paid dear for my lodgings; left in the *malle-poste* for Milan; rode two nights and a day; read Italian, and talked that and French. In Milan I have stumbled upon a couple of friends, to whom I wish you to be kind, for various reasons, — inasmuch as they are my friends, and are quiet, pleasant, gentlemanly persons; and you will be pleased with them. One is Preston, of Virginia, — the brother of the Senator; the other is Lewis, of Connecticut. The latter spoke French before he left America. Both are desirous of acquiring Italian, but I fear will not have the energy to deal with it properly. I wish you would encourage them, and give them such assistance as you can. Within a week or fortnight, Sir Charles Vaughan will be in Rome. For twelve years, he was the much respected — I may say, loved — Minister of England at Washington. All Americans owe him kindness and attention for the way in which he speaks about our country. He will call upon you; and I promised him that I would apprise you of his intention beforehand. Let this go for an introduction. He is about sixty-five; a bachelor, a little deaf, plain, frank, who swears hard occasionally, and has seen a great deal of the world. I wish you would offer to do any thing for him in Rome that you can.

To-morrow I enter the *malle-poste*, to cross the Alps for Innsbruck. I am sad to the heart at leaving Italy. My time here, as you know, has not been without its shadows; and yet I do not know that I have ever passed four happier months than the last. I have been over the field of Italian literature, the survey of which astonishes me now. To what I had read when I wrote you from Florence I have since added a great deal; and, among the rest, all of Ariosto, which I despatched on the road to Venice. My rule is at least six hours a day. There is no Italian which I cannot understand without a dictionary; there is hardly a classic in the language of which I have not read the whole, or considerable portions. I understand every thing that is said in a coach; can talk on any subject, — always making abundant mistakes, but with such facility that all the valets and waiters, even in this French-speaking place, address me in the language *del bel paese là dove 'l sì suona*. And now, my dear Greene, to you are my thanks due for this invaluable acquisition, which is to be one of my pleasures at home. I feel no common gratitude for all that you have done for me. You gave me the jewel I have; for I never should have learned Italian without you. I think that my highest, maddest ambition — without the expectation of ever gratifying that minimum — was to read the "Inferno" of Dante! I wish I were in Rome now, to talk with Mrs. Greene in her own sweet tongue. Do not fail to write me at Vienna immediately, — care of Arnstein & Eskeles.

As ever, yours affectionately,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. What a parcel of letters I shall find in Vienna, — the accumulation of two months and a half! I shall then hear from the letters about Crawford. How good it would be, if the "Franklin" and "Orpheus" were both ordered!

Take Preston to Thorwaldsen's studio and the Vatican. What a delicious thing the "Pastor Fido" is!

CHAPTER XXI.

GERMANY. — OCTOBER, 1839, TO MARCH, 1840. — AGE, 28–29.

LEAVING Milan Oct. 6, Sumner reached Santa Maria at midnight, bade farewell to Italy the next morning at sunrise, as he stood on the frontier line, and reached Innsbruck on the morning of the ninth. After a week at Munich, he went to Passau, thence in a small boat down the Danube to Linz, and by carriage from Linz to Vienna, where he arrived on the twenty-fifth. Here he remained a month, in the course of which he was received by Prince Metternich in his *salon*. Thence, after brief pauses at Prague, Dresden, and Leipsic,[1] he visited Berlin, where he remained five weeks. Here he saw much of society, and conversed with the celebrated *savans*, Humboldt, Savigny,[2] Ranke, and Raumer. Mr. Wheaton, the American Minister, was absent from his post, but Sumner formed a lasting friendship with the Secretary of Legation, Theodore S. Fay.[3]

Fay wrote to Sumner from Berlin, Jan. 14, 1840, warm with affection: "Your departure," he said, "has thrown a shade over our little circle and haunts. The Hotel de Rome looks desolate, and the crowded rooms of ——— are stupider than ever. Many persons spoke of your *p. p. c.* cards with very complimentary expressions of regret; but none of them like me has lost a faithful ally and a sympathizing companion."

Leaving Berlin, Jan. 9, 1840, he went by the way of Leipsic, Weimar, Gotha, and Frankfort to Heidelberg, where he remained five weeks, enjoying the society of its celebrated professors, particularly of Mittermaier, who awaited with much interest his arrival. With Thibaut, then near his end, he discussed, as with Savigny at Berlin, the codification of the law. Here, as elsewhere in Germany, he studied with great earnestness the language of the country.

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[1] He went from Dresden to Leipsic by railway, probably his only travelling by railway on the Continent.

[2] With this jurist, who afterwards frequently inquired of Mr. Fay about him, he discussed his favorite theme of *codification*.

[3] In 1842-43, Sumner intervened successfully with Mr. Webster, then Secretary of State, in behalf of Mr. Fay, whose position was endangered by an intrigue. In 1861, he obtained an assurance from Mr. Lincoln that Mr. Fay, then Minister to Switzerland, should not be disturbed; but the President soon after gave the place to another as a reward for party service.

Dr. Franz Mittermaier writes: —

"I think the letters of Mr. Sumner to my father will be of great interest, as they are not only a testimonial of his eminent mental activity, but also of his warm feelings and sincere friendship for my father. They show that he loved to remember the days he passed at Heidelberg in the company of my father and other eminent jurists; that he understood the works of our great poets and expressed his feelings in their words. The last of the letters written here in Heidelberg in 1857, when taking leave, when he would say with Faust to the moment, "Verweile, du bist so schön," seems particularly significant.

"I remember Mr. Sumner very well, both when he came to Heidelberg for the first time, in the beginning of 1840, and for the second and last time, in the autumn of 1857. The first time I was still a boy: but I remember, even at that time, his earnest and expressive features, and how my father liked to converse with him long evenings in our house. We sat silently around and listened to the discourse. Very often, the eminent Professor of Roman Law, Mr. Thibaut, the head of the philosophical school of jurists, was present, and liked to converse with the eminent American. I remember very well the evening when Mr. Sumner, taking leave of my father and Mr. Thibaut (it must have been a very short time before the death of Thibaut, March 28, 1840), presented to Mr. Thibaut a lithograph portrait of the latter, requesting him as a favor to write under it some words. Thibaut (who had a beautiful head) took the pen and, smiling, wrote the words, "Bin ich's" (Is it myself?)? Mr. Sumner alludes to this in his letter of Nov. 30, 1840.

"My elder brother, Martin,[1] a young lawyer, who unfortunately died soon afterwards (Nov. 11, 1840), conversed there very often with Mr. Sumner, who much esteemed him, as his letter of June 30, 1841, shows."

He had consumed so much time in his journeys that he was obliged to forego a visit to Dr. Julius at Hamburg, who had followed him with urgent letters of invitation: and from Heidelberg he went to the Rhine, thence to Cologne, Brussels,[2] and Antwerp, and crossed to London, where he arrived, March 17, after a year's absence from England. His letters from Germany (and the remark is true also of his letters from Italy) are a less complete record of his life abroad than those which he wrote from England and France. He was so soon to be at home that he reserved the details of the latter part of his journey for conversations with his friends. From Vienna he wrote to his mother, urging that his brother Horace, a boy of fifteen, should be sent to a school at Geneva, then attended by a son of Mr. Webster and other boys from Boston, of which he had, after careful inquiry, formed a very favorable opinion; but she wisely placed her son, a slender youth, in an excellent public school at home.

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[1] Dr. Karl Mittermaier, a physician, now living in Heidelberg, was another of Professor Mittermaier's sons whom Sumner then met.

[2] At Brussels he formed a pleasant acquaintance with Virgil Maxcy, then Chargé d'Affaires to Belgium, who was killed, in 1844, by the explosion of a gun on board the United States steamer "Princeton."

His friends at home began to feel that it would be unwise for him to prolong his absence, and advised him not to tarry in England on his way home.

Judge Story wrote, Dec. 1, 1839: —

"You must return soon, and take your place in the advanced and advancing corps."

Hillard had already written, a few weeks earlier: —

"You are coming back among us soon. You will be caressed, fêted, and feasted. You will be the lion of the season. . . . You come back to us hung all over with glittering badges of distinction; and, of course, you will be the more shining mark for vacuity and detraction to aim their arrows at. But let none of your blood stain their points. A life of happiness, distinction, and success is before you. Eminently fortunate you have been, and eminently fortunate you are destined to be. . . . You say you shall be at home in January; but I shall be agreeably disappointed if you arrive so soon. You will be most cordially and heartily welcomed by all. Boston takes a sort of pride in you, and feels that you have done her honor abroad."

LETTERS.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

MUNICH, Oct. 18, 1839.

DEAR HILLARD, — The day after I wrote you from Venice I inscribed my name for a place in the *malle-poste* for that evening as far as Milan. We started at eight o'clock; it poured down cataracts: my companions, a countess, and an honest father with his son, a boy of fourteen, going to a school in Switzerland to prepare for trade by learning book-keeping, geography, history, arithmetic, and to speak English, French, German, and Italian. All that night we rode in the midst of a tremendous storm. It is exciting to rattle over the pavements of villages, towns, and cities in the dead of night; to catch, perhaps, a solitary light shining from the room of some watcher, like "a good deed in a naughty world;" and when as you arrive at the gates of a city, the postilion winds his horn, and the heavy portals are swung open, it seems like a vision of romance. Nor is it less exciting in earlier evening, when the shops and streets are bright with light, and people throng the streets, to dash along. All the next day we rode, and the next night, stopping one half-hour only for dinner. We passed through Padua, Verona, Brescia, Bergamo; and at nine o'clock on the morning after the second night, entered Milan. This is a great place for encountering friends, it is such a thoroughfare. I had just entered the room which contains Leonardo's "Last Supper," — a painting truly divine, — when I heard a voice, "There is Sumner!" I turned, and saw Sir Charles Vaughan. He is on his way to Rome. A friend here, who is travelling alone, *à la* Beckford, in his own carriage, urged me to take a place with him to Munich, — a distance of nearly five hundred miles. This luxury of travel, faring richly and easily, I at once declined, —

> "Dashed down yon cup of Samian wine," —

wishing to lose no opportunity of seeing the people and talking the language; and at once inscribed myself again for the *malle-poste* by the passage of the Stelvio to Innsbruck. Started Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, and arrived at Innsbruck Wednesday morning at ten; sleeping out of the carriage but three and a half hours during those three days and three nights. The pass over the Alps is magnificent, dwarfing infinitely any thing I have ever seen among the mountains of New Hampshire or Vermont. It is the highest road in Europe, being eight thousand nine hundred feet above the level of the sea, in the region of perpetual snow, and amidst flashing glaciers. We stopped for a little sleep at twelve o'clock at night, at Santa Maria, a thousand feet below the summit. It was the sixth of October: we had left the plains of Italy warm with sunshine; here was sharp winter. The house was provided with double windows; my bed had warm clothing, to which I added my heavy cloak;[1] and yet I was bitter cold, and before daylight was glad to stir my blood by ascending on foot. The sun was just gilding the highest snow-peaks when we reached the summit, and crossed the boundary-line of Italy. The villages of the Tyrol were beautiful. There was a fair Tyrolese who invited me, through an interpreter, to waltz while some wandering Hungarians played. After one day at Innsbruck, left for Munich, — a day and a night. In the *malle-poste* found a very pleasant Englishman, quite a linguist, an ancient friend of Cleveland. At the *table d'hôte* here encountered our Mrs. ———, of Boston. She is *toute Française* in her dress and manners, and affects continental ways and usages, particularly in her *coiffure*. She speaks French with great facility and even grace, though I have heard her trip on her genders. She appears at the *table d'hôte* in the dress of a dinner-party, making a great contrast with the simple costume of the English here. Disraeli and his wife (whom he has taken with five thousand pounds a year) were here. Mrs. ——— said to Disraeli (the conversation had grown out of "Vivian Grey"): "There is a great deal written in the garrets of London." Putting his hand on his heart, Disraeli said: "I assure you, 'Vivian Grey' was not written in a garret."

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[1] He had carried it from Boston.

VIENNA, Oct. 26.

At length in Vienna. Left Munich in the *eilwagen*[1] for Passau; rode a day and night. At Passau, with an English friend, chartered a little gondola, or skiff, down the Danube, seventy miles, to Linz; dropped with the current, through magnificent scenery, till towards midnight, and stopped at a little village on the banks. To our inquiries, if they ever saw any English there, we were told they should as soon expect to see the Almighty; and I was asked if America was not in the neighborhood of Odessa. At Linz took a carriage for Vienna, — two days and a half, — where I arrived yesterday. You have doubtless heard of Webster's reception in England. I have just read a letter from my friend Morpeth[2] (to whom I sent a letter for Webster), who says he "was much struck by him; there seemed to be a colossal placidity about him." All appear to think him reserved and not a conversationist.[3] Sydney Smith calls him the "Great Western." My friend Parkes, whom I encountered with his family at Munich, says that his friends, such as Charles Austin and Grote, were disappointed in his attainments. Parkes insists that on my return to London I shall stay with him in his house in Great George Street. He was highly gratified to know the author of that article on Milton, which he says is the ablest and truest appreciation of Milton's character ever published,[4] entirely beating Macaulay's or Dr. Channing's. Parkes wishes me to take to Emerson the copy of Milton edited by himself in 1826 (Pickering's edition). He has a collection of upwards of one hundred works about Milton,[5] and contemplates a thorough edition of him,

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[1] Stage-coach.

[2] Lord Morpeth said, also, in the letter: "He (Mr. Webster) talked with great respect of you."

[3] Creswell told Sumner, when they met at Venice, that Webster was thought "very reserved and solemn."

[4] *Ante*, Vol. II. p. 47.

[5] Among the souvenirs which Sumner purchased during his visit to Europe in 1858–59, the one which he prized most and showed frequently to visitors was the Album of Camillus Cardoyn, a Neapolitan nobleman, who collected during his residence at Geneva, 1608–1640, the autographs of distinguished persons passing through that city. One of these was the Earl of Strafford's as follows: —

Qui nimis notus omnibus ignotus moritur sibi,
THO. WENTWORTH,
Anglus, 1612.

Another was that of John Milton as follows: —

— if Vertue feeble were
Heaven it selfe would stoope to her.

Coelum non animũ muto dũ trans mare curro.
JOANNES MILTONIUS,
Anglus.
Junii 10, 1639.

The date is supposed to have been written by another hand.

This autograph of Milton is described in the "Ramblings in the Elucidation of the Autographs of Milton," by Samuel Leigh Sotheby, p. 107, where it is stated that the Album was sold at auction, in 1835, for twenty-five pounds four shillings, and that it "is now the property of the *Rev.* (*!*) Charles Sumner, of America." and that "the *Reverend* gentleman had recently obtained it in Europe." Sumner having been shown this Album, in 1839, by Mr. Parkes, to whom it then belonged, mentioned to Dr. Channing that the poet had written and also of Andrew Marvel. But politics and eight thousand pounds a year in his profession bind him for the present.

As ever, C. S.

TO GEORGE W. GREENE, ROME.

MUNICH, Oct. 18, 1839.[1]

An Englishman at the supper table to-night spoke Italian with his neighbor, and in the midst of a long sentence broke out in admiration of the skill of the French *d'arrangiare il complotto* of their dramas. The beautiful Italian of his neighbor arrested my attention; it was music to my ears; strains from the South, coming from breathing ruins and art; it seemed like my mother tongue, — so different from these gutturals and compounds that I am now dealing with. Ah! give me back Italy! Don't be surprised if I am at Rome on the heels of this letter. Give me the wings of the morning, — no, not so much as that, only a moderate competence; and then, the *juris nodos et legum aenigmata* I should leave to be untied and solved by others. It was on the top of the Stelvio in the region of perpetual snow, eight thousand nine hundred feet above the level of the Mediterranean, with no sign of verdure in sight, but with dazzling glaciers near, gilded with the morning sun, that I left Italy. There was a column marked on one side, *Regno Lombardo;* on the other, *Tyrolese Austria.* I passed it some distance, and then the thought came to my mind that I was quitting Italy. I rushed back, stood on the border line: looked in vain for those beautiful fields which seem Elysian in my memory, said to myself that I should never see them again, — took off my hat and made my last salute. My sole companion was an elderly, learned, lean, pragmatical German, who heard my parting words; he at once turned round in the contrary direction, and doffing the straw covering of his head, said: "Et moi je salue l'Allemagne." And yet I must again go to Italy. Have I left it for ever? How charming it seems in my mind's eye! Pictures, statues, poetry, all come across my soul with ravishing power.

Where do these words come from? They are of the thousand verses that are hymning through my mind with a music like that of "Dorian flutes and

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these lines of his own in an Album, and had made the change in the line from Horace; upon which Dr. C., who took much interest in the account, remarked that it showed "that to Milton the words from Comus were something more than poetry — that they were a principle of life." It has been supposed that Milton, by the alteration in the line from Horace, — using the first person instead of the third, — intended to express the permanency of his own convictions, as unaffected by circumstances. Twenty years after Sumner had first seen the Album, the value of which to him had been increased by Dr. Channing's remark, he bought it of Mr. Parkes; who, among the several friends expressing a desire to become its owner when he should be willing to part with it, gave the preference to Sumner. At different times Sumner gave an account of the way in which he became interested in the Album to Mr. Hillard, Rev. R. C. Waterston, and Rev. James F. Clarke. In the Boston "Transcript" of Jan. 9, 1860, is a notice of it, the materials of which were obtained from Sumner himself. The Album is a part of his bequest to Harvard College.

[1] Part of a letter begun in Italy.

soft recorders." All this is your heritage; to me is unchanging drudgery, where there are no flowers to pluck by the wayside, —

"Tra violette umili,
Nobilissima rosa;"

no green sprigs, fresh myrtle, hanging vines, — but the great grindstone of the law. There I must work. Sisyphus "rolled the rock reluctant up the hill," and I am going home to do the same. The pass of the Stelvio is grand; it dwarfs all that I have ever seen of the kind in America. Munich is a nice place. The king is a great patron of art. His gallery of sculpture has some delicious things, and the building is truly beautiful. There is a sculptor here with a hard German name, who is no mean artist; but as for Cornelius[1] the painter, who has already "done" whole acres of fresco, I don't like him. There is such a predominance of brick-dust in his coloring and such sameness in his countenances, as to tire one soon. One of his large frescos is Orpheus[2] demanding, begging I should say, Eurydice of Pluto. Every thing stands still at the sound of his lyre. Cerberus lies quiet at his feet; he is of the bull-dog breed, with a smooth skin, a snake for a tail, with the hissing mouth at the end, another snake wound round the neck, ears and head smooth, totally unlike Ponto; the whole body extended on the ground, fore-legs as well as hind-legs, one head fast asleep, the next on the ground, eyes half open, the next raised and gaping. I write this for Crawford. They have the sense here to admire Thorwaldsen,[3] and the king hopes to catch him in his passage to Italy and give him a *fête*. I was present at the first uncovering, to the sound of music, of the equestrian statue by Thorwaldsen of "Maximilian the Elector;" it is the finest equestrian I have ever seen.

VIENNA, Nov. 6.

No letter from you! Have you forgotten me already, or has the post miscarried? . . . In my letter from Milan I announced to you the coming of two Americans — Preston and Lewis — to whom I wished you, for various reasons, to be kind; also of Sir Charles Vaughan. Perhaps the recent death of Sir Charles's brother,[4] may have prevented his reaching there. If you see him there I wish you would remember me cordially to him, and if you can with propriety, say that I most sincerely sympathize with him in the affliction of his brother's death. His brother was a very kind friend of mine, and a most distinguished man. I have another English friend who will arrive in Rome very soon, — Mr. Kenyon, the ancient friend of Coleridge, and now the bosom friend of Southey, Wordsworth, and Landor. He is a cordial, hearty, accomplished, scholarly man. Rely upon his frankness and goodness. Ever yours, C. S.

P. S. I am reading Herder's "Ideen zur Philosophie der Geschichte der Menscheit," one of the most difficult works of German prose; and the prose is more difficult than the poetry.

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[1] Peter von Cornelius, 1787-1867. He devoted himself to fresco painting.

[2] In the Glyptothek.

[3] Albert Bertel Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, 1770-1844.

[4] Mr. Justice Vaughan.

TO HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

VIENNA, Nov. 10, 1839.

DEAR HENRY, — . . . I shall soon be with you; and I now begin to think of hard work, of long days filled with uninteresting toil and humble gains. I sometimes have a moment of misgiving, when I think of the certainties which I abandoned for travel and of the uncertainties to which I return. But this is momentary; for I am thoroughly content with what I have done. If clients fail me; if the favorable opinion of those on whom professional reputation depends leaves me; if I find myself poor and solitary, — still I shall be rich in the recollection of what I have seen, and will make companions of the great minds of these countries I have visited. But it is to my friends that I look with unabated interest, and in their warm greeting and renewed confidence I hope to find ample compensation, even for lost Europe. Then will I work gladly, and look with trust to what may fall from the ample folds of the future, —

"Veggo, pur troppo
Che favola è la vita
E la favola mia non è compita."

I hope people will not say that I have forgotten my profession, and that I cannot live contented at home. Both of these things are untrue; I know my profession better now than when I left Boston, and I can live content at home. . . . You alone are left to me, dear Henry. All my friends, save you, are now engaged or married. And now, Good-night,

And believe me, as ever,
Affectionately yours,
CHARLES SUMNER.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

BERLIN, Dec. 25, 1839.

DEAR HILLARD, — A happy Christmas to you, and all my friends! If this sheet is fortunate in reaching the steamship, you will receive it before my arrival; otherwise, it may be doubtful which will first see Boston. Your last is of Oct. 14, and gives me the afflicting intelligence of the death of Alvord.[1]

"Dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer."

The loss is great for all; but greater for us, his friends. I can hardly realize that my circle of friends is to be drawn closer by this departure; and yet this is the course of life: one by one we shall be summoned, till this circle entirely disappears. I shall break away from Berlin soon, — though, I confess, with great reluctance. I fain would rest here all the winter, pursuing my studies, and mingling in this learned and gay world. I know everybody, and am engaged every day. All the distinguished professors I have seen familiarly, or received them at my own room. Raumer,[1] and Ranke,[2] the historians; of these two, Ranke pleases me the most: he has the most vivacity, humor, and, I should think, genius, and is placed before Raumer here. You doubtless know his "History of the Popes;" Mrs. Austin is translating it in England. Humboldt[3] is very kind to me. He is placed at the head of the conversers of Germany. So far as I can compare conversation in different languages, his reminds me of Judge Story's: it is rapid, continuous, unflagging, lively, various. He has spoken to me in the highest terms of Prescott's book, — which I saw on his table, — as has Ranke also. In a note to me, he spoke of "l'excellent et spirituel Gouverneur Everett." Savigny[4] I know well, and have had the great pleasure of discussing with him the question of codification. I was told in Paris that he had modified his views on this subject of late years; but I was sorry to find that my informants are mistaken. He is as firm as ever in his opposition to codes. He listened very kindly to my views on the subject, but seemed unshakable in his own. He is placed, by common consent, at the head of jurisprudence in Germany, and, you may say, upon the whole Continent. He had read Judge Story's "Conflict of Laws" with admiration, and wished to know why he was not on our committee for codifying the Criminal Law. Savigny, in personal appearance and manner, resembles Webster more than any person I have ever seen. He is taller, not quite so stout; has the same dark face, hair, and eyes; and as he has been sitting by my side, when I have first caught his voice, I have thought it was our Senator's. Savigny and Humboldt both are in what is called the *society* of Berlin; that is, with *la haute volée*, the court, and the diplomatic circle, — though I have not seen either there. The other professors do not enter that circle. Most of the *corps diplomatique* and the Ministers I know already; and I have been well received by the Crown Prince, and the Prince William, and their princesses.[5] The Crown Prince, who seems *bon garçon*, inquired about our summers: he thought they must be magnificent. I told him I thought so, till I had been in Italy. He asked me if Boston were not an old city (*une ville*

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[1] James C. Alvord, *ante*, Vol. I. pp. 91, 163.

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[1] Friedrich Ludwig George von Raumer, 1781–1873. He was Professor of History and Political Economy at Berlin, 1819–1853. He is the author of a work upon the United States.

[2] Leopold von Ranke, born in 1795. He became Professor of History at Berlin, in 1825, and is still (1877) pursuing his vocation.

[3] Alexander von Humboldt, 1769–1859. At the time of Sumner's visit, he had recently published his "Critical Examination of the Geography of the New Continent." The first volume of the "Cosmos" appeared in 1845.

[4] Friedrich Karl von Savigny, 1779–1861. He was a Professor in the University of Berlin, 1810–1842; and was appointed, in 1842, Minister of Justice of Prussia.

[5] Frederick William III. was then King of Prussia. He was born Aug. 3, 1770, succeeded to the throne Nov. 16, 1797, and died June 7, 1840. The Crown Prince was his son, Frederick William IV., who was born Oct. 15, 1795, and died at Sans-Souci, Potsdam, Jan. 2, 1861. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Maximilian, of Bavaria. Prince William, brother of Frederick William IV., and now Emperor of Germany, was born March 22, 1797, and succeeded on his brother's death to the throne. He married, in 1829, a daughter of the Grand Duke Charles Frederick, of Saxe-Weimar.

ancienne), three hundred years old. "Two hundred," I said; "but that is antiquity with us." I regret much that Mr. Wheaton[1] is not here. He is passing the winter in Paris. He is at the head of our diplomacy in Europe, and does us great honor: the Princess William spoke of him to me in the most flattering terms. This society is pleasant to enter, as I do, for a few times, and with the excitement of novelty; but I think I could not endure it a whole season. The presence of the Royal Princess is too *gênante;* and then, all is formality and etiquette. I have seen here some very pretty women, — some of the prettiest I have ever met; two of them young princesses, the nieces of Pückler-Muskau.[2] Bad, however, as the society is, I should prefer it before Vienna, where aristocracy has its most select home. Personally, I can bear very slight testimony on this subject, as I left Vienna the week the season commenced. I was, however, at Prince Metternich's, where I saw the highest and proudest. Princess Metternich is thought very beautiful. I do not think so. She tosses a slight nod, if a proud prince or ambassador bends his body before her. The Austrian nobility only await the death of the Prince,[3] her husband, to take their *revanche.* On my entering the *salon*, the Prince covered me with all those pleasant terms of French salutation: "Je suis bien enchanté de faire votre connaissance," &c. He spoke of our country, for which he professed the greatest regard; said we were young, and Europe old: "Mais laissons nous jouir de notre vieillesse." I disclaimed for myself and the better portion of my countrymen any vulgar propagandism. He spoke of Washington with great respect, and inquired about Sparks's "Life and Writings," and this new labor of Guizot. He requested me, on my return to America, to make the acquaintance of the Austrian Minister. After this reception from the Prince, I should probably have found the way easy to extending my acquaintance. But I left Vienna immediately, rode a night and a day and night over a dismal country to Prague: there passed a day; saw its bridge, its ancient towers, and the palace of the Bohemian kings. Then another night and day to Dresden, where I thought of Italy as I looked upon the beautiful paintings; then to Leipsic, on a railway where one of the cars was called "Washington." At Leipsic, examined that great battlefield, and drank the red wine in Auerbach's cellar, where "Mephistopheles" once was; then another night and day to Berlin. But this must soon end. This bright charm of travel will be soon broken, — my book and staff sunk in the deepest well, and I in Boston. In a week or fortnight, I shall leave here, — make a rapid course ("we fly by night") to Heidelberg; then down the Rhine to Cologne; then to Brussels, Antwerp, London, — where I shall be at the end of January, — thence to sail for America. If this letter reaches you by the

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[1] Henry Wheaton, 1785-1848; author of "The Elements of International Law," and of "The History of the Law of Nations." Sumner had met him in Paris, in the winter of 1837-1838. He paid a tribute to Mr. Wheaton, at the time of his death. Works, Vol. II. pp 63-73.

[2] Pückler-Muskau, a prince and author, born at Muskau, Lusatia, in 1785, and died at Branitz, near Kottbus, Feb. 4, 1871. He was the author of books of travel in Europe and the East.

[3] 1773-1859.

"British Queen," do not fail to write me by the return. Give my love to all my friends; and tell them I shall soon see them.

As ever, affectionately yours, C. S.

P. S. Cogswell[1] has just arrived at Dresden. I have not seen him; but he speaks of "Hyperion" as one of the best books that has ever come from our country.

TO GEORGE W. GREENE.

BERLIN, Dec. 30, 1839.

DEAR GREENE, — Would I were with you in Rome! Every day I chide myself because I was so idle and remiss while in that Mother-City. I regret that I left so many things unseen, and saw so little of many others worthy to be studied and pondered, — food for thought and imagination. There you are amidst those wonders manifold, and this mighty book of travel will soon be closed to me; its spell and enchantment will exist only in memory, and I, — amidst freshly painted houses, green blinds, new streets, and the worldly calls of American life, — shall muse upon the grandeur, the antiquity, and the beauty I have seen. But you will from time to time assist in calling them to my mind; write me in my exile; help me recall Europe, the great Past with which you live.

"Give all thou canst, and let me dream the rest."

Yours of Rome, 11th November, I found on my arrival at this place. I am delighted at the success of the "Orpheus." I am glad you have written about Crawford for the "Knickerbocker." My letters are strangely behind, and I have no advices with regard to what I wrote home. I shall begin to believe there must be some truth in that bust of me, after what you say of Sir C. Vaughan. I am pleased that he ordered his bust; it will do Crawford good. Many of our countrymen are so weak as to make their judgments depend upon Englishmen, and I know none of his countrymen whose patronage ought to avail more with Americans. He was the most popular minister, I think, that ever resided at Washington. I hope you see a good deal of Mr. Kenyon; his conversation must be interesting to you. He is a lover of the fine arts, and, I doubt not, a patron of them. Fay,[2] the Secretary here, is a very nice and amiable person. I love him. He has a romance in press, in London, entitled "The Countess," the scene of which is partly laid in Berlin during the French revolution. Wheaton, our minister, who is our most creditable representative abroad, is passing the winter at Paris. He is preparing a "History of the Law of Nations," which will make three volumes. He has already published a very good abridgment of "International Law," with which perhaps you are acquainted. Cogswell has come abroad again; he is at Dresden now. His mission was two-fold; to establish a grandson of Astor at one of the German universities, and to purchase the Bourtoulin Library. Mr. Astor is about founding a public library in New York, and this library was to be the basis of it; but unfortunately it is already under the hammer in Paris, selling piece-meal, and Cogswell has abandoned the purchase. He has written to New York for authority to make discretionary purchases in other directions; if he does not have this, he will not remain abroad longer than March. The "New York Review" is exclusively his property. The last number I am told contains a very complimentary article on "Hyperion," written by Samuel Ward.

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[1] Dr. Joseph Green Cogswell, 1786–1871. He was in 1816 a student at Göttingen with Edward Everett and George Ticknor; in 1823, with George Bancroft, established the Round Hill School at Northampton, Mass., and in 1848 became the Superintendent of the Astor Library.

[2] Theodore S. Fay, born in New York, Feb. 10, 1807; Secretary of Legation at Berlin, from 1837 to 1853, and Minister-resident at Berne, Switzerland, from 1853 to 1861. He is the author of books of travel, romances, and poems, and resides in Germany. He dedicated to Sumner his novel, "Hoboken," published in 1841.

JANUARY 4.

A happy New Year to you and Mrs. Greene, and Ponto. May your plans thrive. I wish you could give up article-writing and the thought of making translations, and apply yourself entirely to your "Opus Maximum." Ranke, the historian of the Popes, I know. He is an ardent, lively, indefatigable person. He once obtained permission to search the manuscripts of the Vatican. Mai[1] attended him, and they took down a volume which contained several different things; Ranke at once struck upon a manuscript upon the Inquisition. Mai tore this out of the book and threw it aside. The French had the Vatican in their hands ten or more years. It is strange they did not bring out its hidden treasures. I like Ranke better than Von Raumer. Both are professors at Berlin. Our countryman, Dr. Robinson,[2] is here, preparing a work, which seems to excite great expectations, on the geography of Palestine. It will be in two volumes, and will be published at the same time in English and German. He is not only learned in "Greek and Hebrew roots," but has a sound, scientific mind, and is a good writer. I like Fay more and more. He is a sterling person, simple, quiet, and dignified; his style is very clear, smooth, and elegant, perhaps wanting in force. I have just received an admirable letter from my brother in the East. He has seen Palestine thoroughly, and Egypt, having ascended beyond the cataracts of the Nile, into Nubia. His letter was dated Dec. 4, Cairo; from this place he proposed to pass over to Athens, see Greece, then to Malta, Sicily, Naples, and Rome, where he will probably arrive some time after the Easter solemnities. Perhaps you will have him there during the summer. He has been travelling, I should think, with no little profit to himself, — laboring hard to improve himself, — seeing much, and forming many acquaintances. I have promised him a friendly welcome from you. I cannot forbear saying again that I think him one of the most remarkable persons, of his age, I have ever known. He proposes to stay in

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[1] Angelo Mai, 1782–1854; discoverer of "Cicero de Republica" and other palimpsests, and at one time Librarian of the Vatican.

[2] Dr. Edward Robinson, 1794–1863; a distinguished Biblical scholar and explorer of Palestine. His "Biblical Researches in Palestine," was published in 1841.

Europe two or three years more; to visit Germany, France, and perhaps Spain, as well as England, Scotland, and Ireland.

I leave Berlin in a few days for Heidelberg, whence I shall go down the Rhine to Cologne, then to Brussels, Antwerp, London. If I can do aught for you at home, you will let me know. Can I see Sparks for you? Ah! my journey approaches its end; I shall soon be shelved in America, away from these sights which have filled me with so many throbs; down to the bottom of the well I must throw the magic rod. Tell Crawford to write me. I rely much for my future happiness upon my friends in Europe. Don't let me lose the vision of Rome and of art! Who has ordered the "Orpheus"? I hope you have knocked away those books on which I stand.[1] Remember me to Mrs. Greene, *la petite* Ponto, Pasquali,[2] and all.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. Have you received my letter from Vienna? Always acknowledge the receipt of letters *by the date.* See Madame de Sévigné, "J'ai reçu la vôtre," &c.

TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE.

BERLIN, Jan. 8, 1840.

MY DEAR GEORGE,[3] — . . . Do not fail to study art. Greene will be your mentor about this. Make yourself a master of the principles of taste with regard to sculpture, and understand the characteristics of all the great schools of painting. Read Sir Joshua Reynolds's lectures; Flaxman's; De Quincy's "Life of Raphael" (in French); and, if you read Italian, Lanzi's "Storia Pittorica;" one of the "Lives" of Canova, in French or Italian. Whatever portion of time you allot to Italy, — four, or six, or twelve months, — spend half of it at Rome. I think summer decidedly the best season. Strangers have then flown, and you have every thing to yourself: you can pass your time more pleasantly in galleries, on stone floors, or in the open air. Man's season is over; but God's is come. If, then, you are in Rome during the summer, you will see high solemnities of the Church enough without witnessing those of Easter. Corpus Christi day, at the end of June, will be enough for you. See, as you propose, Sicily, — though I would make but a short stay there; then go to Naples where there is much to interest; the Museum is very rich, both in antiquities and paintings: and then, on one side, there is Pompeii, Herculaneum, Vesuvius, Pæstum; and, on the other Baiæ, Cumæ, &c. Do not fail to procure Valery's book on Italy, in French; the Brussels edition is in one volume, and therefore more portable, as well as cheaper than the three volumes of Paris. This book is the production of a scholar; and all the spots are described with references to the ancient classics. To you in particular, who have not had the advantage of an early classical education, it will be indispensable. Read also Eustace's "Classical Tour" and Matthew's "Diary of an Invalid." If you devote yourself entirely to sight-seeing, a fortnight will suffice for Naples, — though I should be well pleased to be there months, and to muse over the remains of Old Time. . . . At Rome, you will see Greene immediately. He knows more about Italy than any person I know. He is a finished scholar, and much my friend. He will receive you warmly. I leave Berlin to-morrow for Frankfort and Heidelberg. If you can write me while in London, address care of Coates & Co., Bread Street; otherwise, address simply Boston. How this sounds! I would gladly stay longer, if I could; but I must close this charmed book. I have spent more than five thousand dollars; and I cannot afford to travel longer. I wish you a deeper purse than I have, health to enjoy Europe, and the ability to profit by what you see. It is a glorious privilege, that of travel. Let us make the most of it. Gladden my American exile by flashes from the Old World. I will keep you advised of things at home.

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[1] Reference to books carved under his bust.

[2] A servant of Mr. Greene.

[3] His brother was then at Malta, on his way to Italy.

Ever affectionately yours, CHAS.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

HEIDELBERG, Feb. 8, 1840.

DEAR HILLARD, — Here in this retired place, I have just read in "Galignani's," the horrible, the distressing, the truly dismal account of the loss of the "Lexington." My blood boils when I think of the carelessness of life shown by the owners and managers of that steamer. To peril the precious lives of so many human beings! My God! Is it not a crime? With what various hopes were that hundred filled — now passed, through fire and water, to their account! And to what other hopes, through the links of family and friendship, were these joined, all now broken down and crushed! And Dr. Follen[1] is gone; able, virtuous, learned, good, with a heart throbbing to all that is honest and humane. In him there is a great loss. I am sad, and there is no one here to whom I can go for sympathy. But I shall soon be with you. . . . I still think of that miserable cargo of human beings so disgracefully sacrificed. No man holds his life at a paltrier price than I do mine, but however I may be indifferent to my own, I value beyond price that of my friends.

FEBRUARY 11.

Left Berlin in the middle of January, cold as the North Pole, and passed to Leipsic, to Weimar, Gotha, Frankfort, and Heidelberg; for a day and night was shut up in the carriage with four Jews, one a great Rabbi with a tremendous beard. I heard their views about Christianity; they think their time is coming, and the faith in Christ is vanishing from the world. Everybody in Germany smokes. I doubt not that I am the only man above ten years old now in the country who does not. Often have I been shut up in a carriage where every person was puffing like a volcano. . . . I am here talking and studying German. I know many learned men; fill my own time by doing something; live cheaply; shall leave here in a fortnight and be in London the beginning of March, seeing the Rhine on my way. I look forward with great pleasure to meeting you and all my dear friends, with no little anxiety also to my future professional life. I shall wish to plunge at once, — that is as soon as possible — *in medias res;* but I anticipate mortification and disappointment, perhaps defeat. Still all this cannot destroy the stored recollections I have of Europe, of the world, of life; and to these I shall fondly recur as my springs of happiness. Are you aware how the French journals are discussing and eulogizing Washington? Guizot, by his translation of "Sparks,"[1] and particularly his "Introduction," has given him great vogue at present. See a leader in the "Journal des Débats" about 15th November, and three articles by Saint-Marc Girardin in the same paper during the month of January. Also an article in the "Supplément du Constitutionnel" at the end of December; also in the "National" during January; also in the "Revue des deux Mondes," for January. I write entirely from memory, and do not know if these journals are procurable in Boston; but all these articles are interesting to Americans: they are well written, and come from distinguished pens. It was the first article about which I conversed with Prince Metternich. Von Raumer's German translation, which, by the way, was made by Tieck's daughter, seems to have fallen still-born. Nobody says a word about it. He seems a little mortified to see how Guizot has distanced him before the public. Good-by. "Leben Sie wohl."

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[1] Rev. Charles Follen, 1795-1840; a German patriot, doctor of civil and ecclesiastical law, lecturer in several Continental universities, and an exile for his devotion to liberty. He emigrated to this country in 1824, became a Unitarian clergyman, and was a professor in Harvard College. Both he and his wife, an American lady, espoused the Anti-slavery cause at an early period. He perished in the burning of the "Lexington" on Long Island Sound, on the night of Jan. 13, 1840. He was a professsor at Harvard when Sumner was an undergraduate.

Ever affectionately yours, C. S.

P. S. I have seen three duels, with swords: first being taken to the grindstone where they were ground and sharpened, then to the assembling room where the students were drinking and smoking, then to the contest, where the combatants were attended by a doctor who very coolly smoked all the while, and surrounded by students with pipes in their mouths. A student this week has lost his nose; it being cut off at one blow. It has since been sewed on; but he has brushed it off twice in the night.

It was from this neighborhood that Dr. Follen,[2] or as he is here called Dr Follenius, came; and his death is sincerely lamented by all the Germans with whom I have spoken. At a large supper-party last night, of professors and doctors, I communicated it.

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[1] Published 1839–1840.

[2] Dr. Follen was born in Romrod, Hesse-Darmstadt.

TO JUDGE STORY.

Heidelberg, Feb. 10, 1840.

My dear Judge, — . . . You dispose of my views about raising the standard of education in Harvard College summarily enough. Would that I had your influence on that question! The age, our national character, our future destinies, demand that there should be some truer standard of taste than is to be found among us; and this will only proceed from a finished education. . . . A few days ago I received your delightful letter of Dec. 1. Thanks to you for cheating posterity out of five pages in order to bestow them upon me. I am astonished at the labor you have gone through. I am anxious to read the "Commentaries on Agency," and shall get them in London to read on my passage home.

I am here in this beautiful place to study German, before I take my final leap to America. Lovely it is, even in this season, with its hills "in russet clad;" but lovely indeed must it be when they are invested with the green and purple of summer and autumn. Every thing is on the simplest scale. I dined with Mittermaier,[1] who, out of deference to my habit of dining late, placed his dinner at half-past twelve instead of twelve, though he told me he was afraid it would trouble Mr. Thibaut,[2] — dear old man, — who was to be of the party, and who was not accustomed to such late hours. Think of me, who, in every country which I have visited, have dined later than everybody else, and never take any thing from breakfast till dinner. At the table at that hour, of course, I had no appetite; and Madame Mittermaier said, with much *naïveté*, "Why, you do not eat; you have already dined before coming here." I have long talks with Mittermaier, who is a truly learned man, and, like yourself, works too hard. We generally speak French, though sometimes I attempt German, and he attempts English; but we are both happy to return to the universal language of the European world. I like Thibaut very much. He is now aged but cheerful. His conversation is very interesting, and abounds with scholarship; if he were not so modest I should think him pedantic. In every other sentence he quotes a phrase from the Pandects or a classic. It has been a great treat to me to talk familiarly, as I have, with the two distinguished heads of the great schools, *pro* and *con*, on the subject of codification, — Savigny and Thibaut. I have heard their views from their own lips, and have had the honor of receiving both of them in my own room. I know many other learned men here. This is almost exclusively an academic place; of course the highest titles are academic. Sometimes I am addressed as *Herr Doctor*, that is, Doctor of Laws; and at other times, *Herr Professor*. My life is somewhat different from that passed in the *grand monde* of Berlin. I shall stay here about a fortnight longer; shall be in London March 1, where I shall pass only a week, merely to attend to some necessary affairs and see two or three of my particular friends, — Morpeth, Ingham, Parkes, Hayward, the Montagus, perhaps the Wortleys, &c., — without attempting to revive my extensive acquaintance; and shall embark either in the Liverpool steamer, which will sail in the first part of March, or in a London packet, — probably the latter, as the passages in that month are short and the accommodations excellent, and the fare less than in a steamer. I have been sad at the news of the loss of the "Lexington." I cannot express my grief at this account, and my indignation at the managers of that boat. And the Great Archer has been shooting his arrows across my path, before and behind. The "Allgemeine Zeitung," a few days since, announced the death of Mrs. Clay, the wife of our Secretary at Vienna,[1] whom I came to know quite well during my stay there. She was an Englishwoman, — beautiful, graceful, and accomplished. At Prince Metternich's I thought her among the most beautiful. She has died young, leaving two children. And then there was old Mr. Justice Vaughan. I think that he loved me. He showed me the greatest marks of confidence. He often talked with me about cases before him, even asked my opinion; and, when I left for the Continent, made me promise to write him. I was on the point of doing it when I heard of his death. I am glad you have Brougham's wig. I always wished it to go to the Law School. Put it in a case and preserve it. You will see me soon after this letter. I shall make early acquaintance with the Cambridge "Hourly," for I cannot afford a horse as of old. I have in Heidelberg one hundred dollars, and I doubt not I am the richest person in the place, so simple is every thing here. Indeed, Mr. Thibaut called me the *grand seigneur*. Farewell. Remember me, as ever, to Mrs. Story (whom I hope to find well) and the children, and believe me,

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[1] *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 160.

[2] Anton Friedrich Justus Thibaut died March 28, 1840, at the age of sixty-six. He was Professor of Law successively at Kiel, Jena, and Heidelberg. He advocated as early as 1814 a national code. See references to Thibaut and Mittermaier, Works, Vol. II. p. 442.

As ever, affectionately yours,

Charles Sumner.

P. S. A friend of mine here, Dr. Bissing,[2] who has already translated Chancellor Kent on our Constitution, thinks of translating your great work on the Constitution. He is now studying it with great delight. Dr. Julius says, in his book on America, that your work has gone to a second edition in *four* volumes. Is this true? A Dr. Buss, of Tübingen, has already translated the historical part, and intended to go on with it; but he has recently experienced a political change against democratic institutions, and has thrown up the work. The "Conflict of Laws" was to have been translated by Dr. Johannsen, of Heidelberg, but he has died; so that project has failed.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

Heidelberg, Feb. 26, 1840.

Dear Hillard, — Still at Heidelberg. I trust this greeting to you will go by the "British Queen," though I fear it is one day too late. I shall be in London three days after this letter, so that you may expect me soon, very soon. I wish I had news of you and Longfellow; but I presume I shall hear nothing more of you till I actually see you face to face. You will ask me: "Well, are you not sorry to quit Europe?" I shall use no disguise, and will not affect a pleasure I do not feel. I have, as my Dante has it, *sembianza nè trista nè lieta*. I should be glad to stay longer, but I am so thankful to have seen what I have, that I come home content: and I wish you to believe these words as I write them. I feel, too, that though I renounce pleasure and agreeable pursuits, I return to friends whom I love, and in whose sympathy and conversation I promise myself great happiness. All these scenes of the Old World we will recall together, and in our quiet circle repeat the "grand tour." My regret at leaving Europe is enhanced by my interest in its politics, and in the great plot which now begins to thicken. To-day's news is the rejection of the Nemours dotation bill, the most democratic measure in France since the Revolution of July; and yet in my conscience I think it right. Louis Philippe — clever, politic, and wise as he is, and also justly conservative in allowing this proposal to go forward in his name — pushed too far, and excited the old republican fires. It is vain for him to attempt to restore the court and monarchy of Mazarin and Louis XIV., and he will be crushed under the attempt. His ministry have resigned. But possibly the affair will be arranged. The measure was defeated by M. Cormenin,[1] whose pamphlet was written as with the point of a sword. Then there is Russia, just advancing her southern boundary south of the Aral Sea and to the east of the Caspian, so as to square with that on the west of the latter sea, and bring her down to Persia and nearer India. She has formally declared war against China, and her troops are doubtless now in possession of that territory. Here is ground for jealousy and misunderstanding on the part of England, whose public men view Russian movements with an interest which will be incomprehensible to you in America. I once heard Edward Ellice say, "If we do go to war with her, we will break her to pieces," — a very vain speech, though from the lips of an ancient Minister of War. England could hurt Russia very little, and Russia England very little, though against all other countries they are the two most powerful nations of the globe. The power of Russia is truly colossal, and her diplomacy at this moment high-handed and bold, and supported by masterly minds. People are of different opinions as to the character of Nicholas. Some call him very clever, and others say he does not know how to govern his empire. I speak, of course, of diplomatic persons whose opinions so vary. Then there is the eternal Eastern Question, — still unsettled, though Mehemet Ali has taken decisive ground. He is making preparations for war. If the Powers let the war-spirit out, it will be difficult for them to control it. The King of Denmark is dead, and his people are begging for more liberal institutions, or rather for some, for they have none. The King of Sweden, old Bernadotte, cannot live long, and his death will be the signal for a change. The King of Prussia is old; his people will demand a constitution on his death, which his successor may be too prudent to deny, though his inclinations are against it: at heart a very good man, but an absolutist. Austria is quiet and happy; but when Prince Metternich leaves the stage it will lose its present influence, and possibly the Germanic Confederation, which it now bullies, will be dissolved. The King of Bavaria is a patron of art, a bigot, a libertine, and a bad poet. The royal family of Naples is disgusting from its profligacy and violation of all laws. The Pope, — I mean his Holiness the Pope, — through the skilful attentions of a foreign physician, has recovered from an inveterate disease of long standing. Tuscany seems happy and well governed. Spain is not yet free from distractions. Don Carlos is a prisoner in France. Maroto[1] has become a traitor, but Cabrera[2] is not dead, though this was joyously announced a month ago. I have been led into this tableau of politics I hardly know how; but hope you will excuse it. I have read Legaré's article[3] on the Roman laws of which you speak. It is learned, and in many respects does him credit, though with a touch of what I will call "the-finding-a-mare's-nest" style. Such a style I know was unknown to Aristotle or Blair. He takes Hallam to do for a judgment on certain ancient writers on the Roman law. Hallam is right, and Legaré is wrong. The writers have gone to oblivion, and cannot be dragged out of it. The golden writers of the sixteenth century in France will be remembered ever, *except in France*, where they are now forgotten, — Cujas, Doneau, Dumoulin, and Faber; but that vast body whose tomes weigh down the shelves of the three or four preceding centuries have passed away. Of these I had read in Terrasson, Laferrière, "Vita Pauli Jovii," &c., and I had pored for several days over the monstrosities of Bartolus. In France it several times happened to me to defend the Roman law against men like Bravard, perhaps the cleverest, as he is the handsomest, of the French professors. Of him Savigny could not speak with any patience. Said he: "Il s'appelle *Bavard* à bonne raison," — thus perverting his name to construct this scandalous *calembourg*. I was delighted a day or two ago: I went (of course by accident) a little after the hour into Thibaut's lecture-room, and was most decidedly scraped by the students; thus having in my own person and to my own mortification the best evidence of the *attention* of the audience to the words of their professor.

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[1] J. Randolph Clay, afterwards Minister to Peru. He and Sumner seem to have become much interested in each other during their brief intercourse in Vienna.

[2] Dr. Frederic Bissing died about 1874. He was second Bürgermeister (Vice-Mayor) of Heidelberg, and for many years represented the district of Heidelberg in the Diet of Baden, meeting at Carlsruhe.

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[1] 1788–1868; a Deputy of the Liberal party, author of political pamphlets in its support, but finally deserting it after the *coup d'état* of Dec., 1851.

A servir tout à vous, C. S.

P. S. No writer is more overrated in America than Pothier. All in him from the Roman law is laughed at by the wisest heads. His works have gained importance from being relied on by the framers of the French Code.

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[1] Don Rafael Maroto, a Spanish general and Carlist, 1785–1847.

[2] Ramon Cabrera, a Spanish general, born in 1810; a Carlist remarkable for his cruelties. He was severely wounded in 1849, and soon after went to London, where he married a wealthy English woman. He died in May, 1877.

[3] New York Review, Oct. 1839, Vol. V. pp. 270–334; "Memoirs and Writings of Hugh S. Legaré, Vol. I. pp. 502–558."

TO LORD MORPETH.

HEIDELBERG, Feb. 27, 1840.

MY DEAR MORPETH, — Your delightful letter of August 13 found me at Vienna, fairly escaped from the fascinations of Italy. Since then, I have seen something of the great points of Germany, — Vienna and Prince Metternich, who praised my country very much (!); Dresden, Berlin, and most of the interesting people there, among whom was a kinsman of yours, Henry Howard; Leipsic, Gotha, and the Ducal Palace; Frankfort, Heidelberg, where I am now enjoying the simplicity of German life unadulterated by fashionable and diplomatic intercourse. I leave here soon, and shall be in London within a week or two from the time you receive this letter. You must let me see you. I shall not stay more than eight or ten days, and shall not expect to revive the considerable acquaintance I formed during my previous visit, but I hope not to lose the sight of two or three friends. Perhaps you may aid me in procuring access to the Galleries of the Marquis of Westminster and of Lord Leveson Gower,[1] one or both of them. Between various offers to do me this kindness, when I was in London before, I fell to the ground. I feel unwilling to return home without seeing these noble collections; for if they be all that I have heard them represented, I think that an Italian tour to see pictures might almost expose one to that line of Milton about the Crusaders,

> "that strayed so far to seek
> In Golgotha Him dead, who lives in Heaven."

And you are still firmer in office than ever, — therefore, farther from Washington and Athens. I have read the last debate carefully, and think the ministers came out of it most gallantly. Your own speech was all that I could wish, — fair, dignified, and bland, and most satisfactorily dealing with the points. Fox Maule's [2] read capitally; it was powerful from its business detail, and seemed to come from a gentlemanly and accomplished mind.

Allow me to present compliments to Lord and Lady Carlisle, whose unaffected kindness to me the few times I had the pleasure of seeing them at Rome I shall not forget. I look forward to the pleasure of seeing you in London — that great World's Forum — before I leave for home. And when I am fairly on the other side, I trust that you will let me hear from you. Your character and movements are now public property, so that I shall always know about you from the public prints; but this will be a barren pleasure compared with a few lines from yourself.

Ever and ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

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[1] He became Earl Granville in 1846.

[2] Baron Panmure, Earl Dalhousie, 1801–1874. He was Secretary of War, 1846–1852 and 1855–1858.

CHAPTER XXII.

ENGLAND AGAIN, AND THE VOYAGE HOME. — MARCH 17 TO MAY 3, 1840. — AGE 29.

SUMNER'S English friends greeted him warmly, and filled his brief sojourn in London with entertainments. It was pleasant to meet again those dearest to him, — Ingham, Morpeth, and Parkes, — and also to renew his association with Austin, Sydney Smith, Milman, Hayward, Milnes, Inglis, the Grotes, Rogers, and others. He failed to see Lord Brougham, who was at the time absent. On his last day in London, he dined with Hallam.

Among the many expressions of regret at parting with him, and of interest in his welfare, were the following: —

James A. Wortley wrote, April 3, from Liverpool, where he was then attending the Northern Circuit: —

> "The members of our Circuit all join with me in regretting that they have missed you, and in wishing you every happiness and prosperity upon your return to your own land. I shall always rejoice in hearing good news of your fortunes; and if ever you can return among us, I can assure you of a warm and hearty welcome. You have had better opportunities of seeing all classes of society, and all that is interesting among us, than any other of your countrymen, and I trust that your experience may not disincline you to revisit us."

Mrs. Montagu wrote: —

> "And now comes the saddest word that can be written, — farewell. We shall long and kindly remember you. You have made an impression on this country, equally honorable to England and to *you*. We have convinced you that we know how to value truth and dignified simplicity, and you have taught us to think much more highly of your country, — from which we have hitherto seen no such men. We can only desire you not to forget us entirely, but to let us hear that you are happy and well. May God bless and prosper you!"

Choosing his homeward voyage by a sailing vessel as less expensive than one by steamer, he left London, Friday, April 3, and sailed the next day from Portsmouth, with Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell and N. P. Willis as fellow passengers. He left England with a heart full of gratitude for all he had enjoyed among her people. Without blindly approving her institutions and customs, he had seen much in her older society which he hoped would yet be realized in our newer and less cultured life. In his youth he loved the country where he had passed such happy days, and he never after loved her less. Next to the freedom of the African race, no political object was ever so constant with him as perpetual peace between England and the United States. There came a time when in the discharge of his duty, as he understood it, he set forth in strong language her failure to deal justly with us in our conflict with a pro-slavery Rebellion. He spoke then with the profound conviction that lasting peace between the two nations, and also the wider interests of civilization, required an end of the controversy; and that, as the first step towards a complete settlement, the English people should be brought by an emphatic statement to realize the full justice and import of our case: but his regard for them, and his interest in their welfare were as lively then as in his youth. On his fourth and final visit to Europe, a third of a century after the first, he passed the last night, before sailing on his return, with John Bright, at Rochdale, when he spoke with admiration of England, and of her public men, and with much tenderness of the many friends he counted among her well-known names.

Sumner's social career in England did not make him less an American and a republican. Writing a few years later, he said: "I have always enjoyed the refinement of the best society; but I have never sat in the palaces of England, without being pained by the inequality of which the inordinate luxury was a token."

To Judge Story he wrote from London, March 18, 1839: —

> "I cannot hesitate to say that the representation should be equalized, that a place of three hundred voters should not send the same representatives with a place of five thousand; and I also think that something should be done (and the abolition of the law of primogeniture strikes me as the simplest and most efficient means) to break the aristocracy, to reduce estates, and to divide them. It is the law of primogeniture that indirectly keeps up the Established Church, the army, and navy; for all these are so many asylums for younger sons. You, who have never been out of America, have no conception of the power of the aristocracy. You will not believe me influenced by any mad, democratic tendencies, when I say that England has trials

of no common character to encounter. That she may go through them in peace I fervently hope."

Although while in England his associations and friendships had no limitation of party or sect, he found his affinities on political and social questions among the Austins, Parkes, Grote, Mill, Molesworth, Senior, and others of their school. These were the political freethinkers of their time, — drawing their inspiration from Jeremy Bentham. Their fearlessness in speculations on the problems of society and government harmonized with the natural tendency of Sumner's mind. While the favorite pupil of Story and Greenleaf, he was yet at no time of their strongly conservative type of thought; and he returned from Europe more than ever a *doctrinaire.*

LETTERS.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD, BOSTON.

LONDON, March 18, 1840.

DEAR HILLARD, — Which will reach you first, this scrawl or the writer? This will go by the "South American" which sails from Liverpool the nineteenth. I am booked for the "Mediator" which sails from London the twenty-sixth, from Portsmouth the twenty-ninth: it is at the latter place that I embark. London is more mighty, magnificent, and fascinating than ever. I use strong words, but I have now seen something of the great cities of the world, and to London above all others do these words belong. Nowhere have I seen such signs of wealth, power, and various refinement. It is to me now much more wonderful than when I approached it before. But I must leave all this; and if I do not force myself away, I shall not be able to go. I find opportunities of seeing all that is worth seeing in rank, fashion, law, and literature, if possible more open than before. But I have determined not to take advantage of these. I shall see only a few of my friends. But I am already (after twenty-four hours' presence) nailed for to-morrow to see the Duchess of Sutherland in her magnificent palace;[1] for the next day to dine with Parkes to meet Charles Austin; the next to breakfast with Sutton Sharpe (his capital breakfasts!) to meet some of my friends of the Chancery bar; then to dine with the Earl of Carlisle;[2] and the next day

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Stafford House, St. James's.

George, sixth Earl of Carlisle, 1773-1848. Lady Carlisle, daughter of the fifth Duke vonshire, died in 1858. The Earl was succeeded on his death by his eldest son, — ner's friend, Lord Morpeth. Sumner met Lady Carlisle at Castle Howard, in Oct. .

with Bates.[1] Morpeth wishes me to see the Lansdownes and Hollands, but I decline.

Yesterday, I fell upon the last "North American."[2] It was precious to me, for it reflected four dear friends. There I saw in the lucid page yourself and Cleveland, Longfellow and Felton. Beautifully written and turned was Cleveland's article; well-poised and careful, Felton's criticism. I jumped as I read them. I am proud of all of you, and rejoice that you are my friends. I have seen something of the talent of this world in various lands, but give me my friends and their cultured minds. I have just found Longfellow's "Hyperion," and shall sit up all night to devour it. I have bought up all the copies of "Voices of the Night" in London, to give to my friends. Have been much disappointed at not finding your brother here. Be on the lookout for me. The "Mediator" sails fast. I am coming. Love to all, and good-by.

As ever, affectionately yours, C. S.

P. S. Tell the Judge, and Greenleaf, and Fletcher, I am coming. Tell Ticknor I am his debtor for an interesting letter received at Heidelberg.

TO JUDGE STORY.

London, March 24, 1840.

Dear Judge, — I shall be on our side of the Atlantic soon, — very soon — perhaps as soon as this sheet, perhaps sooner. This will go in the packet of the 25th March; I go in the London packet (the "Wellington") of April 1, leaving Portsmouth, April 4. I first took a berth in the "Mediator" of the 29th March; but Cogswell and Willis and his wife go on the 4th, so for pleasant company's sake I shall go in the same ship. Most of the lawyers are on Circuit. Hayward, however, rejoices more in literature than law; so he is in town. The articles on you in the "Law Magazine" are by Calvert, a very nice, gentlemanly person. He has another in type on your "Bailments." Charles Austin is as brilliant and clever as ever, — all-informed, and master of his own profession: take him all in all, the greatest honor of the English Bar. Old Wilkinson I found over black-letter, supported on either side by a regiment of old books of Entries and ancient Reporters, with a well-thumbed Rolle's "Abridgment" on the table. But I shall see only a few lawyers; some of my ancient friends in literature and fashion I have found. Lady Blessington is as pleasant and time-defying as ever, surrounded till one or two of the morning with her brilliant circle. I rose to leave her at one o'clock. "Oh! it is early yet, Mr. Sumner," said her Ladyship. Prince Napoleon[1] is always there, and of course D'Orsay. The Duchess of Sutherland[2] I lunched with a day or two ago. She is wonderfully beautiful; I think even more so than Mrs. Norton. But I will tell you of these things when we meet. Strange contrast awaits me! To quit these iris-colored visions for the stern realities of American life! To throw aside the dreamy morning-gown and slippers, and pull on the boots of hard work! Let it come! I am content. But who will employ me? I have read with great delight your "Agency," Longfellow's "Hyperion," and Hillard's "Introduction to Spenser," — three entertaining productions. Love to all your family.

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[1] Joshua Bates, American banker, 1788–1864. Mr. Bates invited Sumner to attend, Feb. 12, 1839, his daughter's marriage to Sylvain Van de Weyer, the Belgian statesman.

[2] North American, Jan., 1840, Vol. L. Felton's article on Longfellow's "Hyperion," pp. 145–161. Cleveland's article on Hillard's edition of "Spenser's Poetical Works," pp. 174–206.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

LONDON, March 28, 1840.

DEAR HILLARD, — These are my last words to you from this side. I sail from Portsmouth, 4th April, in the "Wellington," — perhaps shall reach you before this note. London is more bewitching than ever. Have already seen many people, — the Lansdownes; Duke and Duchess of Sutherland (the most beautiful woman in the world); Mrs. Norton; Lady Seymour (both very beautiful); Hayward; Sydney Smith; Senior; Fonblanque; Milnes; Milman; the Grotes; Charles Austin (more brilliant than ever); the Wortleys, &c. But I must stop. I must go now to breakfast with Sydney Smith; to-morrow, with Rogers; next day, with dear Sir Robert Inglis; the next with Milnes. But I must be off. Good-by. I shall soon be with you.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO GEORGE W. GREENE, ROME.

LONDON, March 30, 1840.

DEAR GREENE, — This is my last salute to you from this side of the Atlantic. Since I wrote you from Berlin I have enjoyed myself much, seen more of Germany, and, what is more to the purpose, learned more of the language. Shortly after writing, I left the capital of Prussia; then to Leipsic, Weimar, Gotha, Frankfort, Heidelberg. In this last place I fixed myself for five weeks. I knew the best people there; and I studied, read, and talked German. Indeed, I found myself able, when it was time to leave, to understand all that was said, and to carry on a conversation tolerably well. I love German; but not as Italian, — my dear Italian! After Goethe's "Werther's Leiden," I took up the "Letters" of Ortis, — which I had read as I was leaving Italy, while we were clambering the snow-capped Alps. I think Foscolo's is the best, — though to the German is the palm of originality, if the "Héloise" of Rousseau does not bear it away. Lessing's "Nathan der Weise" is considered a masterpiece; but to compare it with my Alfieri! What I have read of Schiller I like very much. I have his works as my *compagnon de voyage* to America; and hope, before I touch New York, to read him entire. This morning I breakfasted with Rogers, — "old Rogers," as he is called. It was delightful to listen to his wisdom-dropping voice; but I started when he said Manzoni's "Promessi Sposi" is worth ten of Scott's novels. "Say thirty!" said I. "Well, thirty," said the wise old man; "I only said ten for fear of shocking you." And this is the judgment of one of the ancient friends of Sir Walter Scott. Ah! I remember well the pleasure I had from that book. I read a copy belonging to you, on the road from Rome to Florence, and I cried sincerely over many of the scenes. At Heidelberg I passed a sad day, after I read of the loss of the "Lexington." I have read Longfellow's "Hyperion," and am in love with it. I only wish that there were more of it. The character of Jean Paul is *wunderschön*. I hope to induce somebody to review it here. But in this immensity of London everybody seems engaged, — every moment of the present and future occupied; so that I fear I may not succeed. Sir Charles Vaughan speaks of your kindness in the warmest terms, and of Crawford also: he has spoken to several of his countrymen of Crawford. I hope some good may come of it. Maxcy, our Minister at Brussels, requested a line of introduction to you. He goes to Italy, probably next summer, with his family. I have also given him a line to Crawford. Item: I shall also give an introduction for you to my English friend, Mr. Joseph Parkes, — a solicitor by profession, but most extensively acquainted with literary and political circles, — one of the ancient editors of the "Retrospective Review," and the best-informed person in old English literature I know; a lover of art, a friend of America, and an amiable man. He will visit Rome in the course of the summer with his wife, who is a granddaughter of Priestley. You have doubtless already seen my friend Kenyon; and I feel sure you must have been pleased with him. I am anxious — I say, freely, on your own account, as well as on his — that you should become acquainted with Parkes. I think his conversation will be interesting to you. Take him to the Capitol, St. Peter's, &c. He will be in Rome in September or October, I think, — will pass two or three weeks. Would that I could be with you! Do not fail to take him to Crawford. I sail from Portsmouth the 4th of April, with Cogswell, Willis, and wife, and sister-in-law, as fellow-passengers. When this reaches you, I shall be tossing on the ocean. What talks I shall have with friends at home! and Rome and Italy will not be forgotten. I well remember those three months in that Matron-City, — take them all in all, and though shadowed as they were with grief and vexation, the happiest of my life. My brother, I suppose, will pass the summer in Italy. I have already commended him to your care and kindness. I trust you will find him worthy of all, — as I believe he is. Do not fail to write me in my exile, — far away as Ceuta to the ancient banished man. Tell me every thing about art, antiquity, literature, and Crawford. You will hear from me next from Boston, — but not till I hear from you. Farewell! Remember me affectionately to Mrs. Greene, and to Crawford; and believe me ever sincerely yours,

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[1] Louis Napoleon was "one of the most constant and intimate guests at Gore House, both before and after his imprisonment at Ham." — "Life, Letters, and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington," by R. R. Madden, Chap. XI. Sumner referring in a letter of July 4, 1848, to the impression made on him by Louis Napoleon as they met at Lady Blessington's, wrote: "He seemed to me an ordinary character."

[2] The Duchess of Sutherland, daughter of the sixth Earl of Carlisle, and sister of Sumner's friend, Lord Morpeth, who became the seventh Earl of Carlisle, was married to George Granville, the second Duke of Sutherland, and died in 1868. She became Mistress of the Robes to the Queen. More than any one in the English nobility she gave the influence of her character and position against American slavery. Sumner received many courtesies from the Duchess on his visit to England in 1857, and was invited by her to be her guest at Stafford House. Her daughter, the Duchess of Argyll, was to the end of Sumner's life one of his most faithful friends and correspondents. Sumner met with a welcome from the Argylls, in 1857.

Charles Sumner.

TO LORD MORPETH.

March 30, 1840.

My dear Morpeth, — Above is a specimen, such as it is, of trans-Atlantic Greek, on Chantrey's woodcocks.[1] The verses were written and transmitted to me by a friend of mine, to whom I had sent an account of the Holkham achievement. I still keep your Wellesley's poems; I have seen them on the tables of Hallam and Rogers.

I leave London early Friday morn, and on Saturday descend upon the sea. Before I go, I shall resign into your hands your book; and I hope to say "Good-by" to your family.

This morning I breakfasted with dear Sir Robert Inglis. I love his sincerity and goodness, though I dislike his politics.

Ever sincerely yours,

Charles Sumner.

P. S. I had the pleasure of hearing your speech on Lord Stanley's motion.[2] Stevenson, who sat by my side, like myself, was much gratified with it.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

Portsmouth, April 4, 1840.

Dear Hillard, — This will go by the "Great Western," which sails the fifteenth of this month,[3] and perhaps may reach you even before I have that pleasure. I saw more of London than I expected, and enjoyed it much. My last dinner was on Thursday with Hallam; where were Milman, Babbage, Hayward, Francis Horner, &c. I have parted with many friends, and have received the most affectionate good wishes. Lady Carlisle and my dear, noble friend, Ingham, shed tears in parting with me. We shall meet soon.

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[1] Felton's verses, *ante*, Vol. I. p. 378.

[2] March 26, on registration of voters in Ireland.

[3] She arrived at New York, May 3, — the same day with the "Wellington."

The wind is fair; and we now wait only for Willis's appearance. Cogswell is by my side at this moment.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

The "Wellington" arrived at New York, Sunday, May 3. Sumner, on landing, met his brother Albert, then living in the city. That day or the next he dined with his classmate, John O. Sargent, who remembers that "he was full of his trip, and conversed very pleasantly about it. His appearance had been very materially improved under the hands of a London tailor. He had lost, too, some of the leanness and lankness of face and figure which he carried through his school and college days, and was beginning to fill out, and to assume more of the portly air of his later days."

On his arrival in Boston, Hillard happened to meet him as he was walking from the railway station, wearing a light-colored Mackintosh, looking rather English in costume, and carrying in his hand some Exchequer tallies.[1] He went to the family house in Hancock Street, where a letter from his sister Mary, which awaited him in New York, bade him welcome; and where his home was to be during his mother's life.

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[1] These relics were kept at the Harvard Law School, for some time. They each consisted of a piece of wood scored with notches of different sizes, split into two parts, — "tally" and "counterfoil." They were abolished in the reigns of George III. and William IV. "Best on Evidence," Part III. Chap. I. § 215, note.

CHAPTER XXIII.

RETURN TO HIS PROFESSION. — 1840-41. — AGE, 29-30.

CORDIAL greetings awaited Sumner on his arrival in Boston, from his old friends, and from many others who had become interested in his social career abroad. His first weeks at home were filled with conversations concerning his foreign journey. With what zest he related the things he had seen and heard, is still well remembered. He often passed the night with Cleveland at Pine Bank, and with Longfellow at the Craigie House. He spent many evenings with Mr. Ticknor, comparing their European experiences.[1] In June, he visited Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lawrence at Lowell, and in August sought, for a few days, the refreshment of sea-breezes at Nahant. He made an excursion to Lancaster with Felton, whose family was passing some weeks in that interior town, and dined with Emerson at Concord, on his way home. With Dr. Lieber, who made a visit to Boston, he had long talks about his journey. In the summer, he met for the first time Nathaniel Hawthorne and Mrs. Frances Kemble, — the former at Hillard's, and the latter at Pine Bank.

He took his father's place in the Society of the Cincinnati, and attended its customary dinner, July 4, at Concert Hall. Slowly he returned to professional and literary work. Soon after reaching home, he filled reluctantly, for a few weeks, a vacancy as instructor in the Law School. He declined an invitation, received through Mr. Daveis, to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa Oration at Bowdoin College, — excusing himself by saying that he could not pledge any time which might be required by his profession.[2] Later, he declined an invitation to lecture before the "Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge."[1] During the summer, his correspondence with friends was left much in arrears. In August, he took for a few days the place of Hillard, who was with the Ticknors at Woods' Hole; but, with that exception, he did no service for clients for the first four months after his return.

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[1] Mr. Daveis wrote from Portland, May 21: "Ticknor tells me of your sitting up with him night after night, till twelve o'clock. That is tormenting to those who cannot have the same privilege."

[2] In 1842, he declined a similar invitation from Dartmouth College.

With the beginning of September, — the time when the summer vacation closes in New England, — he resumed in earnest the daily work of his profession. He was from that time faithful to his office from nine in the morning till five or six in the afternoon, — allowing an interval for the family dinner from two to half-past three. He usually passed the evening with friends; but, after a dinner or party, returned home to read till midnight, or often two hours later. During the years 1840 and 1841, he made no contribution to any magazine or newspaper. When he had been at home a year, he confessed in a letter: "It has been the least productive year of my life. I feel that I have done very little, — made no advance in any sort of knowledge; nor laid up any materials for happiness." In the autumn of 1840, he carried through the press the third volume of his "Reports" of Judge Story's Circuit Court opinions.[2]

Professional work awaited him as soon as he was ready to resume it. He had his share of the business of the office to which Hillard had solely attended in his absence. Professor Greenleaf and Mr. Fletcher gave him a place as junior in some causes in which they were engaged; and clients sometimes came to him under the impression that Judge Story would listen kindly to his arguments. He was retained in several patent causes,[3] the chief of which related to the Phillips patent for friction matches.[4] Professor Greenleaf, who had been employed to contest the validity of this patent, entrusted to Sumner after his return the direction and labor of the contestant's case, and early in 1842 himself withdrew from it. It embraced suits in law and equity in the Circuit Court, which lasted five years; and the pleadings and evidence were voluminous.

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[1] The next year, he declined a similar invitation from the same society.

[2] Noticed in "Law Reporter," Feb., 1841, Vol. III. p. 403.

[3] His appearance in cases is noted in "Law Reporter," Jan., 1841, Vol. III. p. 383; Dec., 1841, Vol. IV. p. 301; Boston "Advertiser," Nov. 12, 15, and 16, and Dec. 23, 1841. In the patent case of Reed *v.* Robinson, — "Law Reporter," Jan., 1842, Vol. IV. p. 342, — his elaborate brief did not convince Judge Story.

[4] William Brooks *v.* Ezekiel Byam *et al.*

Sumner became very zealous in the controversy, and during the autumn of 1841 was engaged in taking testimony in Boston, New Haven, and New York. His final argument of the cause in 1844 will be referred to hereafter.

England was at this time asserting the right to search vessels carrying the American flag, when they were suspected both of being engaged in the slave-trade and of being other than American vessels; and her ships of war had made searches even when the vessel, although suspected as a slaver, was known to be American. British officers who had made them, when afterwards found here, were sued in actions of tort. Sumner and Hillard were retained by the British Consul at Boston in actions of this kind brought in Massachusetts.[1] Rufus Choate and Mr. Perkins, of Salem, were the plaintiff's counsel. Sumner's connection with this litigation directed his attention more closely to the question of search and inquiry in cases of suspected slavers, which he afterwards discussed in the public journals.

He occasionally sat as a commissioner to take depositions pending in the United States courts. Sometimes, the counsel on one side or the other were worried by his disposition to extend his duty beyond a mere record of questions and answers to a fuller examination by himself, — he maintaining it to be a part of his functions as magistrate to obtain the whole truth from a witness, instead of merely writing down what a skilful counsel saw fit to draw from him.

Sumner never took kindly to the details of law business. He wrote to Mr. Perkins once: "I found the bill of costs without understanding it; and I sometimes believe that it is not in my power to understand any thing which concerns such matters." If he had the responsibility of an important cause, he was inspired by the *gaudium certaminis*, and worked with diligence and enthusiasm; but he was less vigilant in the ordinary routine of the office. Once, when he consented rather thoughtlessly to the continuance of an action, his absent associate, who had left it in his charge, wrote regretfully to him "of that facility of temper and disinclination to say No, of which I have so often discoursed to you."

Sumner had come home with the determination to work diligently and earnestly in his profession; and in that spirit he returned to it. At times, he exulted in the confidence that he should defeat the prophecies of those who had said his European visit would spoil him for the law; but at others, notwithstanding this sense of triumph, he could not refrain from confessing to his intimate friends that he had little heart for its drudgery.

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[1] "Law Reporter," May, 1841, Vol. IV. p. 33. In these cases the plaintiffs, who belonged to the American vessel "Tigris," sued for false imprisonment the defendant, a midshipman of the British brig "Waterwitch," who had overhauled the "Tigris," and brought her into one of our ports.

Sometimes, at this period, he recurred unwisely to his foreign life or letters in conversation with clients and lawyers, who knew or cared little about such things, — a habit likely to repel those who were intent only on the business in hand, and to make them feel that his mind was not enough on what most concerned them. Indeed, prudence dictated a greater reserve in this regard, with all except intimate friends, than he maintained. But it was his nature to pour out what his heart was full of; and he fancied that others would receive it as he would have received it from them. Later, when he had in hand the serious work of a reformer, he made only infrequent allusions to this foreign journey of his youth.

W. W. Story, then a student in the office of Hillard & Sumner, writes: —

> "I studied the practice of the law in his office in Boston, and was for two years in constant daily intercourse with him and his partner, Hillard; and pleasant and instructive days they were. During all this time I never saw him out of temper, and never heard from him a hasty or intemperate word. He was uniformly kind and considerate to me, and ready to put down his pen to answer any questions or elucidate any subject. But he was more interested in the literature and what is called the science of the law and the application of its principles than in the practice of it. He would talk to me by the hour of the great jurists, and their lives, and habits of thought; and tell me all sorts of interesting anecdotes of great barristers and judges. Hillard and he and I used to talk infinitely, not only of law, but of poetry and general literature and authors, when business would allow, — nay, sometimes when it would not allow; but who can resist temptation with such tastes as we all had?
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> "It was not for a long time that he could settle down again to the practical work before him. After the flush of those exciting days abroad, his office and daily occupations seemed dull and gray; and I cannot but think that they changed the whole after-course of his life and thought. He did, indeed, set himself with determination to his work, but it had lost the charm it formerly had; and the dreams of those delightful days and the echoes of those far voices haunted his memory. America seemed flat to him after Europe. This, however, slowly passed away, though never, to his dying day, completely."

This long-cherished friend of Sumner has recalled these early as well as later days in an "In Memoriam"[1]: —

"For years, dear friend, but rarely had we met,
Fate in a different path our feet had set;
Space stretched between us, yet you still were near,
And friendship had no shadows of regret.

. . . .

At least your noble thoughts can never die, —
They live to stir and lift humanity, —
They live to sweeten life and cheer us on:
If they are with us, surely you are nigh.

Yes, in our memory, long as sense remains,
That stalwart frame shall live, that voice whose strains,
To lofty purpose pitched, struck like a fire
Into our blood, and thrilled through all our veins.

That full sonorous voice, whose high-strung key
Was tuned to justice and to liberty, —
That sounded like a charge to rouse the world
From the deep slumber of its apathy.

Nor these alone; — we shall remember too
The kind familiar tones of love we knew,
The genial converse and the storied lore,
The cultured charm that every listener drew.

The gladsome smile, the gleam of quick surprise,
That thrilled the face and lightened through the eyes;
The uplifting brow, the utterance frank and clear,
And all that sullen death to sight denies.

. . . .

Vain friendship's voice, and vain the loud lament
A nation breathed as o'er your bier it bent;
Vain unto you, that as you passed away
A shadow darkened down a continent.

Rest, then, brave soldier, from the well-fought fight!
Rest, genial scholar, from the dear delight
Of arts and books! Rest, steadfast, stainless friend!
For ever ours, — though lost to sense and sight.

Stern Duty's champion, at thy bier we bow!
Brave, honest, faithful to the end, — thy vow
To God and Freedom kept, — unbribed, unbought:
Rest thee, — or rise to loftier labors now."

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[1] Blackwood's Magazine, Sept., 1874.

Sumner was at this time a great favorite in Boston society. He was welcomed to the best houses as soon as he reached home. He frequented those of Mr. Ticknor, Nathan Appleton, Harrison Gray Otis, Abbott Lawrence, the Austins, Eliots, Dwights, and Guilds. He was always glad to meet the Calderons during their visits to their relatives on Chestnut Street. He passed long evenings with Jeremiah Mason, talking of law and lawyers and the topics of the day. He was often a visitor at Dr. Channing's, and held much grave discourse with him on war and slavery, and whatever concerned the progress of the race. Of the new friendships which Sumner formed at this time, the one he most cherished was that with William H. Prescott, then living with his venerable parents on Bedford Street. He met, on his return, with a very friendly reception from the historian, who had already gratefully recognized his interest while abroad in the success of the "Ferdinand and Isabella." He often dined with Mr. Prescott; usually joined him at his Sunday-evening supper, and was one of the family party on Thanksgiving Day.[1] He was always among the guests when the historian gathered about him the scholars of the day, — Sparks, Ticknor, Palfrey, Bancroft, Felton, Longfellow, and Hillard.[2] Mr. Prescott, while a conservative in politics, was always catholic in his friendships; and his relations with Sumner were never affected by the differences upon the slavery question, which afterwards alienated many others.[3] On Saturday afternoons, Sumner went to Cambridge to dine and pass the night with Longfellow at the Craigie House, where Felton usually joined them at dinner. At Judge Story's and Professor Greenleaf's he was, as before his visit to Europe, received with a hearty greeting and cherished with tender interest. With the Nortons, also, he found congenial company. Nor did he forget his early and constant friend, Mrs. Judge Howe, with whom, in a half-serious, half-jesting way, he talked, as in earlier days, of the happy period when he might have a fireside of his own.

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[1] A note of Mr. Prescott's father, Nov. 16, 1840, invited Sumner to join "our family party of grandparents, parents, and children at a Thanksgiving dinner at four o'clock." "Blind-man's-buff" was played in the evening, in which Sumner took part.

[2] Mr Everett left for Europe in the summer of 1840.

[3] See Ticknor's "Life of Prescott," p. 336. Letters of Prescott to Sumner are printed on pp. 339, 348, 349, 351–354. Other references to Sumner are made on pp. 225, 246, 330, 332. 395. Mr. Prescott was born May 4, 1796, and died Jan. 28, 1859. His father, Judge William Prescott, died Dec. 8, 1844, at the age of eighty-two.

Sumner's home was always in the city. Rural life he knew only as traveller or visitor. He never even rented a cottage in the suburbs or by the seashore. But with Longfellow's home, more than with any other spot where Nature is a part of the scene, he is associated. Between these two friends there was never any difference or reserve. As they were when first they came to know and love each other, so they remained to the end. Craigie House is a half-hour's drive from Boston, fronting the road which leads from the College to Mount Auburn, shaded by ancient elms, and looking out on a broad meadow and the winding Charles, with the Brighton hills closing the view. Many a Harvard student now recalls Sumner, as he alighted from the coach, strode along the familiar way, and opened his friend's gate, — his stately presence and quick movement attracting the eye whether one knew him or not. Here, for thirty-seven years, both before and after his friend had gathered wife and children about him, he was an ever-welcome guest. Thither he went to talk of books, of scholars, of friends, of common studies. Here he sought rest from the weariness of political strifes, — the solace he craved when he met coldness and injustice elsewhere. The poet has associated him with the scene in an elegiac tribute, which commemorates also two other friends, Agassiz and Felton: —

"When I remember them, those friends of mine,
 Who are no longer here, the noble three,
 Who half my life were more than friends to me,
 And whose discourse was like a generous wine,
I most of all remember the divine
 Something, that shone in them, and made us see
 The archetypal man, and what might be
 The amplitude of Nature's first design.

. . . .

River, that stealest with such silent pace
 Around the City of the Dead, where lies
 A friend who bore thy name, and whom these eyes
 Shall see no more in his accustomed place,
Linger and fold him in thy soft embrace
 And say good-night, for now the western skies
 Are red with sunset, and gray mists arise
 Like damps that gather on a dead man's face.
Good-night! good-night! as we so oft have said
 Beneath this roof at midnight, in the days

That are no more, and shall no more return.
Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn.

The doors are all wide open; at the gate
The blossomed lilacs counterfeit a blaze,
And seem to warm the air; a dreamy haze
Hangs o'er the Brighton meadows like a fate,
And on their margin, with sea-tides elate,
The flooded Charles, as in the happier days,
Writes the last letter of his name, and stays
His restless steps, as if compelled to wait.
I also wait; but they will come no more,
Those friends of mine, whose presence satisfied
The thirst and hunger of my heart. Ah me!
They have forgotten the pathway to my door!
Something is gone from Nature since they died,
And summer is not summer, nor can be."

He was greatly interested in the literary work of his friends, Prescott, Bancroft, Sparks, Story, and Greenleaf, — all active at this time in authorship. Hardly a day passed that some one of them did not call at his office, where their coming was more welcome than that of clients. Of these, only Bancroft survives. He was then writing his "History of the United States," but was already much addicted to politics. He had left the Whigs, who combined the wealth and culture of Boston, and had become a leader of the Democratic party. This departure barred him from the social position to which his accomplishments entitled him. Whatever may have been pleaded in excuse for this discrimination, none, it is certain, would have taken place but for his rejection of the prevailing political faith of Boston society. He always found, however, agreeable friends in Prescott, Hillard, and Sumner, who did not share in the proscriptive spirit of others.

Soon after his return Sumner became the friend of Washington Allston, whom he often visited at Cambridgeport, and with whom he conferred in plans for promoting the success of Greenough and Crawford.

He much enjoyed his friendly relations with Rufus Choate, whose office was at No. 4 Court Street. They talked of politics and literature, — particularly of Burke, for whom Mr. Choate had an extravagant admiration. When the latter was in the

United States Senate, 1841–42, they treated of the same themes in correspondence. Later they were associated professionally in the boundary dispute between Massachusetts and Rhode Island.[1]

The "Five of Clubs," now with its full complement, met at the homes of its members; but Cleveland, whose health had been for some time delicate, became, in the summer of 1841, the prey of a disease which was soon to be fatal.

At this period, Sumner's relations with Dr. Samuel G. Howe, which had been friendly for some years, became very intimate. Dr. Howe was already the Superintendent of the Perkins Institution for the Blind, at South Boston, — a post which he continued to hold for the rest of his life. To the charm of personal qualities he added, while yet young, the fascination of his career in Greece, and of his noble work for the blind. He was still unmarried, and was Sumner's senior by ten years. Sumner often sought his friend at South Boston, frequently passing the night at the institution. The two rode much together on horseback, galloping through the streets of Boston and Cambridge, and the beautiful lanes of Brookline and Dorchester. Howe took the place in the "Five of Clubs" which Cleveland, stricken with disease, had left vacant. In some respects he came nearer to Sumner than any of the "Five;" and there were times through Sumner's life when he opened his inmost thoughts to Howe as to no other. Their friendship was to be sealed by a long and earnest co-operation in the causes of education, prison discipline, and freedom, where often the brunt of the conflict fell on them.

Sumner, in company with a friend, — quite often with Felton, — took lunches or evening refreshment at Brigham's Concert Hall, or Parker's restaurant, in Court Square; and on these occasions oysters were the favorite dish. He was neither Sybarite nor ascetic. To excess of any kind he had the aversion which comes of good breeding as well as good morals; but he did not accept the rule of ethics on which many good people now insist, — that, for example and self-discipline, one ought to abstain from what is very liable to abuse. He seasoned his food with hock and claret, always however with moderation; but these he never took except at meals, and rigidly abstained from the violent drinks. From the political controversy involving legislation for the suppression of intemperance, which beginning as early as 1837 has continued ever since, he kept entirely aloof.

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[1] Works and Memoir of Rufus Choate, Vol. I. pp. 57, 61–63, 74, 75.

In January and February, 1841, Sumner made a visit of three or four weeks to New York and Philadelphia. In New York he was the guest of his brother Albert, then newly married, and living on Bond Street. He was also cordially received by Chancellor Kent, and enjoyed much the society of the Misses Ward, — "the Three Graces of Bond Street," — of whom one was to become the wife of his friend, Dr. Howe; another, of his friend Crawford; and the third of Mr. Maillard, now of California. In Philadelphia he received much attention from Joseph R. Ingersoll, and was warmly greeted by his old friends, Mr. Peters and family, who found him in presence and manners changed from the youth they had known six years before. At this time he formed a friendship with Theodore Sedgwick, of New York, with whom he had many common topics in law, literature, and foreign affairs; and their correspondence was continued for many years. The same year he was brought into personal relations with Jacob Harvey, — a gentleman of Irish birth, and son-in-law of Dr. Hosack, — with whom he often conferred on international questions.

At home, Sumner was the dutiful son, the affectionate and watchful brother. To his sister Mary, now entering society, he was specially devoted, and was her constant escort to parties and on horseback rides. His sister, Mrs. Hastings, wrote in October, 1874: —

> "He was always interested in the education and improvement of his younger brothers and sisters. When he returned from Europe, he came home to live with us, and, my father having died while he was away, seemed to feel somewhat of a paternal charge over the young members of the family. I was then twelve (nearly thirteen), my brother Horace fifteen, and my sister Mary nearly eighteen, — a girl of great beauty and loveliness. During Charles's absence, she had grown from the unformed girl into the lovely woman; and he was very fond of her. Her loss, a few years later, was a very bitter grief to him.
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> "From the time of his return from Europe my recollections are most vivid. I recall the great interest he took in our education, the spur and incentive he was to our ambition, and how proud I was of his praise and approval. It seems but yesterday that I was the happy, careless school-girl, recounting eagerly to his kindly, sympathetic ear at dinner the experiences of the morning at school, or going to him for help in my

Latin lessons. While at Mr. Emerson's[1] school, Macready played in Boston; and I shall never cease to be grateful to my brother Charles for the intense delight he gave me then, — taking me night after night to see him. It introduced me to a new world of delight, for it was the first very fine acting I had seen; and it opened my mind to the wonderful beauties of Shakspeare. The great pleasure I received then has extended through my life. I enclose a copy of the little note my brother sent me one day at school. It was when I was wild with excitement and delight over Macready's acting, and very anxious lest we should not have the right seats, or be there early enough. Mr. Emerson and family were to share the same box with us that evening to see 'Macbeth.'

"I remember well how popular Charles was in social life, — how much attention was bestowed upon him. He was, so far as I can remember, on the top wave of social favor. He often went to Cambridge to spend Sunday with Mr. Longfellow or Mr. Felton, or to South Boston to visit Dr. Howe. Sometimes he would bring home a manuscript poem of Mr. Longfellow, and read it to us. He read poetry very finely. His reading awoke me to the beauty of Tennyson's poems, then becoming popular. . . . I remember the enthusiastic admiration which Charles and his group of intimates felt for the Misses Ward, of New York.

". . . My brother always went to the Anti-slavery Fairs at Christmas time, and brought home many pretty little things, much to the delight of my sister and myself. There was a world of love and tenderness within him, — often hidden under a cold exterior, or apparently crusted over with a chilling coat of reserve."

To his brother George in Europe he wrote long letters, telling him what a brother would wish to know of family life, society, and politics.

The political canvass of 1840, with Harrison as the Whig and Van Buren as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, filled the six months which followed his return home. He expressed disgust at its noise and ribaldry, its rallying cries of "hard cider" and "log-cabin." He took no interest in the distinctive measures of the Whig party, and had no sentimental regard for it; but he thought well of its two conspicuous chiefs, Clay and Webster. On the other hand, he was repelled by the low tone of the Democratic leaders, among whom Amos Kendall and Isaac Hill were then prominent. He is supposed to have voted for General Harrison.

On two important questions he thus early entertained positive convictions. He strongly disapproved the pernicious system to which both parties adhered, of removals from office on account of political opinions, and was opposed to the election of any one person to the Presidency beyond a single term. To these views he always adhered.[1]

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[1] George B. Emerson, for many years the teacher of a well-known private school for young ladies, — a zealous supporter of the cause of popular education, and a constant friend of Sumner.

Early in August, 1841, Sir Charles Lyell arrived by steamer from Liverpool, — the first of his two visits to the United States; and Sumner had pleasant associations with him during his visits to Boston, driving him and his wife to the suburbs, both then and a year later, when they embarked on their return.

Lord Morpeth lost his election to Parliament, for the West Riding in Yorkshire, in the summer of 1841; and made a visit to this country in the autumn, arriving by steamer at Boston, Oct. 21. He spent nearly a year in America, travelling widely here, and extending his journey to Cuba. Sumner derived great pleasure from this visit. He was Morpeth's escort and friend in Boston, — introducing him to the people whom he wished to know, and taking him to places and meetings of interest (among which was the Anti-slavery Fair). He gave him a dinner at the Tremont House, where Story, Prescott, Bancroft, Ticknor, Choate, Hillard, Felton, and Longfellow were among the guests; and was present on similar occasions when Morpeth was entertained by Story, Prescott, and Longfellow.[2]

Sumner's correspondence with foreigners, after his return from Europe, was very large. Every European mail brought its welcome parcel of letters; and its arrival was awaited with eager expectation. Joseph Parkes wrote at great length of English politics; Robert Ingham, of lawyers and judges on the Northern

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[1] See remarks in the Senate, Feb. 11, 1867; Works, Vol. XI. p. 98. In December, 1873, — three months before his death, — he moved joint resolutions in the Senate for Constitutional amendments limiting the Presidency to a single term, and extending it to six years; providing for the President's election by a direct vote of the people; and abolishing the office of Vice-President.

[2] The Earl of Carlisle (Lord Morpeth), in a lecture at Leeds, Dec. 6, 1850, thus referred to Sumner: "The residence here [Boston] was rendered peculiarly agreeable to me by a friendship with one of its inhabitants, which I had previously made in England. He hardly yet comes within my rule of exception; but I do not give up the notion of his becoming one of the historical men of the country. However, it is quite open to me to mention some of those with whom, mainly through his introduction, I became acquainted." Those mentioned are Story, Channing, Allston, Bancroft, Ticknor, Longfellow, R. W. Emerson, and Prescott. — "Speeches, Lectures, and Poems of the Earl of Carlisle," p. 393. In a preface to an English edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the Earl referring to his "own much-valued friend" Sumner, whose speech in the Senate on the Fugitive Slave Act he had just received, said: "In our past hours of friendly intercourse, in our frequent walks by the sparkling estuary of Boston, or upon the sunny brow of Bunker's Hill, how little did I, how little did he, I feel well assured, dream of such an opening upon his quiet and unostentatious career!"

Circuit, and of Parliament; Milnes, of scholars, new books, and public life; Mrs. Grote, of her husband's studies and friends, and of public affairs; Kenyon, of society and literary men. Morpeth, who was disinclined to letter-writing, wrote to him from time to time,—always with much affection. Occasional letters came from Sir Charles R. Vaughan; H. Bellenden Ker; Henry Reeve; Abraham Hayward; Alexander Cochrane; Thomas Brown; Mrs. Anne B. Montagu; Edward Rushton, of Liverpool; Edward Dowling,[1] and others. Thomas Falconer, who visited Texas, and published a book on the "Discovery of the Mississippi," wrote frequently while travelling, and while at home at Putney Hall. From Mittermaier, Foelix, and Julius, he also received tidings, — particularly from Mittermaier, who wrote in German. Fay kept him informed of society in Berlin, and of German politics. J. Randolph Clay wrote from Vienna of affairs in Eastern Europe. His brother George wrote of the public men and politics of France and other countries which he visited.

Mr. Parkes wrote, in June, 1840: —

"I need not assure you of my friendship, and that the wide Atlantic does not sever it. All English Liberal lawyers have a fraternal feeling for you; and you know mine is further strengthened by my family connection with your country, and my own republican principles. Life spared to us, we are sure to meet again. This is the future state in which I rejoice, — the meeting of two late-discovered friends again in this world. You are sure to visit Europe again, or I to visit the States. But I shall not come till I can stay at least two, if not three, months. I was happy that I was accidentally the means of launching you in English public life; and you steered your own way afterwards. You saw every thing in higher and intellectual English society, little of the middle ranks and masses. Few, if any, Americans ever had such an insight into our monarchy and aristocracy, or into our institutions. None, perhaps, will ever have the opportunity of seeing so much of the bar of England, — a profession now, in intellect, accomplishment, and individual political power, before all other ranks."

Mr. Reeve wrote, Nov. 1, 1840: "I hope you will allow me to reckon you among my correspondents, — my only trans-Atlantic one, — for I cannot afford to lose you. You are continually talked of in Europe."

Mrs. Montagu wrote, Oct. 18, 1841: —

"I can safely say that not one week has passed since you left us, in which your name has not frequently been spoken; and, if we had less true devotion, we should have had more frequent offerings. It is one of the delights of a friendship founded upon substantial grounds of respect, that nothing can alter it, and scarcely any distance sever it. The mind we love seems ever with us; and the very words our friend has uttered seem floating in the atmosphere, and want not a voice to make them more his own.

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[1] Mr. Dowling went in 1840 to Canada, as legal adviser of the Governor-General, and died there in 1844.

". . . Anne Procter is at Florence, attending the marriage of Mr. J. Parkes's niece, who is united to one of the Frescobaldis, — whose name, renowned in history, is well known to you; because you have read all the books that have been written, as I should think after the specimen I have had of your enormous memory. I hope you are getting rich as fast as possible, that you may retire from your profession and come to the old country, with old buildings and old books. . . . Do not cease to remember us; and, if by letter, I shall think it doubly kind."

In Lord Morpeth's note of November, 1840, there was a timely caution: —

"I have to thank you for your most agreeable and thoroughly welcome letter from your own home. I cannot help being gratified that European, and especially English, recollections have not lost their hold upon you; but you must not let them exercise too great an influence upon either thought or action, or disable you from entering with freshness and energy upon whatever pursuit you have set before you. . . . God bless you! and be happy, and like what we knew you."

Americans visiting Europe found that he was well remembered by his English friends. Dr. Francis Wayland wrote, Feb. 8, 1841: "Both Kenyon and Ingham[1] have made repeated inquiries after you, as well as every gentleman whom I have met, who had the pleasure of knowing you. It is my intention to return in the spring; and I shall go home loaded with messages of kindness and friendship for you."

Edward Everett, while Minister to England, wrote, Aug. 11, 1843: "I often hear you spoken of with the greatest kindness, — particularly in the Carlisle and Sutherland families."

Dr. Howe wrote, Aug. 2, 1843: "I have been again and again gratified, and my heart has thrilled with pleasure, at hearing the warm and affectionate expressions of regard which the mention of your name invariably draws out."

Mrs. Waterston writes: —

"When he returned from Europe I was married and living in Boston. His success in English and French society — a rare distinction *then* — made him quite the 'lion' of society here. But he was Charles Sumner all the same; and when he came home with my husband unexpectedly to dinner, and, from some domestic delinquency, the dinner consisted of only two mackerel and a Washington pie hastily procured at the last moment, I soon forgot even the feelings of a young housekeeper in the real delight of finding an old friend unchanged. And in listening to his vivid descriptions we all forgot the simplicity of the entertainment. I think very few people, unless they really knew him from first to last, understood his character, or did any justice to qualities many supposed did not exist. His sweeter and gentler nature never had full development; but it was THERE, and those who loved him knew it. His almost childlike simplicity and incapability of understanding irony were incomprehensible to people in general."

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[1] Ingham wrote to Sumner: "The last [Dr. Wayland] I greatly admire. In all I saw of him when he was here, and in all I have read of his, there is an earnest, manly energy and truthfulness which win my confidence. He sees into his subject as a man whose eye is single."

A lady who knew him intimately at this period writes: —

"Sumner was always a welcome guest with us, — my brother, Mr. Samuel Austin, having great interest in his conversation, great sympathy with his opinions, and great respect for his consistency and rectitude of character. Years after, when under a social ban, as it were, I remember his saying that only two doors in Boston had always stood open to him, — Mr. Prescott's and my brother's. His conversation was rich and interesting, from his varied information, and the number of noteworthy people he had met; his sympathies were with what was highest and best; he was ever ready to do justice to the good qualities of his opponents, and was enthusiastically loyal to his friends; his manners were frank and manly, not polished."

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes writes: —

"I have seen a good deal of him in his after-life, and he was true to his early character. Cordial, sincere, but fond of saying pleasant things to those whom he met, and remembering their personal history in a way that gratified those he talked with, he made friends easily and kept those who were best worth keeping. He would monopolize the conversation now and then in a way which some might think egotistical and assuming. But he had seen so much of great men and great people, that what might have seemed like vanity, and would have been in many men, was, perhaps, not more charged with that weakness than the everyday talk of those who have been chiefly conversant with ordinary people and petty affairs. Fond as he was of being listened to, he was eminently courteous and good-natured in conversation, and never put on airs as if he had nothing to learn; but, on the contrary, was rather fond of questioning others with a certain deference on matters which they had a right to know more of than he did. Any thing in the nature of a jest came very hard to him. He would look bewildered and almost distressed with the pleasantry that set a company laughing. He knew a good deal outside of the subjects to which his chief study had been given. He had much to say about art. He would discuss learnedly about old china; and I have heard him deliver a dinner-table lecture on book-binding, which sounded as if he had served an apprenticeship to the business."

LETTERS.

TO CHARLES S. DAVEIS, PORTLAND.

BOSTON, June 22, 1840.

MY DEAR MR. DAVEIS, — . . . Mr. Gardiner called upon me, and invited me to deliver the Phi Beta Kappa at Bowdoin; but I felt bound to decline. I have just returned from a long absence. I am occupied with seeing my friends, looking about me, and preparing plans for the future. Things are all uncertain before me. What I shall find to do in my profession I do not know. How much time I shall be able to withdraw from active business I cannot determine; and, as my first duty would seem to be to provide distinctly for the future, I feel bound to decline making any engagement which should interfere with this. My mind will not be sufficiently free, at any time between now and September, to allow me to write any thing proper to offer you at Bowdoin.

A fine son you have at Cambridge. I was struck with his full and clear answer to a question I proposed in the lecture-room, before I knew he was of your house. He seemed very studious, careful, intelligent, and ambitious, — the last, when well directed, not the least important. I have left the Law School, — having gone there merely for a temporary purpose, much against my inclination, — but shall always be glad to see your son. The Judge seems better than when I first returned. He had written a page on "Partnership," when the doctor — the despot of the sick-chamber — forbade further work; and the single page now lies open on his desk. He is attending to the duties of his circuit, and preparing another edition of his "Equity Pleadings." His success as a law-writer is marvellous, — the Sir Walter Scott of the law. I am told that, by my father's death, a place is open to me in the "Cincinnati." Is this so? Should I take it? And what steps must I resort to? I am duly sensible of all your kindness to me. Remember me kindly to all your family; and believe me, as ever,

Most truly and affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER, NEW YORK.[1]

BOSTON, July 6, 1840.

Have faith in me, dear Lieber, and do not believe that I have not written to you because I was indifferent to your friendship. For the first few weeks I was in Boston, I wrote to nobody. My mind and time were so occupied in seeing friends and ancient scenes that I could not scrawl even a hasty letter to you. . . .

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[1] Dr. Lieber was then at the North on a visit, which he extended to Boston a few weeks later.

My European drama is wound up; the iron curtain has fallen upon it. Ah! you know full well, my dear Lieber, what is left behind when the Atlantic is placed between us and the Old World. But we have our recollections, thoughts, thick-coming fancies. Every morning while I dress I think of Italy, and repeat to myself where I was and what I did a year ago; what scene full of history or antiquity, what work of art full of divinity, I was looking upon. Your Teatro di Marcello[1] I have distinctly before me. A little sketch or drawing of any thing in Rome, Italy, or your Germany, or anywhere else where I have wandered, makes me start; I conjure the whole scene before me, and for a moment forget the hard, practical, work-a-day American present. Germany I left too soon; but I loved it well. Were I a man of fortune with the world all before me where to choose, I should first direct my steps to Germany; then to — but why build these castles? Come to Boston, and we will talk the livelong day, and revive Europe. I sympathize with you in that you are obliged to leave Oscar, the young Astyanax, in Europe. You must need his careless merriment and gambols in your exile. But you have two others and your wife; and with them even your African banishment may be sweet. Alas! unlike Marcellus, you cannot eat figs at Marseilles. Since I returned I have literally read nothing, not even your second volume. Good-by, dear Lieber; I long to talk with you of Europe and yourself.

Ever and ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

To Longfellow, then absent from Cambridge on a vacation, he wrote in August: —

"I shall go to Nahant for a few days, and then to business. Give me fifteen hundred dollars a year, and I will hie away to Florence, where in sight of what is most beautiful in art, and with the most inspiring associations about me, I will feed on the ambrosia of life, nor find the day long which I can give undisturbed to the great masters of human thought. Stop! Say nothing of this, or my professional chances will be up."

To Hillard, then at Woods' Hole, he wrote, Aug. 5: —

"This goes from Court Street, — my first lines from that street. . . . On Saturday, in the midst of rain, we went to Nahant, where we had a very pleasant dinner with Prescott, who regretted much that you could not come. General Miller dined with us, and was as agreeable and sterling as ever.[2] Lieber is here still; he leaves for Newport on Friday. He is at the office from morning till night, and the evenings we pass together till very late. I like him more and more. His conversation is full and teeming with striking thought and abundance of illustration from all sources. Very few people in the world are his superiors. The testiness of character I pardon to the exile. We cannot have people with intellects and characters of unmixed goodness, free from all human frailties. . . . On Monday I received a beautiful letter from my friend Ingham. I have in my mind the kind, cordial, affectionate reception I received there, and the invitation to make that a home if I ever returned to England. I wrote by the 'Britannia' only half-a-dozen letters. How it made me start to see the smoke puffing from her funnel, which was only to cease when she touched the English pier!"

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[1] The place of Lieber's residence when he visited Rome in his youth.

[2] This visit of General Miller to Nahant is mentioned in Prescott's "Life," p. 171.

To Hillard again, Aug. 11: —

"I have just returned from an excursion in the country with Felton, to see his wife. Saturday, in a gig, we went to Lancaster. *En route* to Cambridge, dined with Ralph Emerson,[1] whom we found very agreeable and sensible. He did not lead out his winged griffins, to take us into the empyrean; so we went along as with mortal beasts. Perhaps he thought we should not be very docile. He had just received a very characteristic letter from Carlyle, over whom the fancy to come to America had again driven. He will not come. Emerson has two delightful children, — a girl and boy. The girl he calls his 'honeycomb.' Come back staunch and strong and full of hope and courage."

TO ABRAHAM HAYWARD, LONDON.

BOSTON, U. S. OF AMERICA, Aug. 31, 1840.

DEAR HAYWARD, — This poor sheet and its pictures[2] will go by the "Acadia," which sails to-morrow from this port for Liverpool. What can I write that will not be utterly dull to you of London? If you still persevere in your intention of giving an article on American eloquence,[3] let me ask you to read a paper in the last "North American Review" (July) on Guizot's "Washington." You will find there some six or eight pages, which present a neat and concise view of *parties* in the United States from the adoption of the Federal Constitution down to a comparatively recent period. The author is Mr. Edward Everett, recently Governor of Massachusetts, and now in Europe, where he purposes passing two or more years. He will be in England before he returns here; if so, I hope he may see you. He is, perhaps, the most accomplished man of my country.

Our politics are shabby enough. The Whigs, constituting the opposition, have nominated for the Presidency the person whose head adorns a corner of this sheet. He has in his favor his good conduct during the war of 1812, and an alleged victory at Tippecanoe; and the vulgar appeal is made, grounded on military success. This has made him a more acceptable candidate than Clay or Webster, who have been serving the State well for years. Harrison lives in the State of Ohio, cultivating his farm with his own hands; and, as what is called "help" in that part of the country is not easy to be procured, his wife and daughter cook and serve the dinner for the seven or eight people who daily challenge his hospitality. An Administration paper alluded to him as living in a log-cabin and drinking hard cider. The Whigs at once adopted these words and placed them on their favors. They proclaimed Harrison the candidate of the "log-cabin and hard-cider" class. And this vulgar appeal is made by the party professing the monopoly of intelligence and education in the country! But it has had its effect. The country seems to be revolutionized, and the Whigs are confident. The election takes place in November. The Whigs, in anticipation of success, have already partitioned the high offices. Of course, all our troop abroad will be recalled, Stevenson leading the dance home.

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[1] Ralph Waldo Emerson, living at Concord.

[2] Wood-cuts of General W. H. Harrison, and of a log-cabin and cider barrels.

[3] Mr. Hayward's article appeared in the "Quarterly Review," Dec., 1840, Vol. LXVII., entitled, "American Orators and Statesmen." With Mr. Everett, who is there mentioned, Mr. Hayward afterwards became well acquainted.

They have republished at Lowell — a manufacturing town in Massachusetts, and the Manchester of America — your admirable translation of "Faust." I shall send you a copy of this edition by the earliest opportunity. At Louisville, on the other side of the Alleghanies, they have published a translation of Macchiavelli's "*Discorsi* on the First Decade of Livy." Willis is at his place in the interior of New York, and is joint editor of a New York [City] paper, writing letters, stories, and articles occasionally, for which he has about three hundred and fifty pounds a year. The paper is called "Brother Jonathan."

What can I send you from this side of the sea? Write me soon, and believe me,

Ever faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

To Lieber he wrote, Sept. 1: —

"I am against throwing away time and matter in reviews. Edward Everett, our most successful reviewer, repents that he has devoted himself so much in this way. Still, for high pay, it may be worthy of consideration. . . . What do you think of Legaré's articles? They are blunt and heavy and without grace, but are full, learned, and able, with an extravagance of view that is not unnatural in a solitary student like him.

"Peters is here now. I have seen him at Nahant, where I was passing a few days. He seems as fresh as ever. We expect to be invaded by fifty thousand Whigs, who will repair to Bunker Hill, Sept. 10. Then there is the Fair for the monument, which occupies all the women. Pardon this letter, so short and jejune and unlike your rich, juicy productions."

To Lieber again, Sept. 23: —

"I write you from my office, where I install myself at nine o'clock, and sit often without quitting my chair till two; then take the chair again at half-past three, which I hold till night. Never at any time since I have been at the bar have I been more punctual and faithful. Pocket that, ye croakers, who said that Europe would spoil me for office work! My third volume of Reports is now in press, which I drive hard. Still I will not disguise from you, my dear Lieber, that I feel, while I am engaged upon these things, that, though I earn my daily bread, I lay up none of the bread of life. My mind, soul, heart, are not improved or invigorated by the practice of my profession; by overhauling papers, old letters, and sifting accounts, in order to see if there be any thing on which to plant an action. The sigh will come for a canto of Dante, a rhapsody of Homer, a play of Schiller. But I shall do my *devoir*."

TO HORATIO GREENOUGH, FLORENCE.

BOSTON, Sept. 30, 1840.

MY DEAR GREENOUGH, — I received yours of July 12, and was rejoiced to see your handwriting again. . . . Allston has inquired a great deal about you, and will be delighted to see you again. You know that he has unrolled his "Belshazzar;" it stretches across an entire end of his studio, but is covered with a curtain large as itself, which is the breakwater to our curiosity. He has recently painted a beautiful woman, — Amy Robsart, of Kenilworth, he has called her. She has golden hair, and that sweet look of feeling which you find in all Allston's pictures, particularly of women, — *qualem decet esse sororum.* When you come here, we will go out and have a long evening with him. . . . Present my kindest regards to Mrs. Greenough, and remember me to your brother, and to Wilde and Powers. Kenyon enjoyed himself very much among you. He has written to me of you all with great praise.

Believe me, ever sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO PROFESSOR WILLIAM WHEWELL, CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND.

BOSTON, Oct. 17, 1840.

MY DEAR WHEWELL, — I have taken the great liberty of introducing to you by letter a countryman of mine, and now write to speak to you of him more particularly than I did in my letter. It is Mr. President Wayland, the head of a seminary of learning at Providence, in Rhode Island, called Brown University, — a man of strong native powers and considerable acquisitions, particularly in political economy and ethics, on which he has written very well. He is a Baptist clergyman, and the Bishop of that denomination.[1] His object in visiting England is to observe and study your institutions of learning, — schools, colleges, all, — in the hope of contributing to the improvement of ours. He will probably pass a week or more in Cambridge.

I have asked President Wayland to take charge of a small parcel for you, containing two numbers of a journal called the "Dial,"[1] which has been started by Mr. Emerson, — the same who was reviewed by Milnes. The first article in both numbers is by Emerson. People have laughed at it here very much. I am curious to know if it finds a more kindly reception with you. Emerson and his followers are called "Transcendentalists." I am at a loss to know what they believe. Brownson has recently avowed some strange doctrines, for which he has been sadly badgered, both by politicians and philosophers. Have you received all his journal, or as much as you wish? If I can send you any thing that will interest you, pray let me know.

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[1] A reference to his eminence in a Church which has no Bishops.

I read in the journals of your great book, and the extracts given tantalize me, as it will be so long before I may get the whole. Let me congratulate you on your distinguished success, and believe me,

Ever very sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE, FLORENCE, ITALY.

BOSTON, Friday Evening, Oct. 30, 1840.

DEAR GEORGE, — Politics are raging; newspapers teem with stump speeches, election reports, and inflammatory editorials. Banners are waving in our streets; the front of the "Atlas" office is surrounded by earnest crowds. The Whig Republican Reading-room, in Scollay's Building, Pemberton Hill, is wreathed with flags and pennons. This very day the Presidential election takes place in Pennsylvania and Ohio; on Monday in Maine; in one fortnight we shall know who is to rule over us for the next four years. Without lending myself to the exulting anticipations of the Whigs, I can no longer hesitate to believe that Van Buren will lose his election, and by a very large majority. I fear the coming six months will be a perfect Saturnalia in our poor country: the Whigs, elated with success, hungry by abstinence from office for twelve years, and goaded by the recollection of ancient wrongs, will push their victory to the utmost. Of course, the example set by Jackson will be followed, and perhaps improved upon; there will be a general turn-out of all present office-holders at home and abroad; the war of parties will have new venom. . . . There is so much passion, and so little principle; so much devotion to *party*, and so little to country in both parties, — that I think we have occasion for deep anxiety. . . . The Whigs have met with their present surprising and most unexpected success by means of their low appeals to hard cider, log-cabins, and the like. They have fairly beaten the Locos at their own game. This course has been deliberately adopted as the effectual way to meet them. The high-minded portion of the party regret it very much; and there are some (among whom I am willing to be counted) who think success obtained by such vulgar means of very doubtful value. But the greater part think nothing of these things, and are now in full cry, running down their game. I do not anticipate any decided change in principles by Harrison's advent. One thing, however, will take place, — namely, a practical alteration of our Constitution, so that no President shall be elected for more than one term. Harrison comes in pledged not to be a candidate a second time. His example will establish a precedent which will operate like Jefferson's determining not to be a candidate a third time. As his election is favored by the merchants, I think it probable that trade will take a new start. There will be new confidence, which is the muscle of credit, and business will extend its arms freely again. Perhaps we may have another speculative mania.

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[1] A magazine, the organ of the "Transcendentalists," of which Margaret Fuller, assisted by R. W. Emerson and George Ripley, was the editor. Its first number was issued in April, 1840, and its last in July, 1844.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHAS.

TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE.

BOSTON, Nov. 30, 1840.

DEAR GEORGE, — . . . We have just recovered from the political fever, and Van Buren has suffered the greatest defeat ever experienced by any candidate for the Presidency. Of course, after March 4, there will be some sweeping changes. Little, indeed nothing, is known with regard to them at present. I take very little interest in politics. . . .

My course of life is even enough now. I vegetate at home; go to my office between nine and ten o'clock, work at law and my Reports, which will be published in a fortnight; in the evening dine out, or make a call, a visit, or attend a party; and, when I get home, read till after midnight. Besides my immediate circle of friends, whom you know, — Hillard, Longfellow, Cleveland, Felton, — I see a good deal of the Ticknors, who receive every evening at their well-appointed house; of the Otises (old Harrison G. I like much); of the Prescotts, — William H., the author of the history of "Ferdinand and Isabella," is very much my friend: he is a capital fellow. Of course, I see Judge Story constantly, and love him as much as ever. . . . Pardon all these blots; they are my escutcheon.

Robert C. Winthrop is elected to Congress. Judge Story has recently published second editions of his "Bailments," "Equity Jurisprudence," and "Equity Pleading," and is now engaged on a second edition of the "Conflict of Laws," much enlarged. He has also published a work on "Agency" since you left the country. All these are republished in England. Greenleaf is engaged upon a work on "Evidence." Prescott, you know, is writing the "Conquest of Mexico." It will be in three volumes, but will not be finished for several years. Sparks is in London or Paris, hunting in the offices for materials for a history of the Revolution. Bancroft's third volume is just published. It is brilliant and eloquent, and has much to admire. . . .

Ever and ever yours, C. S.

TO PROFESSOR MITTERMAIER, HEIDELBERG.

Boston, Nov. 30, 1840.

My dear Friend, — I thank you most sincerely for your very kind letters of the 7th April and the 22d August. It was to me a source of great satisfaction to be able to think that you and your family had not forgotten me. You are inseparably connected in my mind with your great country, — Germany. I remember the pleasant evenings I passed at your house, and now wish that I could enter your doors and speak with you face to face, instead of sending this poor messenger with expressions of friendship and regard. I sympathize with you deeply in the loss of the great Thibaut. I saw him for the last time the evening before I left Heidelberg, in your house. He was then so kind as to write under his head, as engraved, *Bin ich es?* This autograph I still preserve, and shall cherish as a valuable token of his kindness to me. He was truly a great jurist. I trust Mrs. Mittermaier is well, and your daughter and all your children. From what you write in your last, I feel very anxious in regard to your son, the advocate, with whom I had so much pleasant conversation in English. Pray give him my best wishes for his speedy recovery. Perhaps a sea voyage will do him good. Let him cross the ocean and visit America. I shall be most happy to welcome him in my humble way, and all your friends here will receive him as your representative; and then, knowing him, will value him for his own sake. It was a great pleasure to Story, Pickering, and Cushing to hear of you directly through me. Cushing will write you very soon; so will Pickering. We have all been occupied by the Presidential election which has just taken place, and which was to give us our *Grossherzog* for the next four years. Our present President, Van Buren, has lost his re-election.

Chancellor Kent is now preparing a fourth edition of his great work, which he will send you. He was very much gratified to know that you take an interest in his labors. Story is now preparing a second edition of his work on the "Conflict of Laws," very much enlarged. There will be upwards of three hundred pages of new matter. He will send you a copy as soon as it is published. I shall, in a few days, send you a packet containing several juridical tracts which I hope will interest you.

Our commissioners for codifying the criminal law are still engaged upon their work. They hope to present a report this winter. I regret that you have been treated so shabbily by your Legislature; I trust, however, that your *projet* will not be lost. People in the United States have been so much occupied during the last year with making a President, that they have thought little of juridical questions. Capital punishment has not been discussed. I think it probable that it will be discussed this year.

Remember me to the Hepps,[1] particularly to Fräulein Julia; and present my affectionate salutations to all your family. I hope your younger children are as healthy and happy as they appeared when I had the pleasure of seeing them. Give my best regards to Grosch,[1] and tell him that I am his debtor for a long and most interesting letter, and that I shall write him very soon. You have a young American — Shaw — at Heidelberg. How does he do?

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[1] A lady highly esteemed, who kept a *pension* in Heidelberg, and had frequent receptions for friends. Sumner probably lodged at her house. She died not long after the period of this letter. Her daughter Julia became the wife of Professor Hagen, of Heidelberg, afterwards of Berne, and died about 1850.

Believe me ever, my dear friend, most truly and sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. Your article on criminal legislation in Germany was published in the October number of the "American Jurist." It has been read with great satisfaction. When shall we have the continuation?

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER, COLUMBIA, S. C.

BOSTON, Dec. 10, 1840.

Don't, dear Lieber, be offended by my long silence. I am in the midst of my profession; for the last two days have been all the time in court; and for the last two months, besides attending to my professional business, printing the third volume of my Reports. . . . Behold me now, dear Lieber, in the tug and sweat of my profession, with rays of sunlight streaming from across the sea, and with the greater source of pleasure in my thoughts of what I have seen and enjoyed. Each steamer brings me some testimony of kindness or courtesy, and so I am not allowed to forget the scenes I have left behind. Would that I were in your Deutschland! . . . Sitting in this small office is a change from the scenes of the last three years. I have been in court all day, then read law, and now in my office, late in the evening, scrawl you these unsatisfactory lines. . . . Have you read Hallam's "History of Literature"? Is it not the great book of the age? I have been charmed by its learning, sagacity, and honesty. How careful Hallam is in the expression of his opinions. His style of criticism is a model of candor, impartiality, and carefulness. . . .

I recently received a very kind letter from Mittermaier, who complained of me for my long silence. Indeed, I had not written him since my return. Lord Denman wrote me a noble letter, so kind to me and so cheering for the cause of American law in England. He is the Chief-Justice, and writes me that an opinion of Judge Story, where he had overruled a judgment of the Queen's Bench, "will neutralize the opinion of the latter court, and henceforth the point considered will be regarded as an open question."[2] The stream is then turned back; and we who, for long years, have received it from England, are about to send the current upon the fountain-head. The judge was highly gratified; and well he might be, for it is the indication of an epoch which Judge Story, more than all other men together, has established. He has taught them to respect our jurisprudence; to use it; to lean upon it; to be guided by it: and will not this be a strong means to improve the relations of friendship between the two countries? Will it not be one of the instruments wherewith to beat down the hydra-headed prejudice that prevails with regard to us in England?

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[1] Dr. Lambert Grosch, a law pupil of Professor Mittermaier, and a magistrate, who died in 1875.

[2] See Sumner's reference to Lord Denman's letter, Works, Vol. I. p. 269; "Life and Letters of Story," Vol. II. p. 379.

Ever and ever yours,

Charles Sumner.

From New York he wrote to Hillard, Jan. 24, 1841: —

"Felton and Longfellow arrived yesterday. I have had some pleasant dinners, seen some handsome women, and been to two balls. I like Halleck very much; have met him twice at dinner. He is clever, and much to the point in conversation. Cogswell inquired after you. He is as gay as ever. I met Theodore Sedgwick at dinner at the Coldens' (Mrs. Jeffrey's family). He appeared admirably. He is the cleverest and most gentlemanly person I have seen in New York,"

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.

Boston, Feb. 11, 1841.

My dear Lieber, — To-day came to hand a warm-hearted, kindly, truly German letter from Mittermaier, acknowledging the receipt of my last to him, and opening to me his whole flowing griefs. I feel for him deeply. I knew his son. I doubt if he had that in him which would have led him to very great eminence; but he was learned, as I thought, almost beyond his years, and seemed to have uncommon acuteness. I think he had been used to work as his father's drudge; so that his mind had lost, to a certain extent, independence of action. He must be a great loss to his poor father. When I was in Heidelberg, death was legibly writing his sentence upon his forehead. Mittermaier has two other sons,[1] whom I saw at his house, blooming youths of fourteen and sixteen, — as bright, agreeable, and intelligent creatures as I have ever seen. I did not see two boys in all Germany, fruitful mother of children, who pleased me so much as those two of Mittermaier. God give him joy in them! . . .

I have just returned from a visit of three or four weeks to New York and Philadelphia, where I saw men and women of all sorts. Chancellor Kent was as kind and affectionate to me as ever; Joseph R. Ingersoll, very hospitable . . .

Remember me most kindly to your wife.

As ever yours, Charles Sumner.

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[1] Franz and Karl, — the former a lawyer, and the latter a physician, *ante*, Vol. II. p. 121.

TO PRESIDENT QUINCY, CAMBRIDGE.

BOSTON, Feb. 12, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR, — I cannot forbear intruding upon you, to say how much I have been gratified by your remarks before the Board of Overseers, as reported in this morning's "Advertiser." Most sincerely do I wish you success in your honorable endeavors to raise the standard of education among us; and I can see no better step towards that consummation than the one you propose, so far as I am acquainted with it. Let the degree of A. B. stand for what it is worth, — that is, let it of itself denote simply that a student has passed through, or rather rubbed through, college. But let something — if it be simply a sectional division — mark the meritorious and the studious scholar. I feel assured that by your efforts we shall gain many good scholars to the community, — no unimportant acquest. It has been said that he is a public benefactor who makes one blade of grass grow where it did not grow before. How much greater the benefactor who makes a scholar!

I have now been confined to the house for several days with a severe cold; otherwise, I should have endeavored to be present at the meeting of the Board to witness their deliberations. As a son of the University under your Presidency, I have felt called on, as upon my allegiance, to offer you my cordial congratulations on the plan you have brought forward.

I am, my dear sir, very faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

To Longfellow, then at Portland, he wrote, Feb. 19: —

"This moment comes to hand a letter from my brother Albert, communicating the intelligence of the death of the wife of our friend ———. My heart bleeds for him. I think of his wife, — simple, cheerful, sweet-voiced, and, more than all, filling his heart. If you write to him, pray assure him of my deep sympathy. I would write myself, but that I have not that length of acquaintance with him which would seem to justify my approaching him in such a terrible calamity. It is on such occasions that the chosen friends of years only, heart-bound and time-bound, assemble and knit themselves about the sufferer. I have received no intelligence for a long time that has grieved me so much."

TO HORATIO GREENOUGH, FLORENCE, ITALY.

BOSTON, Feb. 28, 1841.

MY DEAR GREENOUGH, — Your most agreeable letter of Oct. 24 arrived while I was on a visit to New York and Philadelphia. Let me congratulate you on the completion of your statue, and the distinction it has given you. From the hour when you admitted me to see it, lighted by lamps and torches, I have not doubted for a moment the result. It will give you fame. Still, I feel that it must pass through a disagreeable ordeal, — one which, as it seems unavoidable, I hope will not be annoying to you. I refer to the criticisms of people knowing nothing of art. In Europe, an artist is judged at once, in a certain sense, by his peers. With us, all are critics. The people will not hesitate to judge your work; and some will, perhaps, complain that Washington is naked; that he has not a cocked hat and a military coat of the Continental cut; that he is not standing, &c. The loungers in the Rotunda, not educated in views of works of art, — many never before having seen a statue in marble, — will want the necessary knowledge to enable them to appreciate your "Washington." Should you not prepare them, so far as you can? And you can do a great deal. Publish in "Knickerbocker's Magazine," or such other journal as you may select, some of the papers you read me during my visit to Florence, — particularly that on the "Nude;" for there, I think, you will encounter a deal of squeamish criticism. The law maxim, *cuilibet in suâ arte perito est credendum*, will hold strongly in your case; and what you publish with your name ("Horatio Greenough, sculptor") will be extensively read, and I think exercise a great influence on the public mind. I cannot conceive that any motives of delicacy should make you hesitate. I think it particularly important that what is written should be from you, — first, because it is your theme, and you can manage it so much better than anybody else; and second, because whatever you write will be read, and have weight.

I have not seen Allston for some weeks. Longfellow and myself passed an evening with him then. We rose to go: he took out his watch, and saw that it wanted twenty minutes of twelve o'clock, — "Do make it even," said he. I hope you may realize your dream. Allston would bud anew in Italy. He is now laboring sedulously upon his "Belshazzar's Feast," — admitting nobody into his studio. I have a brother who has been a wanderer for some years. Upon last advices, he was in Florence. I hope he saw you. Remember me most kindly to Mr. and Mrs. Everett, who are Florentines now, like yourself. I saw Wilde in New York, on his arrival. He was in fine spirits, and made himself most agreeable in society. He was full of Dante. I like to see a man instinct, as it were, with his subject.

Believe me ever sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. A friend of mine saw your "Abdiel" in New Haven, and was very much pleased with it. You kindly ask after my own petty doings. I moil at law, sit in my office; but visions of Europe will flash upon me.

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.

BOSTON, March 23, 1841.

MY DEAR LIEBER, — . . . You will see the defeat of Talfourd's bill, and that by a semi-treacherous stab from that rhetorician, Macaulay. The "Examiner" — Fonblanque's of Feb. 28, I think — contains an admirable refutation of Macaulay's speech. Poor Talfourd will be enraged. It is the bill he has nursed through successive Parliaments, and in which his heart was; and now to be overthrown by unexpected opposition from a scholar and friend of scholars will make him furious. It will not be grief, but downright rage that will absorb his soul. I shall send him my sympathy. Macaulay seems a thorough failure; the sky-rocket come down a stick. Milnes, in a letter received yesterday, calls him "Poor Macaulay," and says it is a matter of great regret to the Government that they did not take Charles Buller instead.[1]

We have been upon the verge of war, but Webster understands our difficulties and the law of nations, and will not lack judgment or boldness; so I fear not. . . . Judge Story has returned from Washington with more health and spirits than I have known him blessed with for a long time. Greenleaf is putting to press his long-pondered work on the "Law of Evidence." I have read portions of it, and am very much pleased. It will take the lead of all the English works on the subject, and be the manual of the student and practitioner. . . . Judge Story is taking up his work on "Partnership," which he will carry on slowly through the summer. Prescott has completed the introduction to his history of the "Conquest of Mexico," comprising an elaborate survey of the manners, institutions, and origin of the ancient Mexicans. He was on the point of going to Europe with the Appletons, to pass the summer and enjoy his triumph in English society; but, after much debate and doubt, he has given up the plan.

Yours ever and ever,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO THOMAS CRAWFORD, ROME.

BOSTON, March 31, 1841.

DEAR CRAWFORD, — You have, perhaps, already heard from Greene that I had started a subscription paper to procure your admirable "Orpheus" for the Boston Athenæum. The sum I proposed to raise is now subscribed, — twenty-five hundred dollars. I feel that this will not be an adequate compensation for the time, labor, and genius that you will bestow upon your work; but it may, as business men say, give you a "living profit," and will be the forerunner, I trust, of other and more profitable orders. Your name is already honorably known throughout our country, and the "Orpheus," on its arrival, will confirm your fame. Be of good cheer, then. Is it not coming to pass as I foretold in Rome? Lord Mansfield, one of the greatest lawyers England ever produced, said that he never knew the difference between three hundred a year and three thousand a year, so rapid was his success. This will be your case. I shall expect nice rooms in your palazzo on my next visit to the Eternal City. Ah! when will that be? Images of art and the olden time all rise before me as I think of Rome. Those three months that I passed there were the happiest of my life.

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[1] There was, at this time, among scholars much impatience with Macaulay, which was afterwards essentially modified. Talfourd proposed, in 1841, instead of the existing law which limited a copyright to twenty-eight years from the *date of publication*, one extending sixty years from *the author's death*. This motion (which Macaulay opposed) failing, the next year Lord Mahon renewed Talfourd's proposition, — substituting, however, twenty-five years for sixty; and was met by Macaulay with another scheme, which prevailed in substance, — adding fourteen years to the term allowed by the existing law, and giving a copyright of forty-two years from the *date of publication*. His speeches on the question, of Feb. 5, 1841, and April 6, 1842, are contained in his volumes of collected speeches. See also his "Life and Letters," Vol. II. Chap. IX.

Your bust of Greene is a capital likeness and a beautiful work of art. It is admired by all who see it. It occupies a conspicuous place in Longfellow's room, and he is very proud of it. We are amused when we compare it with one of Clevenger. This self-made man has met with great success; he goes to Italy laden with orders. I see his busts in every house. They are very good portraits, but devoid of grace, poetry, and artistic finish. He preserves all the hardness of features, every wrinkle, and even multiplies the crow's-feet at the corners of the eye. In this way he gives you an unmistakable face, but a wretched bust. He never has produced a "Young Augustus"!

We all admire the "Shield of Achilles," which is the chief ornament of Felton's house. Tell Greene he must write us the history of that. How did he come by it? Has the engraving of your "Orpheus" been published in the "Ape"? What is there new in Rome? What works have you in hand, and how are the other artists doing? Is Thorwaldsen there? Give my love to Greene.

Believe me ever very sincerely yours,

Charles Sumner.

TO LORD MORPETH, LONDON.

Boston, April 15, 1841.

My dear Morpeth, — Many thanks for your kind, cordial, and most interesting letter, — an olive-branch in these troublous times. I have followed you through the long debates, and in imagination have sat out the speeches long drawn out. You all seem to be firmly fixed in your places, and I rejoice in it, for I think the peace of our two countries would be seriously endangered by a change of ministry. We have lost our President; and you will see how noiselessly the mantle has fallen upon his successor, who, in his unexpected arrival at power, realizes the phrase of Lord Thurlow, "the accident of an accident." It was accident that turned the attention of the Whig party to Mr. Tyler, and induced them to put him in nomination for the Vice-Presidency, little contemplating the contingency of his becoming President. And now the great accident of death has vacated the office of President in his favor. He is a worthy, honorable, patriotic person,[1] but not of great mark. It has been usual to select rather second-rate men for the Vice-Presidency. Mr. Tyler was never thought of for the Presidency. You are aware of the strong popular feeling that brought Harrison into power. This would have given great vigor and explicitness to his administration. The people trusted him, and he would have been able to carry his measures with the strength inspired by a nation's confidence. I fear that his successor will not have this source of strength. His address, which you will doubtless see in the papers, is a miserable composition, but calculated to please the people, and I think has already given great satisfaction. The currency and foreign affairs will occupy the attention of our Government for some time. It is proposed to establish a national bank at New York, with a capital of fifty millions of dollars. This subject will probably be commended to Congress at the approaching extra session on the 31st of May. With regard to foreign affairs, I trust that nothing will occur to require any action of our Congress. You know that, under our Constitution, the House of Representatives alone has the power of declaring war. We are all for peace. Even Pickens, when the time to vote comes, will hesitate, I think. His Report was mere *brutum fulmen* here. Nobody regarded it; few read it, till its horrid echo reached us from England, resounding across the Atlantic. It is an absurd, illiterate, and mischievous production, by which sensible people have been disgusted, as much in America as in England.

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[1] The opinion of President Tyler, which he expressed at this time, was afterwards materially different.

Do not be anxious about McLeod. He will not come to harm. I have reason to know that our Government are disposed to do all that you and the law of nations can expect. You have adopted the burning of the "Caroline" as your act. Of course, all individual liability is merged in the Queen's responsibility. We cannot justly condemn McLeod more than the French the Duke of Wellington, if any one should pursue him at Paris for a murder committed after the battle of Waterloo. But, I think, all English lawyers will see that there are difficulties in arranging the manner of taking advantage of the defence which McLeod has. He has been indicted; and, unless the Attorney-General of the State of New York, who is the prosecuting officer, is willing to take the responsibility of entering a *nolle prosequi*, — which I presume he will not do, — the defence must be set up at the trial, that the act charged is not cognizable by the court. Be assured that this will all be arranged in conformity with the law of nations. Next comes the question of the "Caroline." There again you are in the right. On the facts as stated, you were justified in destroying that ship, as you did; and of this opinion are all the soundest men with whom I have conversed. This is the opinion of the first jurist and publicist of my country, and the oldest judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, — Mr. Justice Story.

I think you will be struck by the short and simple annunciation of the death of President Harrison by his Cabinet. This was written by Mr. Webster, who is the soul of our Government. Harrison died, after holding power thirty days, ere the shoes were old in which he had taken the oath of his high office. He was loved much, and the country expected much from him.

I think of all your family with the strongest attachment, and trust they are well. I hope you will let me hear from you soon. I have great faith in the sincere desire for peace which animates the rulers of both our countries. We love England; and I hope you will believe it, notwithstanding the vulgar cries to the contrary. Believe me ever and ever, dear Morpeth,

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE, MUNICH.

WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, CAMBRIDGE,
April 18, 1841.

DEAR GEORGE, — It is Sunday, and I am Longfellow's guest. One of my greatest pleasures is of a Saturday afternoon to escape from Boston and find shelter here. We dine late, say between five and six o'clock. Felton adds to the hilarity. We talk of what we have seen abroad, of cities visited, persons seen, and the trophies of art and old time, while all the poets and masters in all the languages are at hand in Longfellow's well-chosen library. I think you never knew my friend. When you return (if that event ever takes place) you will find great satisfaction and sympathy in his society. Hillard is full of genius, beautiful thought, and high morals, but miserable in health. Cleveland still pursues his studies for his extensive work on English literature. Since my return I have found great pleasure in the friendship of William H. Prescott, author of "Ferdinand and Isabella," and by this work placed at the head of American literature. He is forty-five, but with the freedom, warmth, and frolic of a boy. His family is delightful. There sits the father, venerable Nestor of the house; his wife, a most agreeable old lady, who refuses to yield to time; then William, my friend, his wife and two children, — three generations gathered under one roof, all happy in each other's love. I sup with them often on Sunday night, at about nine o'clock; and then we have also Franklin Dexter and wife, a daughter of Judge Prescott. William H. Prescott is now engaged on a history of the conquest of Mexico, — a subject of remarkable capacity. It has already occupied him two years and more. I have seen a programme or sketch of the proposed work, and have been astonished at its almost epic character. Of the Ticknors I see a great deal. I see much of Bancroft, and know him familiarly. His third volume of American history, recently published, is brilliant, vigorous, and striking. He is now engaged on the fourth volume, which commences with about 1747. This and another will complete the work, bringing it down to the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Sparks, you doubtless know, has been in London and Paris the last summer, collecting materials in the public offices for a history of the American Revolution. He will go over Bancroft's ground; but they will hardly interfere with each other. Sparks is the faithful annalist, perhaps you may say historiographer, correct in his facts, patient of labor, but utterly without imagination. His history will be built on a thorough examination of the original documents. Bancroft's will be a series of brilliant sketches, full of glow and life, and making the American reader love his country.

Bancroft has resigned his Collectorship, and Governor Lincoln is his successor. Haughton, editor of the "Atlas," died suddenly yesterday. Perhaps his death is not to be regretted. One fountain of political bitterness is closed, and in a happy hour, as the whole country seems prepared by the sudden death of President Harrison for peace and repose. You will read of the latter event in the newspapers.

Webster is the Atlas of the country now, and on his shoulders rests the great weight of affairs. Do not be alarmed about war. The clamor of England and America is great, but the rulers of both countries are animated by a sincere desire for peace; and this will be preserved, unless some untoward event occurs which takes the whole affair out of their hands. . . .

April 29.

Your letter to Mary, with its pleasant sketch of Elba, has come. . . . Sparks has just returned, laden with the fruits of his researches in the public archives of London and Paris. I dined in company with him yesterday at Prescott's. There were Ticknor, William H. Gardiner, Samuel A. Eliot, Palfrey, Longfellow, Felton, and Hillard, — a goodly fellowship. The conversation was agreeable. I envy you six months in Germany. I was not there long enough to learn the language as I wished. Another six months would make me master of it and of its literature. . . .

Ever affectionately yours,

Charles.

TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE, MUNICH.

Washington's Headquarters, Cambridge,
Sunday, May 9, 1841.

Dear George, — Once again from the headquarters of our great chief. Since I last wrote you, Mrs. Craigie, the widow of the builder of Craigie's Bridge and the owner of this house, has died and been removed from its spacious rooms to a narrow bed at Mt. Auburn. It is a lovely day, and from the open window I look across the lawn and the winding Charles to Brighton and the hills that enclose Brookline. Our sky is Italian; as bright and clear as that which looks down upon Naples. It is from English travellers, who have never seen the sun in their own country, that we imbibe the idea of the superlative brightness and clearness of the Italian sky. . . .

Ever yours,

Charles.

To Dr. Lieber, he wrote, May 12, 1841: —

"I knew Warburton slightly while I was in London. He was a strong Radical, a great friend of the people, a hard-headed person with whom I never conversed with any pleasure. I am vexed with Macaulay for his abandonment of the rights of literary men. His argument was taking and rhetorical, but unsound; perhaps characteristic of the man."

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.

Boston, June 3, 1841.

My dear Lieber, — . . . Dr. Howe will be happy to have you make any use you see fit of his report on Laura Bridgman. I am very much attached to Howe. He is the soul of disinterestedness. He has purged his character from all considerations of self, so far as mortal may do this; and his sympathies embrace all creatures. To this highest feature of goodness add intelligence and experience of no common order, all elevated and refined by a chivalrous sense of honor, and a mind without fear. I think of the words of the Persian poet when I meet Howe: "Oh God! have pity on the wicked. The good need it not; for in making them good thou hast done enough." We are together a good deal. Both have been wanderers, and both are bachelors; so we drive fast and hard, and talk, looking at the blossoms in the fields or those fairer in the streets.

You have doubtless seen the "Edinburgh Review,"[1] ere this. The tone is good and respectful; but all reviewers aim to seem wiser than the authors. They try to *write down* upon their subject; and happy he who can do this. I like Bancroft's history very much. It is not complete, perfect, or entirely satisfactory to the calm, truth-seeking mind; but it is eloquent, fervid, brilliant, and calculated to excite the patriotism of those who read it, and to stimulate the love of liberal institutions. It makes a deep impression. The reader is kept excited; he travels from mountain to mountain, from peak to peak, and never finds the repose of a valley or a canter over a level plain. Sparks will give us an anatomy of history, with red sealing-wax poured into all the veins, and every fibre at its full tension; but the heart will not beat. Let them both work in their vocation; they have good themes, and the country will gain by them.

We do not differ much about McLeod. I trust Minos will teach the Lockport judge some of the duties of the bench. Where would Dante doom him? The English, you say, were right in destroying the "Caroline." I am disposed to think so on the facts as we have them; but their course can only be vindicated by the necessity of self-defence. Now what a nation does under this necessity and with this object is justifiable, as if the same was done by an individual. But in McLeod's case the inquiry cannot be pushed to the question of necessity and self-defence. The English Government acknowledge the act of the burning of the "Caroline," and take the responsibility for it. To a certain extent this was a warlike incursion upon our territory. Now all engaged in it, I admit, are *primâ facie* guilty of murder, &c. They are, therefore, properly indicted in our courts; and being indicted, there is no prerogative here or in England to arrest the course of judicial proceedings. Lord Palmerston was too hasty in demanding the immediate discharge of McLeod. It would not be done in England, land of the common law and of liberal institutions. But, on his trial, I think McLeod will have a sufficient defence in showing that the act in which he was engaged was undertaken by him in military subordination to his superiors, and that it was an act of national and not individual aggression. The questions you put about the Duc d'Enghien perplex me somewhat; but when we meet we will solve these. . . . Good-by!

Ever and ever yours, C. S.

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[1] Review of the "Political Ethics," April, 1841; Vol. LXXIII. 55-76.

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.

BOSTON, June 28, 1841.

Anniversary of the Battle of Monmouth, when the American army fainted under the heat, and Washington reproved Lee.[1]

DEAR LIEBER, — Yours of the day of the "Battle of Ligny" is before me. Thanks. I see a difficulty in the way of graduating duties on books by their value. There will be fraud, deception, and the like in assigning the value, besides greater difficulty than by weight. I find this is Judge Story's opinion also. He says, let all books in foreign languages come in duty free. So say I. At present there is a duty of four cents a volume. Let all English books more than ten years old (I would say ten years from the first edition) come in duty free. . . . If you can carry it, I say strike off all the duties. Lift up the gates, and let books flow into the country in every possible way. I like your views about the Lockport judge. . . . One good, high-minded act tells more for a country than mines of gold. "Stranger, go to Lacedæmon and say that we died here in obedience to her laws." This inscription inspired all Greece with patriotism; and it still does this high duty, as it is read in all languages and countries. . . . Choate will be glad to renew his acquaintance with you. His speech on McLeod's case is masterly.[2] It exhausts the question. When shall we see you here? The three Misses Ward — a lovely triumvirate — are summering in Dorchester.

Ever yours sincerely,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO PROFESSOR MITTERMAIER, HEIDELBERG.

BOSTON, June 30, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Four days ago I was rejoiced by your letter of May 7, which came by the way of Havre through the post-office. On the next day I received the packet of books you had been kind enough to despatch to me last December. I thank you very much for them all; but more than all, let me thank you for your kind recollection of me in your letters. I mourn with you most sincerely for the loss of your son. He was truly learned, accomplished, and amiable. I shall never forget the agreeable and instructive hours I passed in his society. He spoke English with great facility and correctness; and it was one of my chief pleasures at Heidelberg to converse with him in my own language on the many subjects which he understood so well. In his death the cause of liberal jurisprudence has suffered an irreparable loss. I wish you would assure Madame Mittermaier and all your family of my sympathy with them in their affliction. I remember very well your two youngest boys. I was much pleased by their appearance, the look of health and happiness that they wore, their agreeable manners and intelligence. In the education of these youths, and in their flattering prospects, you must find great sources of happiness. I hope they will not forget me. If I ever revisit Germany, I shall hope to see them. Present my kind compliments to your daughter, who used to converse with me most indulgently in German.

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[1] Lieber was accustomed to date his letters as of some historic day, usually that of a battle; and Sumner, in dating this letter to him, took note of his habit.

[2] June 11, 1841. Works and Memoir of Rufus Choate, Vol. II. pp. 3–23.

I trust you will pardon my apparent remissness in not sending you the books you desire. I have had a large packet of books prepared for you for several months, awaiting the opportunity of a ship from Boston to Hamburg. I have at last put my packet on board a ship for Rotterdam, with instructions to a commercial house in the latter place to forward it to you. The ship sailed three days ago. The packet contains a copy of Phillips on "Insurance," two volumes; of Bayley on "Bills," with notes; of the second edition of Story's "Conflict of Laws;" also a large collection of *brochures* that I trust will be interesting to you; also a copy of a new work, just published by a friend of mine, on "Seamen," which the author sends to you with his compliments. I send two copies of the fourteenth and fifteenth Reports of the Prison Discipline Society; also of the Institution for the Blind. Let me call your attention to the wonderful account in the Appendix to the latter of Laura Bridgman, — a girl deaf, dumb, and blind, — who has been taught the language of signs, and whose education has already advanced to a considerable extent. I have also sent you the reports of our Massachusetts Secretary[1] of the Board of Education, which are very interesting documents. I shall continue to send you all the things that I think will interest you. There is nothing of importance in jurisprudence. Judge Story is now engaged in a work on the "Law of Partnership." I have just seen him. He desires to be remembered to you. He and all your friends here have sympathized with you in the death of your son.

I am glad to hear of Grosch's health and prosperity, and hope he enjoyed himself in England. Tell him that I have not forgotten that I am his debtor for a long and generous letter. I shall write to him very soon. With cordial salutations to all your family and to the Hepps, believe me,

Most sincerely and faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

To Dr. Lieber, then at Washington, D. C., he wrote, July 5, 1841: —

"I agree with you entirely about Webster's massive and yet graceful letter.[2] It is a *chef d'œuvre;* and I do not make the criticism you do with regard to McLeod's release. I think Webster was right in that, and I regard this as one of the most important parts, — the distinct admission, formally and diplomatically, for the first time in history, of a great and important principle of the law of nations. We have long acted upon a silent or implied recognition of that; but now, for the first time, it is distinctly proclaimed and registered in the archives of two great nations."

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[1] Horace Mann.

[2] Letter of April 24, 1841, to Mr. Fox. Webster's "Works," Vol. VI. p. 250.

TO LORD MORPETH.

BOSTON, U. S. OF AMERICA, Aug. 15, 1841.

MY DEAR MORPETH, — I cannot let a packet sail without telling you of the emotion with which I have read your eloquent and touching address at the close of the polling in the West Riding.[1] You have made your political defeat a high moral triumph. I most sincerely think that by putting on record the noble sentiments of your address, — so full of dignity, of love of country, of the warmth of friendship, and of Christian gentleness, — you have done more good to humanity than if you had carried for your party all Yorkshire. Words like those you then uttered do not die; and wherever read they will go to the heart, as they came warm from the heart, with their lesson of love and duty. My friend Judge Story told me that in reading your speech he "shed tears for its very manliness." In your adversity you found the "precious jewel" as in the toad's head.

I trust, however, you will not desert Parliament unless to visit America. The House of Commons will seem blank to me if you are not there. If all is true that the papers report of the success of the Tories, perhaps you will feel disposed to put in execution the plan we once talked over, of a tour in the United States. You know that I should be delighted to see you.

I see that my friend Ingham has lost his seat. A more worthy, amiable, and conscientious person I never knew. He was of truth "all compact." In my estimate of men, his absence from Parliament will be a loss to his country. Milnes holds his place, and I am glad, for I always liked him.

You will find Stephens's book on the ruins of Central America amusing and in some respects instructive. His sketches are offhand and *bonâ fide*, but without elegance or correctness of style or scholarship. They make you laugh by their *naïveté* and constant jets of humor. I wish Miss Sedgwick had never written her letters[2] on Europe. She has set a bad precedent by publishing about society. The German proverb is, "Once a guest always a guest;" and it is difficult to see how a person can tell the public of hospitalities received without infringing on these sacred rites.

My friend, Mr. Edward Everett, has been nominated as Minister to London by the President; but his nomination has not yet been confirmed by the Senate, and a strong objection is made to him by the Southern members on account of his alleged Anti-slavery opinions. He is now in Florence, where he has enjoyed many distinguished courtesies from the Grand Duke. Before he left America I took the liberty of charging him with a line for you. Remember me most kindly to all your house, and believe me ever,

Most sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. Let me call your attention to the report on Laura Bridgman, a girl deaf, dumb, and blind.

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[1] Speeches, Lectures, and Poems of the Earl of Carlisle, p. 263.

[2] Catherine M. Sedgwick's "Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home."

To Lieber, then in New York, he wrote, Aug. 31, 1841: —

"I am glad that the book on 'Property' promises so well. I send herewith a discourse of Edward Everett, wherein he discussed some of your topics, particularly the inequality of property in the world. It is less rhetorical and more grave than his productions in general. . . . Young Dana[1] has just taken a wife, so I cannot hope to see him immediately to communicate to him your flattering notice of his book. You met him at my office. You remember I told you he was a remarkable person. William Story is at work on your 'Laura;'[2] he manipulates your style every day, sitting in the remote corner of Hillard's room. While writing this, your letter, with that soulful epistle of your wife, has come to hand. What a luxury to have so much love to lean upon, to encourage you, to animate you, to make you happy! I would give an Indian argosy for such a treasure."

TO HORATIO GREENOUGH.

BOSTON, Sept. 16, 1841.

DEAR GREENOUGH, — . . . Allston has a little novel[3] in press, written twenty years ago, — "about as large as the 'Vicar of Wakefield,'" so he says, — being the story of the life of an artist in Italy. I long to see it; for his beautiful mind must throw delightful colors over such a subject. Young Dana does admirably at the bar. He has as much business as he can attend to. When shall you let us see you? I have sent a letter of introduction to you by Mr. and Mrs. Grote, of London. Mr. Grote is a most accomplished man, — late M. P. for the city of London (Lord John Russell is his successor), a strong Liberal in politics, and a lover of the institutions of our country. He has been devoted, for twelve or fifteen years, to an elaborate "History of Greece." Mrs. Grote is a masculine person, without children, interested very much in politics, and one of the most remarkable women in England. Dr. Channing told me that Miss Sedgwick thought her the most remarkable woman she met in Europe. They are both sincere, high-minded persons; and I have ventured to introduce them, believing that you and they would be pleased to know each other. Thanks for your letter, which you called grumbling. Let me have another. Remember me kindly to Mrs. Greenough.

Ever sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD, BOSTON.

WALL ST., NEW YORK, Saturday, Sept. 25, 1841.

DEAR HILLARD, — My researches in the clerk's office have been fruitful, and make me sanguine that we shall defeat the enemy. I have been occupied on these till three o'clock, when the office closed. The first day I dined with Samuel Ward, where we had an accidental, but very pleasant, reunion of several of our friends, — Lieber, Cogswell, Robert Walsh, Chevalier Nordine. On the next day I dined with the Misses Ward; last evening, with Mrs. Oakey; this morning I breakfasted with Sedgwick, to meet Bryant. I shall not get through my business till Monday: so, Tuesday morning, I shall leave for Hudson; then across the country to Boston, stopping at Stockbridge for a few hours, — perhaps at Springfield, where some of my witnesses reside; perhaps I may be obliged to go to Hartford and New Haven. I am determined to gain this friction-match case. It is very important to my clients. I understand the case now better than before. Our opponents will be foolish not to compromise; but we must prepare for action.

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[1] Richard H. Dana, Jr., author of "Two Years before the Mast."

[2] A paper on Laura Bridgman.

[3] Monaldi.

New York is thronged and busy as ever. Love to all our friends.

Ever and ever yours, C. S.

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER, COLUMBIA, S. C.

HUDSON, ON THE NORTH RIVER,
Tuesday evening, Sept. 28, 1841.

DEAR LIEBER, — Here I am, imprisoned by the rain in the inn of a Yankee village. Longing now for companionship, I write to you, and while I write imagine that I have it, — as the ostrich supposes himself free from danger when he has thrust his head into the sand. Most heartily do I rejoice that I was able to see you in New York: the meeting was a capital afterpiece to the Boston drama. We parted on Monday, at the corner of Pine Street. I trust you have had fair breezes, and that this letter will find you with her who loves you so well, and with your boys frolicking about you. Ah! my dear Lieber, are you not happy? I know where you live. I wish your home was more according to your heart; but you have sources of the highest happiness, — domestic bliss of the rarest kind (whose soul is more filled with love than yours?); constant and honorable employment for your time; a distinguished name; and the consciousness of doing good, of aiding the cause of truth, of education, and government. I know few persons who have such reasons for blessing God as you.

On Monday evening, I dined with Mr. Henry Ward, to meet Mr. ———, with whom I was disgusted. His influence over young lawyers and young men must be very injurious. All things he said were strung with oaths as an Indian's body with beads and wampum; and the point of every argument was a bet. Can he be one of the first lawyers in New York? He was employed by the friends of the Bankrupt Bill in New York to forward their measure at Washington, and for this service was paid two thousand five hundred dollars. I was requested to do the same thing in behalf of Boston. I am glad I declined. Two modes of proceeding could not be more distinct than those we should probably have taken. Young Gibbs and Ward looked up to ———; for he was their legal Gamaliel, and strutted in his oaths, and echoed to his descants on wines. . . .

This morning, at seven o'clock, I took the boat up the North River, a noble stream, wanting only that element of which we were speaking yesterday, — association, — to be infinitely beautiful and interesting. West Point is a beautiful spot *per se;* but I must say that I gazed upon it with intentness, pleasure, and an absorbed feeling, — because it belonged to the *nation.* In imagination, I saw written out in its many-tinted forest the letters "U. S.;" and it made my heart beat quick: it was a glimpse at my *country.* I was lonesome in the boat, and all day sighed for somebody to commune with, better and more interesting than myself; and, looking at the shores and then the water, I thought of our late conversations about common friends, and wished you were with me. And so ends the chronicle of a day. . . .

Boston, Oct. 6, 1841. — I came across the country, from Hudson *viâ* Pittsfield and Springfield, home. . . .

Longfellow has written a beautiful little poem, — "Excelsior," — which I hope to send you, when it is published. . . . Webster passed through Boston day before yesterday, on his way to Marshfield. Judge Story and Abbott Lawrence both side with the Cabinet, and think Webster has made a mistake in remaining. Ticknor, who has returned from Woods' Hole, remains firmly his friend. I was told, in the west of Massachusetts, that the Whigs disapproved his course. Legaré is rejoiced at being Attorney-General. Some time ago he declined the mission to Vienna, and all posts abroad. Mr. and Mrs. Ticknor speak of him in the highest terms. He must be an accomplished man.

Ever yours, C. S.

TO LORD MORPETH, ALBANY.

Boston, Nov. 16, 1841.

My dear Morpeth, — I write at a venture, hoping this may hit you at Albany. We are all anxious to get you back in Boston; but nathless, I wish you to enjoy the autumn, as long as it is enjoyable, in journeying about. You may linger along the North River, stopping at various points of interest.

Webster regretted missing you very much; but he promised himself the pleasure of showing you the hospitalities of Washington. He told me that your speech in Yorkshire was the best piece of popular eloquence called out by the recent general election. You know what I think of it. But I will stop; for this letter is a random shaft, which may never reach you. . . .

Ever and ever sincerely yours,

Charles Sumner.

TO LORD MORPETH, NEW YORK.

Boston, Saturday, Nov. 27, 1841.

My dear Morpeth, — We all regret your long absence, and complain of the good people of New York, who detain you. Slight chronicles of you are in the journals; but I long to know your more particular experience, so far as you will indulge me, and whether the freshness of our New World has quite worn off. I have been tempted to go on, to be present at the dinner of Monday evening. What you say on that occasion will be as good as a new treaty of peace between our two countries, — words of amity and love. It will be a new note to our ears to hear a member of the English Cabinet expressing such feelings about America as I know are in your heart. . . .

Ever and ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.

INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND,
SOUTH BOSTON, Nov. 30, 1841.

MY DEAR LIEBER, — I am here with Dr. Howe, on a farewell visit. He starts to-morrow for Columbia, S. C., to endeavor to induce your Legislature to do something for the blind. The Doctor moves rapidly, and will be in Columbia almost as soon as this letter. Cannot you do something to pave the way for his coming? A notice of his institution, of his labors, of his philanthropic character, and of his distinguished success in teaching the blind, might be published in one of your papers, and do much good. But you know the South Carolina Legislature, and by personal conversation can prepare the way. When he arrives, I know you will do every thing to speed his plans. He will have with him two of his blind girls for exhibition before the Legislature. To you who know Howe, I need hardly add that this journey is undertaken with the hope of extending the means of education for that unfortunate class to whom he has devoted so much time. You know the chivalry of his character, and his disinterested devotion to this object, — how his soul is absorbed in it. Thus far, I wrote under Howe's roof, and now finish my scrawl while examining witnesses. . . . Lord Morpeth, you know, is in the country. Everybody loves him. I have been much gratified by the agreeable impression he produces everywhere. Prescott makes everybody happy who comes near him. I dined with him on Thanksgiving day. . . .

God bless you! Ever and ever yours, C. S.

TO LORD MORPETH, NEW YORK.

BOSTON, Dec. 1, 1841.

MY DEAR MORPETH, — I have read your speeches at the Corporation dinner, and the Yorkshire dinner.[1] They could not have been better. I thank you from my heart for those words of peace. They will do much good in confirming kindly relations between the two countries. I wish I could have been there to hear and see.

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[1] Referring to public dinners in New York.

I enclose a letter from Judge Story, who wishes to secure you at dinner, immediately after your return to Boston. We shall all be glad to see you back; but I fear Boston will be Mantuan to you after the bustle of New York, and that you will miss the exciting condiments of town life.

"Dread winter comes and shuts the scene," in earnest. We have snow on the ground, the jingle of bells, and the sleigh-rides of which you have heard. Shall we give you an upset in a snowbank? Your passage from New York to Boston will be dismal. The direct route will be by steamer, which leaves New York at five o'clock in the afternoon, and reaches *terra firma* and the railroad about two o'clock at night; by this, you will reach Boston at seven o'clock in the morning. If you do not incline to this penance, you can go up the Hudson, stopping at West Point, — which I wish you to see; then at the town of Hudson, and from Hudson come down by the railway, which you have tried once. Or, you may take still a third way (the boat to New Haven), — a very pretty place in the summer, embowered in trees, and the seat of a flourishing American university; then ascend the Connecticut River to Springfield, thence by railroad to Boston.

Ever and ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO LORD MORPETH, NEW YORK.

BOSTON, Dec. 6, 1841.

MY DEAR MORPETH, — Yours of Dec. 3 was duly received; and so, we may expect you Thursday morning. My dear friend Longfellow, whom you have seen once at his rooms, in the old seat of General Washington, — a Professor of our Cambridge University, and the head of our Parnassus, — wishes you to dine with him on the evening of your arrival. You will meet Allston and Prescott and one or two academics, whose talk and the associations of the place will "outdo the meats;" for the fare will be simple in the extreme. I hope you will feel able to go. I promise you much pleasure in the repast, and the warm welcome you will find. Prescott is anxious to see you, and will expect you to dine with him while in Boston. You will like him as well as his book; and also his venerable father, a lawyer *emeritus*, who has the rare felicity of living to see the fame of his son. I am expecting your speech in honor of St. Nicholas. Which in the calendar shall you serve next?

Ever most sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

To Dr. Lieber he wrote, Dec. 10, 1841: —

"Lord Morpeth has just returned to Boston, after a pleasant trip to Niagara, and a visit of a fortnight to New York. He will be here a fortnight; then to Philadelphia; then to Baltimore, and at the end of January or the beginning of February will be in Washington; afterwards, to the South and West.

"I must close now, in great haste. Business calls. I charged one client yesterday, as part of my fee in a case, six hundred dollars. He had the grace to say that it was no more than he expected, and not so much as I deserved.

"I do not think my sister Mary[1] is well, or in good spirits. A letter from you would have 'healing on its wings.'"

TO LORD MORPETH, NEW YORK.

BOSTON, Dec. 28, 1841.

MY DEAR MORPETH,[2]—I chide myself for my dumbness when I parted from you. I could not say then how much pleasure I had found in your society, and how much regret I felt in losing it. When the train had whistled out of sight, I walked, melancholy and slow, to Prescott, with whom I walked till long after dark, and talked about you. His heart was full of you, and I was delighted to find such sympathy for my own feelings. He can never fail to remember your visit with the keenest pleasure, and will join with me in watching your course in the clear upper sky. Believe me, everybody feels most kindly to you. All will take a deep interest in you, but there are some who have more than a common interest; they feel a warm affection. Pray do not forget Boston. I feel, my dear friend, how little claim I have to your friendship; but the heart speaks from its fulness, and I cannot withhold the expressions of my warm attachment.

After quitting Prescott, I went to the Anti-slavery Fair, where I talked with Mrs. Loring[3] and Mrs. Chapman about you. Then I saw Hillard, and continued the theme; and so night came. I told Prescott I should write to you to-day, and he said, "Put in my kindest regards." Believe us, dear Morpeth, all mindful of you, and myself more than all.

Ever and ever sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO LORD MORPETH, NEW YORK.

BOSTON, Dec. 30, 1841.

Thanks, my dear Morpeth, for thinking of me, and for writing so promptly. Thanks for the beautiful verses, which I shall preserve in memory of you. All have been pleased by your visit, and hope that you have carried away pleasing recollections of us. I hope that neither the frolics of New York, the staid hospitalities of Philadelphia, nor the hoarse politics of Washington will wean you from Boston.

In Philadelphia, send these letters, first, to Horace Binney, a retired lawyer with a fortune chiefly made in his profession; learned, accurate, accomplished, proud, cold, a high English Tory, disliking Lord Melbourne's administration; take him all in all, perhaps the best specimen of an American lawyer, both on account of his distinguished professional learning and his various attainments: to John Sergeant, a lawyer, once a candidate for the Vice-Presidency, with an acute intellect, chiefly exercised in politics and in his profession, with few resources for conversation, little general cultivation, cautious but still warm in the expression of opinions, particularly of dislikes, and among the latter is Lord Melbourne's administration; he declined the mission to England: to Judge Hopkinson,[1] a person of cleverness and genius, prompt, simple, natural as a child, wearing a queue. Harrison is Mr. Otis's old friend, the veteran of Philadelphia society (I do not know him personally), hospitable and kind. Richard Peters has recently lost his wife; he is very fond of society, gay, pleasant, and familiar for years with our public men. Joseph R. Ingersoll is in Washington.

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[1] This is his earliest reference, in his letters, to his sister's ill-health.

[2] He had just returned to New York, after a visit to Boston.

[3] Mrs. Ellis Gray Loring, sister of Rev. Dr. Samuel Gilman, of Charleston, S. C. Mrs. Loring and her husband were among Sumner's warmest and most constant friends.

Prescott has called while I am writing. He tells me to send you his blessing, and to say that you must write him as you promised. His attachment for you is most sincere and strong. . . .

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

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[1] He died a few days later. Sumner wrote of him, Jan. 18, 1842: "He has been summoned away. He was full of mirth, amiableness, talent, and learning."

CHAPTER XXIV.

SLAVERY AND THE LAW OF NATIONS.—1842.—AGE, 31.

QUESTIONS of international law, growing out of the institution of Slavery in the United States, supplied the first topics, in the discussion of which Sumner participated after his return from Europe. These related to the right of search as exercised by the British Government in the suppression of the slave-trade, and to the nature and validity of a master's claim to a slave when asserted on the high seas, in the port of a foreign power, or anywhere outside of the jurisdiction of the municipal law which sanctions his ownership.

The right of search, unless specially conceded by treaty, is a purely belligerent right, and does not exist in time of peace. By the treaty of 1841, known as the Quintuple Treaty, between Great Britain, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, the slave-trade was declared piracy, and a mutual right of search given. France, acting under the influence of Mr. Cass and Mr. Wheaton, refused to ratify it. The slave-traders often hoisted the American flag in order to protect themselves from search and capture. Great Britain asserted the right to stop vessels flying the American colors under circumstances which justified a strong suspicion that they were engaged in the slave-trade, and that, though carrying our flag, they were in fact English or of one of the nations which had conceded the right of capture. She disclaimed the right to seize the vessel if found to be American, although engaged in the traffic, and limited the asserted right to one of mere inquiry for the purpose of verifying nationality.

This qualified right of search, or of *inquiry*, as he preferred to call it, Sumner maintained in two elaborate articles, both filling five and a half columns, and printed in the Boston "Advertiser."[1] They reply at length to the positions taken by Mr. Stevenson, the American Minister, in his correspondence with the British Foreign Secretary. The second is a rejoinder to an article of Mr. Perkins, of Salem, who, in a communication to the same newspaper, had reviewed Sumner's first article.[1]

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[1] Jan. 4 and Feb. 10, 1842. Sumner's first article was republished in the "National Intelligencer," Feb. 5.

Mr. Webster, in his subsequent correspondence as Secretary of State, contended strongly against the asserted right of visit and inquiry, whether as a right of search or as a more limited right of inquiry for verifying nationality;[2] and publicists generally are in accord with him.[3] The Treaty of Washington, which he negotiated, provided, however, for naval co-operation in the suppression of the slave-trade. The right of visit and inquiry claimed by Great Britain was afterwards practically waived. When, however, there came an earnest purpose on the part of our Government to suppress the slave-trade, the right to search and seize vessels suspected of being engaged in the traffic was mutually accorded by the treaty between Great Britain and the United States, April 2, 1862, negotiated by Lord Lyons and Mr. Seward.[4]

Chancellor Kent wrote, Jan. 7, 1842: —

"I thank you for the Boston paper containing your view of the question of the 'Right of Search on the Coast of Africa.' I have no hesitation in subscribing to it as entirely sound, logical, and conclusive. There is no doubt of it; and the neatness and elegance with which it is written are delightful."

Judge Story wrote, Feb. 6: —

"I am glad to know that Mr. Prescott and Chancellor Kent approve of your article on the 'Right of Search.' It confirms my previous opinion of its intrinsic soundness. I do not exactly know whether Mr. Webster and Mr. Legaré concur in its doctrines, but I shall be surprised if they do not."

He wrote as to the second article, Feb. 20: —

"I go along with you throughout. This last article is written with a close logic and lawyer-like precision; or rather, I should say, with the comprehensive grasp of a publicist dealing with the general law of nations, and not with the municipal doctrines of a particular country."

Letters approving his view came also from Rufus Choate and Theodore Sedgwick.

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[1] The article of Mr. Perkins was published in the "Advertiser," Jan. 21.

[2] Letters to Mr. Cass of April 5, 1842, and to Mr. Everett of March 28, 1843. Webster's "Works," Vol. VI. pp. 329–346.

[3] President Woolsey, however, regards the distinction between search for ascertaining nationality and search which goes further, as entirely reasonable in the light of justice. — "Introduction to the Study of International Law," § 201.

[4] Wheaton's "International Law" (Dana's edition), pp. 201–203, note; 213–217, note.

The peculiar character of slave ownership as against common right, and existing only under positive municipal law, became at this time the subject of earnest discussion.

While the brig "Creole," an American merchant vessel, was on her voyage, in 1841, from Hampton Roads to New Orleans, with one hundred and thirty-five slaves on board, a part of them rose in mutiny, killed a passenger who was the reputed owner of some of the slaves, wounded a number of the officers and crew, and having obtained complete possession of the vessel, carried her into the English port of Nassau. The slaves were there liberated, although some were held for a while under arrest for the assaults. There was a question as to the extent to which the colonial authorities interfered to effect their liberation, positive and officious interference being alleged on the one side and denied on the other. The affair was presented to the attention of the British Government by a formal letter addressed by Mr. Webster, then Secretary of State, to Mr. Stevenson, our Minister in London. The Secretary contended that the "Creole," being engaged in a perfectly lawful voyage, and taken by mutineers into a foreign port, her officers were entitled by the comity of nations, while at such port, to the aid of the Government in whose territory the port is situated in maintaining their authority, and should be protected from any interference with the relations and *status* of persons on board existing under the laws of the United States. Mr. Webster, during the negotiations of the Treaty of Washington, again pressed this view.[1] While confining the controversy to the case of a vessel driven by maritime disaster or carried by unlawful force into a foreign port, his argument in spirit and effect went further. He illustrated the relation of master and slave by the analogies of husband and wife and of parent and child, and carefully refrained from stating its peculiar and abnormal character as against common right, existing only by positive law, and not entitled to any recognition outside the exclusive jurisdiction of such law. This pretension, which he maintained with his accustomed power, belongs to a period when the spirit of slavery dominated in our Government. Lord Ashburton, while declining to include the question in the negotiation of the Treaty of Washington, expressed his surprise at some of Mr. Webster's propositions. Dr. Channing, whose moral insight saw their direction, wrote at once his pamphlet, entitled "The Duty of the Free States," in which he complained that Mr. Webster's letter to Mr. Stevenson "maintained morally unsound and pernicious doctrines, and was fitted to deprave the public mind, and tended to commit the Free States to the defence and support of slavery." "The plain inference is," he said, "that the Government of the United States is bound to spread a shield over American slavery abroad as well as at home." He read his paper while in manuscript to Sumner, Hillard, and William F. Channing (the doctor's son), the three young men being with him in his library, and noting points for consideration as he read. Sumner made various suggestions, particularly on the legal points of the controversy. In connection with Hillard he revised the proofs, proposing several changes in letters written to the author, who, in May and June, 1842, was passing some weeks in Pennsylvania.[1]

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[1] Letter of Aug. 1, 1842. "Works," Vol. VI. p. 303. See Wheaton's "International Law" (Dana's edition), pp. 165–167. The British Government refused to restore the slaves; but Mr. Joshua Bates, as umpire under the Convention of Feb. 8, 1853, held that the owners had a just claim against it for pecuniary indemnity. The reasons which he gave for his decision are open to the same criticism as are the arguments of Mr. Webster's letter.

Sumner's great interest in the "Creole" question is noted by Mr. Ticknor, who names him as the only person he met, who was vehement against Mr. Webster's letter.[2] It appears also in his vigorous letters, written at the time, to Mr. Harvey and Dr. Lieber. He replied in the "Advertiser" to some legal criticisms which a correspondent of that journal had made on Dr. Channing's pamphlet.[3] In this reply, he said: —

> "It would ill accord with the spirit of English law to allow the liberty of a human being to be restrained by the meshes of technicalities like those woven by the writer in the 'Advertiser.' The single vigorous principle that within the British Empire no right of property can exist in a human being extends like a flaming sword around all its courts and territories, cutting asunder the bonds of every slave who approaches English earth."

Not only his participation in these legal discussions, but also his correspondence, in which he warmly commends the career of

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[1] Dr. Channing made, at Sumner's suggestion, changes in the following paragraphs, as printed in "The Works of William E. Channing, D. D.," in one volume; Boston, 1875: "The question between the American and English Governments . . . but must be treated as free," p. 856; paragraph relative to interference of the colonial authorities, p. 864; paragraph as to the magistrates "commanding" the slaves to go on shore, p. 865; note A, p. 906; note B, p. 906. Judge Story was also much interested in the legal points, and his advice was sought in relation to them.

[2] Life of George Ticknor, Vol. II. p. 199.

[3] His article was printed April 18. The articles of Dr. Channing's critic, signed "C.," were printed April 14 and 25.

John Quincy Adams in Congress, and expresses his delight in Longfellow's Anti-slavery poems, show that his convictions and sympathies on this great question were already fully developed. It will be noted with what emphasis and iteration he insisted at this period on the purely local and exceptional character of Slavery, as entitled to no quarter where it does not have the sanction of positive law, — a doctrine which, ten years later, gave the key-note to his first Anti-slavery speech in the Senate, entitled "Freedom National, Slavery Sectional." As yet, however, he dealt with public affairs as thinker and writer, rather than as organizer and agitator. Mrs. Maria Weston Chapman urged him, in the autumn of 1842, to enter on a more distinct co-operation with the Abolitionists; but his time for such public activities had not yet come. He had been for several years a subscriber for their organ, — the "Liberator," — attended their annual Anti-slavery Fairs in Boston, and maintained friendly relations with their leaders, — manifestations of sympathy and good-fellowship which disturbed some of his conservative friends.[1]

A brief reference to Sumner's view of the relations of our Government to Slavery may well be given in this connection, although a complete statement would be premature. The term "Abolitionist," so far as its etymology is concerned, designated all who were in favor of direct moral and political action against Slavery; but, in the party nomenclature of this period, it was applied in a narrower sense to those who, like Mr. Garrison, regarded the National Constitution as a pro-slavery instrument, —"a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell."[2] They therefore refused to vote under it, and insisted on the dissolution of the Union. Sumner, while sympathizing with their moral purpose, disapproved their methods. The Constitution, as he read it, and as he thought the Fathers meant it, was a charter of human rights; and the Union, as he saw it, was intended to be, and could be made, the very bulwark of Freedom for all within its borders. The idea that it was wrong to vote under our Constitution, he thought fanciful, — maintaining that, if carried out logically, it involved a withdrawal from the country; and that the duty of a citizen under our written Constitution did not differ from that of a citizen living under any bad government, in whose reformation he ought to assist by speech and vote. The demand for the dissolution of the Union was calculated to array the conservative thought and the national sentiment of the country against the Anti-slavery movement, — potent allies, which he thought essential to its success. The philanthropist, the patriot whose heart yearned for a country wholly free, whatever were his political relations, might well have preferred so grave a calamity even as the severance of the Union to the perpetual existence of Slavery in any part of it. But to one with Sumner's hopeful views of human progress there was no such dread alternative; and he believed from the first in the sure triumph of Freedom under the Constitution, and by the power of the Union. Notwithstanding these differences in opinion and action, he had never any controversy with the "Abolitionists." They usually treated him with exceptional good-will and confidence; and if any dealt harshly with him, he made no public answer, — simply saying to any one who called his attention to their criticisms: "We are all striving for the same end, — they in their way, and I in mine; and I can have no controversy with them." His view of the policy of the "Abolitionists" is shown in a letter he wrote April 9, 1850, in reply to a friend who justified his own opposition to the Anti-slavery movement by urging their violent language: —

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[1] With Wendell Phillips he maintained the friendship which began at the Harvard Law School. In Feb. 1845, they discussed in correspondence the "non-voting" question.

[2] Wilson's "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power," Vol. I. ch. xl.; Vol. II. ch. ix.

> "I have read the 'Liberator' more or less, since 1835. It was the first paper I ever subscribed for.[1] I did it in the sincerity of my early opposition to Slavery. I have never been satisfied with its tone. I have been openly opposed to the doctrines on the Union and the Constitution which it has advocated for several years. It has seemed to me often vindictive, bitter, and unchristian. But let me say, frankly, that I have never seen any thing in that paper at any time so vindictive, bitter, and unchristian as your note. You beat Garrison."

Sumner, at this time, watched with genuine interest Dr. Howe's work for the blind; the movement for popular education which Horace Mann was directing; and the agitation for an improved prison discipline, — without, however, enlisting in any public debate on either topic.

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[1] His subscribing for the "Liberator" at that early day was an exceptional case in his profession. Few lawyers read it, much less subscribed for it. Ellis Gray Loring and Samuel E. Sewall, — the latter still living, — were conspicuous instances of the few Anti-slavery lawyers of Boston who were in the period 1834–1840 actively engaged in practice.

Besides his discussion of the Slavery question arising under international law, his only published article, during the year 1842, was a review of Professor Greenleaf's treatise on the "Law of Evidence," then first issued.[1] In the early part of the year he taught in the Law School as Judge Story's substitute.

His social life varied this year little from what it had been during the two preceding. In the spring he visited New York with Prescott, — their special errand being to meet Washington Irving. In January he had many pleasant interviews with Dickens, who brought a letter to him from John Kenyon, and who was grateful for his kindness.[2] Late in August he met Lord Ashburton, who was then in Boston, and visited with him places of interest in the city and suburbs. With Lord Morpeth, who was journeying in various parts of the country, he continued his correspondence. Morpeth sailed on his return Sept. 29. Sumner passed the last five days in New York with him, — sharing in the hospitalities extended to him, and lingering on the wharf while the vessel which bore home his much-loved friend steamed down the harbor. During this year he greatly missed Longfellow, who, in search of health, made a six months' visit to Europe, — extending from April to November.

Dr. Channing died in October. To Sumner this was a personal loss; for, during the year, he had been brought into closer relations than before with this divine, and felt more than ever the power of his moral nature. He saw in his death, too, a far wider bereavement than falls to family and friends, — that of the causes of freedom and peace, which, at an exigent season, could ill spare a chief so fearless and so strong in public confidence. He little thought then that to himself was yet to fall so much of the work which Channing left behind; and to the dying philanthropist the assurance might well have been given, —

"Another hand thy sword shall wield,
  Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed
  The blast of triumph o'er thy grave."

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[1] American Jurist, July, 1842, Vol. XXVII. pp. 379–408.

[2] Dickens's "Life," Vol. I. p. 305.

LETTERS.

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER, COLUMBIA, S. C.

JAN. 5, 1842.

This morning, dear Lieber, comes to hand your note of Christmas. The best English paper published only once a week, incomparably, is the "Spectator." This will keep you *au courant* of the politics, the court, the gossip, the literature of England, with tolerable notes about the Continent. It is radical and democratic, but independent and thorough, — serving no party or section of men. The debates of Parliament are presented in an abridged form. The literary notices are more various, complete, and spirited than those of any other journal. The "Examiner" is clever, but lacks fulness and completeness. With that, you would miss much that you will find in the "Spectator." Indeed, you will be surprised at the amount of matter stowed into that weekly journal.

I have seen Howe, who speaks of you and your wife so as to please my heart. He is very grateful for your kindness to him in aiding his plans, and in receiving him and his under your roof. Last evening, I saw Mrs. B. and F. A. In the corner of a supper-room we talked of you and Mrs. Lieber. I reported to their glad souls the tidings brought by Howe. Miss F. told me that her sister had received a delightful letter from you, in which you overflow on sculpture. Let us hear from you. You see how many friends are pleased by news of you.

I cannot agree with you or John Quincy Adams, with regard to the China war. I think it justifiable, but not on your grounds. It is justifiable, because the English representative was maltreated, and forced to flee from the factories; because English subjects have been cruelly used, — their ears cut off, and stuffed down their throats; because English merchants have been falsely and oppressively dealt with. The Chinese were justified in demanding the opium, and burning it; and this act of itself would not form a ground of war, — nor would it be even an igniting spark. I am at a loss to see how Mr. Adams can invoke Christianity as a cloak for such a principle as he lays down. Much as policy and the feelings of our social nature may dictate to nations commercial intercourse, I cannot find in the law of nations, as expressed in the writings of publicists and deduced from the practice of the world, any rule which would authorize the *scourging* a State into the circle of nations. If it chooses to be a hermit, and live on its own springs and the fruits of its own soil, we cannot interfere. It is churlish and barbarian; but we cannot impose our Christian yoke upon them. What is the ceremony of the *Kow-tow*, which J. Q. A. treats as the cause of the war, but a court ceremony, — peculiar, indeed, but in the same class with the obeisance to the Grand Lama, and the requisition of the Russian and English courts that an American minister should appear in a court-dress, or some other uniform? Mr. Dallas, in his black coat, was refused an audience of the Russian Emperor.

In point of principle, this was as great an insult to the representative of a people not accustomed to any such form at home, nor recognizing it as essential under their invitations, as Lord Macartney's prostration before the Emperor of China. But we do not talk of war with Russia! I have always thought that our ministers ought to refuse to wear any uniform at a foreign court. Our high officers wear none at home; nor is it necessary that any citizen, or other person, native or foreign, should assume one in approaching the President. I should not wish to get the reputation of George IV., — of interfering in clothes and uniforms; but if I were President of the United States, I should send instructions to our ministers to discontinue their uniforms, — the *Kow-tow* of Europe.

Ever and ever yours, CHARLES SUMNER.

To Dr. Lieber he wrote, Jan. 11, 1842: —

"Howe will soon publish another report on Laura. She, poor girl, was delighted at his return. She cried with joy; and her nervous excitement deprived her fingers for a while of the power of language."

TO JACOB HARVEY, NEW YORK.

BOSTON, Jan. 14, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have been much gratified by your letter of Jan. 12, which I have just received with the newspaper containing an able article on "War with England." I agree with you entirely with regard to the "Creole" affair, — except, perhaps, that I go further than you do.

In the first place, England cannot deliver up the slaves who are not implicated in the mutiny and murder by which the government of the ship was overthrown. She has laid down a rule not to recognize property in human beings since the date of her great Emancipation Act. The principle of this is very clear. She will not in any way lend her machinery of justice to execute foreign laws which she has pronounced immoral, unchristian, and unjust. She had not so pronounced until her Act of Emancipation. It is common learning among jurists, that no nation will enforce contracts or obligations of an immoral character, even though not regarded as immoral in the country where they were entered into. Thus, in Algiers, the wages of prostitution may be recoverable in the courts, or a contract of concubinage may be enforced (I merely put these cases, without absolute knowledge that such could arise); but the courts of England, and — thank God! — of the United States, would peremptorily decline to recognize the validity of any promise or contract arising from such impurities. So must it be now with England. To her, slavery is worse than polygamy and concubinage. She cannot be called upon in any way to acknowledge the legal existence of a relation which she has denounced as a crime *majoris abollæ*.

Next, as to the slaves, participators in the mutiny and murder. Their case is not so clear as that of the others; but, nevertheless, sufficiently clear to enable us to see the way of settlement. And, first, I am inclined to believe — indeed, I entertain scarcely any doubt — that they became *free men* when taken, by the voluntary act of their owners, beyond the jurisdiction of the Slave States. Slavery is not a national institution; nor is it one recognized by the law of nations. It is peculiar to certain States. It draws its vitality from the legislation of those States. Now, this legislation is of course limited to those States. It is not extra-territorial in its influence. Our New England courts have decided that a slave coming to our soil by the consent of his master — as, for instance, a servant — becomes entitled to his freedom. The invigorating principle of the common law manumits him. It is not so, however, with a fugitive slave. And why? Because the Constitution of the United States has provided for his surrender; but the case of a fugitive slave is the only one provided for. The courtier of Queen Elizabeth said that the air of England was too pure for a slave to breathe in. I will say that the air of the ocean is too pure for slavery. There is the principle of manumission in its strong breezes, — at least, when the slave is carried there by the voluntary act of his owner. If I am correct in this view, these slaves were remitted to their natural rights. They were justified in overthrowing by force (not mutinous or murderous, because justifiable) any power which deprived them of their liberty. In doing what they did, therefore, they have not been guilty of any crime: they are in the same situation with the others who did not participate in the alleged murder.

But, in the next place, suppose we are wrong in this view; suppose they were not justified in rising, as they did; suppose, in short, that they have committed the crime of murder under our laws, — still, I say, England will not be obliged to give them up. The crime will be piracy by statute, and not by the law of nations. Now, it is perfectly clear by the law of nations, — and no nation has acted upon this rule more than the United States, — that no government can be called upon to surrender persons who have offended against the municipal laws of another government. It is, of course, within the discretion of a government to surrender such offenders; but it is no just cause of complaint that a government refuses to exercise this discretion. There can be no doubt that England will refuse to exercise it. Believe me, my dear sir,

Very faithfully yours, CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. It may not be uninteresting to you to know that Judge Story agrees with the view presented in the Boston paper on the "Right of Search." He agrees with every line of it. Chancellor Kent has written me that he has "no hesitation in subscribing to it, as sound, logical, and conclusive." Mr. Choate, of the Senate, gives it his assent. I do not know what Mr. Webster thinks about it.

To Lord Morpeth, then at Philadelphia, he wrote, Jan. 19, 1842: —

"Last evening, I was at two graceful gatherings of our Boston world, — one at Mr. Jeremiah Mason's, and the other at Mrs. Ritchie's. I wish you had been here to see our women, whom you did not see. We are on tiptoe to see who shall catch the first view of Dickens above the wave. To-morrow or next day, the packet will be here. *Query:* Will he eat the dinner the young Bostonians wish him to eat, and make the speeches (large price for a dinner!) which they expect him to make?"

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.

BOSTON, Feb. 10, 1842.

MY DEAR LIEBER, — . . . Longfellow's book contains some of the most beautiful gems of American poetry, — I would almost say, some of the most beautiful in English poetry. The description of the wreck in the ballad of the "Hesperus" is one of the finest things in English ballad literature. "Excelsior" is a noble poem, which cannot die; and which, as long as it lives, will fill with new energy those who read it, besides exciting the highest admiration for the writer. "Endymion" is a most poetical thought, beautifully wrought. "It is not always May" is a truly melodious composition. "The Rainy Day" is a little pearl. "Maidenhood" is a delicate, delicious, soft, hazy composition. "God's-Acre" is a very striking thought. Then, the hexameters. I do not like this measure in English. Our language has too many little words to bear this dactylic and spondaic yoke; but Longfellow has written the best that have been written in the language. . . .

I return you your notes on the "Right of Search." I sent you, some time ago, a reply to my article which appeared in the "Daily Advertiser," written by J. C. Perkins, of Salem, — a lawyer of great attainments and acuteness in his profession. I have taken up the subject again, — partly to rejoin to him, and partly to consider several points which I have heard started in various places on the subject. In my second article, I have taken something from you. You will recognize your property when you see it. Tell me how the question stands on this last article. The "National Intelligencer," I am told, has published my first, with some notes of praise; while the "Globe" and "Madisonian" have come out against it. I have not seen either. I do not belong to a reading-room, and see very few papers.

I long to see your letter on the "Creole," and wish I could send you a copy of one I wrote to Mr. Harvey, of New York, about a month ago, who wrote to me, asking what I thought of the case.[1] . . .

Ever yours, C. S.

To Dr. Lieber he wrote, Feb. 21, 1842: —

"I shall not go to the Supreme Court this winter, probably never. The cases in which I was retained to go there have been brought to a conclusion here without resorting to Washington. I am glad you like Choate so well. His position here is very firm. He is the leader of our bar, with an overwhelming superfluity of business, with a strong taste for books and learned men, with great amiableness of character, with uncommon eloquence, and untiring industry. I still stick to Adams;[1] I admire the courage and talent he has recently displayed, and the cause in which they were exerted. I object most strenuously to his manner, to some of his expressions and topics, as unparliamentary, and subversive of the rules and orders of debate. These are among the great safeguards of liberty, and particularly of freedom of speech. I was taught this by you. By imposing certain restraints, they give freedom, enabling everybody to express his honest opinions without fear of bullies or interruptions. One of the worst signs at Washington is the subversion of these rules. No personality is too low for that House; and Mr. Adams erred very much when he spoke "of the puny mind of the gentleman from Kentucky," and when he alluded to his intemperance. His example will encourage others in worse breaches of decorum. . . .

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[1] The omitted part of this letter states the same points as are given in the letter to Mr. Harvey, of Jan. 14, 1842.

"But I still stick to Adams. His cause was grand. If I had been in the House, I should have been proud to fight under his banners. He has rallied the North against the South; has taught them their rights, and opened their eyes to the "bullying" (I dislike the word as much as the thing) of the South. I wish *you* could extricate yourself from that coil."

TO REV. DR. WILLIAM E. CHANNING, BOSTON.

4 Court Street, March 10, 1842.

My dear Sir, — I am now able to send you the volume of documents containing the correspondence of 1837, on the subject of slaves thrown upon British islands. Allow me to call your attention to document 216, pp. 3–11, where Mr. Forsyth states the claim of the American Government; pp. 13–15, the answer of Lord Palmerston to this claim; pp. 25–28, a further answer of Lord Palmerston, embodying the English side in distinct and truly honorable terms; pp. 28–35, Mr. Stevenson's argument to support the slave-owner; pp. 43–45, a most interesting note from Lord Palmerston, assigning reasons why the English Government cannot be a party to a convention with regard to the disposal of slaves driven on their islands.

The notes of Lord Palmerston seem to me sound and elevating. The mind steps firmly and securely as it passes over them; while, as I read those from our Government, I feel as if the ground was caving under me.

I also send you Vol. III. of Madison's "Papers." On pp. 1429, 1430, you will see that Mr. Madison "thought it wrong to admit in the Constitution the idea that there could be property in men."

I hope you have seen some very excellent articles in the "New York American" on Mr. Webster's despatch. They are written with feeling and knowledge, and contain a great deal of apt criticism and powerful truth.

Ever sincerely yours,

Charles Sumner.

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[1] John Quincy Adams.

TO JACOB HARVEY.

BOSTON, March 17, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR, — "Common Sense" has done the work well. I subscribe most heartily to all your views, and am glad that they have been so ably presented. The case of the "Creole" seems too clear for argument. What could have induced Mr. Webster to make the demand he has made? I fear that the cause is to be found in the fact that he is a member of a *Southern* administration, with a *Southern* chief. But you will observe that he puts his demand upon *comity* alone. I think his letter a most acute and ingenious piece of advocacy. But the House of Lords has answered it in advance; though the question of *indemnification* is still left open. But I cannot doubt that England will treat this as she would treat the demand for the surrender of the fugitives.

I think Mr. King[1] of the "American" deserves great honor for the prompt and noble stand which he took against the doctrines of Mr. Webster's letter. His articles were admirable in spirit and matter. There is some professional learning which might have been introduced beyond what he embodied; but he handled the subject most ably. Judge Story tells me that, in delivering the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States on this recent slave question,[2] he has declared that, by the law of nations, we cannot require the surrender of *fugitives;* thus throwing the weight of our highest tribunal upon that of the English House of Lords.

But trouble seems to arise now from the other question, — of the right of search. The recent debate in the French Chamber has aroused new feeling. General Cass has come into the lists with a pamphlet, in which he takes sides most violently with Stevenson; and he has carried with him the sympathies of the Americans in Paris. I am happy to hear that Lord Aberdeen has addressed a note on the subject to our Government, in reply to Stevenson's last letter, which is said to be very able. What can be done to correct the public sentiment? I fear nothing. The question at issue is one of nice law, which the public cannot understand.

Ever faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO LORD MORPETH, NEW ORLEANS.

BOSTON, March 29, 1842.

Welcome back from Cuba, my dear Morpeth! but in New Orleans I fear there can be no agreeable welcome. If I have a correct idea of that place, there are the dregs of Parisian vice mixed with the vilest dregs of slavery. You will see how rapidly this question of slavery moves in the country. The South seems to have the madness which precedes great reverses. I agree with Mr. Giddings in his resolutions.[3] Indeed, they are the exact reverse of

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[1] Charles King, afterwards President of Columbia College, New York.

[2] Prigg *v.* Pennsylvania, 16 Peters's Reports, p. 539.

[3] Wilson's "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power," Vol. I. p. 447.

Mr. Calhoun's famous resolutions, adopted by the Senate three years ago; and from Mr. Calhoun's I most thoroughly dissent. Thank God! the Constitution of the United States does not recognize man as *property*. It speaks of slaves as *persons*. Slavery is a *local* institution, drawing its vitality from State laws; therefore, when the slave-owner voluntarily takes his slave beyond the sphere of the State laws, he manumits him. This was the case with the owner of the "Creole;" and Mr. Giddings, in asserting the freedom of those slaves under the Constitution of the United States, laid down a constitutional truth. But suppose it were not true in point of constitutional law, still Mr. Giddings had a perfect right to assert it; and the slaveholders, in voting to censure him, have sowed the wind. I fear the reaping of the whirlwind. Dr. Channing has a pamphlet in press, in reply to Webster's despatch on the "Creole." It is a noble, elevated production. He read it to me a few days since, and I felt glad that such a voice was to be heard in the country, and to cross the sea.

Our Minister in Paris, General Cass, has written a very mischievous pamphlet on the right of search, full of vague suggestions, and introducing harsh and disagreeable recollections of the past with regard to the exercise of the right of search by England. His protest and efforts have prevented thus far the ratification of the Quintuple Treaty by France, and have stimulated an angry discussion in the Chamber of Deputies, wherein much sympathy was expressed for the United States in her present stand. Loving my country, and not yielding to General Cass or any man in attachment to her best interests, I don't wish French sympathy on this occasion. I wish the great *moral blockade*, with which the South is to be surrounded, to be strengthened and firmly established. . . .

Believe me always with affectionate regard,

CHARLES SUMNER.

To his brother George he wrote, March 29, 1842: —

"We differ from General Cass entirely, and regret very much the course he has taken. I have read his pamphlet carefully, and have been pleased with its ready flow, its agreeable style, its patriotic fervor, and its general ability; but I must say to you that its argument seems to me unworthy a statesman and a diplomatist. He has mixed up questions which are not at all related; he has introduced the old questions of impressment and other grievances growing out of the belligerent right of search into the discussion of the late claim of England, which is entirely distinct in its nature from all others. This claim turns upon a nice point in the law of nations, almost technical, certainly juridical in its character. It is simply this: if an English cruiser commits a trespass on board an American vessel, suspecting her not to be an American, and also suspecting her of being engaged in the slave-trade, what is the measure of liability for the commander? He has committed a trespass, unquestionably, in setting his foot, without permission, on any ship with the true American flag; but the maritime law of the civilized world — a part of the law of nations — says that the officer shall not be liable in damages, provided he had probable cause to suspect the ship of being liable to capture. Probable cause is a sufficient defence for any marine tort."

To Dr. Channing he wrote, March 31, 1842: —

"I ought to apologize for the freedom with which I have marked the proofs and appended notes.[1] Believe me, I do not presume upon the value of any of the suggestions I have ventured to make, but offer them only for the consideration of your better judgment, if you have time and inclination to look at them."

To his brother George he wrote, April 1, 1842: —

"Dr. Channing has put forth a glorious pamphlet on the 'Creole,' in reply to Webster's sophistical despatch. One feels proud of being a countryman of Channing. His spirit is worthy of the Republic, and does us honor abroad. His is a noble elevation, which makes the pulses throb. The paltry, uncertain, shifting principles of Webster's letter are unworthy of him. The question of slavery is getting to be the absorbing one among us; and growing out of this is that other of the Union. People now talk about the value of the Union, and the North has begun to return the taunts of the South."

To his brother Henry he wrote, April 14, 1842: —

"We have just heard that you are bound for Havana; perhaps at this moment you are frying under the West India sun. We are all well, as we have been for months. You know Mary has not been strong. She has been obliged to abandon her studies; but I think she has been gaining in strength for some time. Julia is very studious and attentive. She is growing up to be a delightful and most lovable person. At the last news from George, he was in Paris and about to go to Spain. I wish he would think of turning his face homewards. . . . Longfellow sails for France the 24th April. I shall miss him very much."

TO HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, NEW YORK.[2]

COURT STREET, Saturday, April 23, 1842.

DEAR HENRY, — Will this parting word reach you? I write, not knowing; but the chance of again uttering a word to your soul before you descend upon the sea is enough. We are all sad at your going; but I am more sad than the rest, for I lose more than they do. I am desolate. It was to me a source of pleasure and strength untold to see you; and, when I did not see you, to feel that you were near, with your swift sympathy and kindly words. I must try to go alone, — hard necessity in this rude world of ours! for our souls always, in this life, need support and gentle beckonings, as the little child when first trying to move away from its mother's knee. God bless you, my dear friend, from my heart of hearts! You know not the depth of my gratitude to you. My eyes overflow as I now trace these lines. May you clutch the treasure of health; but, above all, may you be happy!

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[1] To Dr. Channing's pamphlet on "The Duty of the Free States."

[2] About to sail for Europe.

At Mrs. T.'s, many inquired after you. You were remembered by all as warmly as you could wish. Mrs. S. B. told me she thought "Excelsior" one of the most beautiful things ever written; that it filled her with admiration for your genius and character. I told her that I would let you know what she said. Cleveland was there, and Hillard and Prescott, and we all talked of you. This morning Hillard's lines appear.[1] They excite universal admiration. Judge Story, Quincy, Prescott, Greenleaf, all admire them. Howe wrote me a note this morning, telling me that illness prevented his going down to make his last adieus to you.

Enjoy Europe, gain your health, and with fresh happiness return to make some of us happy!

Ever your loving friend,

Charles Sumner.

TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE.

Boston, April 30, 1842.

Dear George, — Welcome to England,[2] on your way to the West! How does it sound to hear again your own language, and to see streets and brick houses like those of home? Let me suggest to you (I wish I had thought of it in season) to note down in a book all peculiarities of phrase, language, or pronunciation which you notice. Unless you begin early, your ear will get accustomed to them; and will, perhaps, imagine them American. I think you cannot fail to be struck with the superior grace and beauty with which the language is spoken by cultivated Englishmen. . . .

Robert Ingham, for whom I inclose a note, was a true friend of mine. He will be glad to see you as my brother, and will give you a warm welcome. He is a bachelor of forty-nine, living in the Temple, with a pleasant country-house not far from Newcastle. He lost his seat in Parliament at the last general election. In politics he is a moderate Whig. He is a warm but kind Churchman, and is a most delightful character. In all his views he is pure and elevated; in conversation, modest, quiet, and unambitious, but sensible, well-informed, and with that tinge which every English gentleman, no matter what his pursuit, has derived from the classical fountain. He will be a true friend to you, if you care to cultivate his friendship. He will advise with you about your travels in the country and in Ireland, where he has been. I also inclose a line for Joseph Parkes, a solicitor by profession, but one of the most learned lawyers in England, a strong Radical, a friend of the late Jeremy Bentham and Lord Durham, who takes a great interest in American affairs. He will take you to the Houses of Commons and Lords. Through him you may become acquainted with all the Radicals, — the Grotes, Roebuck, Charles Austin, Sir William Molesworth, Leader, &c.

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[1] Boston Advertiser. "Lines addressed to the ship 'Ville de Lyons' [in which Longfellow was to be a passenger], which sails from New York for Havre to-morrow, April 24."

[2] His brother was about to go from the Continent to England.

You will, of course, see Kenyon, who is a very good friend of mine. In a recent letter, introducing Dickens, he inquires after you. Dr. Bowring lives quite retired. He may invite you to breakfast. I often dined with Senior, or met him at dinner. He has remarkable powers, but is cold and logical. Who would have thought that he was the most interesting reviewer of Walter Scott's novels? Perhaps you have letters to Mr. Bates. You will find him a person of sterling honesty and sense. His son-in-law, Mr. Van de Weyer, the Belgian Minister, has a great deal of talent. . . .

Julia is still young enough to be happy. She has a bright, cheerful nature, from which I expect much; and a natural grace and sensibility which will temper her womanhood with great attractions.

Ever and ever yours,

CHARLES.

TO HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, MARIENBERG.[1]

BOSTON, May 14, 1842.

All hail, my dear Henry, and a health to you across the sea! . . . Prescott was sorry to miss you when you called. Full, true, warm soul he is. Wherever he passes he leaves a path of sunshine, and flowers spring up in his foot-prints, — unlike those spirits that move scythe-like across the field, cutting down by their harsh touch every thing that has put forth so much as a green leaf, and making a track of pointed stubble.

Your parting note to me I value much. I have read it over and over again, to find some new treasure, some unexplored line or phrase with some new, rich vein. We miss you constantly in our accustomed walks; and it seems to me at times, while sitting at the desk where I now write, as if your footfall would soon break on my ears. Felton was here yesterday; arrived between ten and eleven in the forenoon, and laughed very loud. Prescott, who came in and helped him for a moment, read a capital letter I had received the day before from Lord Morpeth; with his hat on, sat in the rocking-chair in Hillard's room, and then in my large arm-chair; made a sortie for half an hour; then returned; and then went with me to the cellar where *we* last broke bread together.

I do not visit the ———s now, and feel that our separation is growing broader every day. I have been true to them. Why, then, should I feel troubled? And yet friendship, sympathy, and kindness are a peculiar necessity of my nature, and I can have few losses greater than the weakening of these bonds.

SUNDAY, May 15.

Another night of sleep. I am a day older, with gray hairs shooting forth with startling growth. We dined at Prescott's at five o'clock, — William and Charles Amory, W. H. Gardiner, Dr. Robbins, and myself. There was a good deal of pleasant conversation.

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[1] A hydropathic establishment at Boppard on the Rhine.

Mr. Webster arrived in town yesterday. I wish to see him about Fay, and to revive the old plan about Greene; but our public men are so lost in selfishness that I do not hope much. If I were a partisan in politics, I should speak as one having influence.

We[1] have read the proofs of Dr. Channing's second pamphlet. It is bold, vivid, and full of life-giving truths. I admire the power of this man. Of all moral truth he has an instinctive perception, and clothes it in an angelic light. . . .

So I close this rambling scrawl. What care you for these minutes and fragments of life here in Boston? You now look upon the Rhine and its castled glories. God bless you! my dear friend. Get health and peace, and come home.

Ever and ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. Oh! I long for those verses on Slavery.[2] Write some stirring words that shall move the whole land. Send them home, and we will publish them.

TO THOMAS CRAWFORD, ROME.

BOSTON, May 14, 1842.

MY DEAR CRAWFORD, — . . . After I had completed my subscription for the "Orpheus," — that is, after I had got all the names on paper that I supposed would subscribe, — I put the subscription-paper into a pigeon-hole without collecting the money, where it lay undisturbed, among other documents, till I was aroused from my slumbers by your most welcome letter of Jan. 4. . . .

I read Greene's letters in the "Knickerbocker" with great pleasure. I fear that there is but little chance of any great change with regard to his consulate. Perhaps you are aware that I made an effort to bring about some improvement.[3] Mr. Webster said there would be no difficulty in appropriating one thousand dollars to our Consul at Rome, by way of salary; and said that he would recommend it. At his request I drew up a statement on the subject, in which I undertook to suggest some matters touching our representative at Rome, which was duly transmitted to him. I also forwarded copies of it to several Senators and Representatives, whom I endeavored to interest in Greene. But to my sorrow I see that nothing has come of it. All our public men are so absorbed by selfish considerations, that such a claim as this, with nobody present to urge it, and no party interests acting in its behalf, is neglected. Mr. Webster is expected in Boston in a few days; and if I can get an opportunity, I shall call his attention to it again. . . .

I did receive your "Washington" letter, and wish you could have had an order for a statue of our "great Father." That is the highest work with which an American artist can occupy himself. Let me know what you have done lately, and keep me informed of your works.

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[1] Hillard and himself.

[2] Mr. Longfellow's "Poems on Slavery" were written and published in 1842.

[3] He wrote letters to members of Congress and persons of influence in behalf of the Consulate at Rome.

Would it be possible to persuade Thorwaldsen to present casts of his works to our Athenæum? Or at what price could they be procured? Give me your ideas about this. We are anxious to enrich our collection with as many fine works as possible.

Where do you live, and how do you live? It is in Rome, and there is enchantment in that word. But in what street? How are the *cafés*, and the places of resort? I look back upon my sojourn there with a thrill of delight, and long again to tread the streets, to visit the galleries, to loiter on the marble pavements of the churches, and to surrender myself to the unspeakable charms of the place. I write this from my office in Court Street, with law books staring me in the face, and business neglected, chiding me for thus dallying in imagination with these far-off scenes. Felton has just left me, and sends his cordial regards. We have been sad at parting with Longfellow. He sailed from New York for Havre on 27th April, to pass the summer at a watering-place on the Rhine, and to return home in October. When will the "Orpheus" be finished? Pray tell me all about it as the work proceeds, and how you are satisfied with it. Where does Greene live now? Give him my love. He must write to some of us.

Ever sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

To Lord Morpeth, at St. Louis, he wrote, May 25: —

"Prescott gave an account, doubtless, of our excursion to New York, to meet Irving. It was a most agreeable jaunt, which I enjoyed very much. Prescott was fairly 'Boz-ed.' He amuses us not a little by his account of the doings and sayings to which he was a party.

"Mr. Everett has written me of the great kindness of Lady Carlisle and all your house to him. Mr. Webster has been in Boston for a day or two; he seemed in good spirits. He spoke in high terms of Lord Ashburton, and said he was a good man to deal with, who could see that there were two sides to a question. We all feel that our difficulties are approaching an end."

TO DR. WILLIAM E. CHANNING, PHILADELPHIA.

BOSTON, May 26, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have this morning received your letter of May 23, from Duncan's Island. The roll of proofs of the first half came to Crosby's hands this morning, and have been sent to the printer. They are just in season, for not a single sheet has been struck off. Mr. Hillard and myself have read the proofs with care, supposing that we should not regain those despatched to you; but we have found very little occasion for correction of any kind. I hope you will not feel that we have been subjected to any trouble. The very slight care of reading the proofs we have given with the greatest cheerfulness; and I now speak for Hillard as well as myself. Taking the interest we do in the cause, and proud of your friendly confidence, it is a source of pleasure to us.

I have had a letter from Lord Morpeth, which shows that his observation of slavery in Cuba, Carolina, and Louisiana has not weakened his hatred of it. He says, writing from Louisville: "I am dying to see Dr. Channing's pamphlet; but I suppose I should ask in vain till I get to Ohio." I have forwarded it to him.

Dr. Howe's report on the Blind Asylum is published, and is a noble contribution to the cause of humanity. The story of Laura Bridgman, as told by him, warms with magic influence the hearts of men. She throws untold interest about the blind, and the sympathy excited by her remarkable case is extended to a whole class. I send you the "School Journal," containing a part of the report, and some admirable remarks by Mann. He has recently returned from the convention at Utica, where, I am told, he did a great deal of good. Everybody listened while he spoke, and wished him to speak all the time.

If Hillard and myself can be of any service to you in Boston, during your absence, I hope you will command us as your sincere friends.

Charles Sumner.

TO LORD MORPETH, CINCINNATI.[1]

Boston, May 30, 1842.

My dear Morpeth, — I envy you your visit to Mr. Clay, and feel disposed to sympathize in your appreciation of his character. He must be, in many respects, a noble soul, with great qualities and a genius for command. I doubt not that he is "honest" as the world goes; but his principles are all of this earth. He inspires attachment infinitely more than his rival, Mr. Webster. I saw the latter to-day. He still lingers here and hereabouts, to sniff a little pure air and to await the doings of the Maine Legislature. They have already appointed commissioners — so has Massachusetts — to proceed to Washington with full powers to give their consent to a new conventional line. So I presume Webster will be off to-morrow or next day. There can be but little doubt that the boundary question — the great *crux* of our difficulties — will be forthwith adjusted. There is a general impression sustained by Webster's language, though he is very guarded, that the Ashburton mission will be successful. We no longer think or talk about foreign affairs. It is the tariff which occupies and absorbs this part of the country. Much of the wealth of New England is so situated as to be dependent upon a protection derived from high duties on certain foreign articles.

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[1] Lord Morpeth, while at Cincinnati, wrote to Sumner: "I left Cincinnati with regret. I liked its aspect, picturesque and novel, and I liked much a Mr. Chase I met there." The gentleman referred to was Salmon P. Chase, afterwards eminent as a statesman, and Chief Justice of the United States.

Peel seems to "steady on with upright keel." I confess my liking for his income tax. It is bold and frank. He does not move pawns, but plays his queen at once; and his move has drawn forth a good deal of admiration. I wish I could talk with you about his course. Is he not showing himself to be really a statesman?

I dined with Prescott yesterday. I always enjoy him very much. For you he has a most affectionate friendship, which he expresses to me constantly.

In the "Times" of May 4 is a very interesting debate on universal suffrage, brought on by Duncombe presenting the petition of the Chartists. Lord John's speech is very good. Mark how gently he alludes to the United States. Macaulay's speech, though not wanting in force, fails in tact and address. I wonder there was not a laugh at his allusion to distress experienced under "pecuniary" difficulties.[1] Duncombe must have started at it. Good-by.

Ever and ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

To Longfellow he wrote, June 6, 1842: —

"It is artillery election-day, and the streets are full of happy throngs, and the Common is blackened by the multitude. . . . I received to-day an invitation from the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Dartmouth College to deliver the oration before the Alpha. Of course, I must decline. . . . How I envy Felton's happiness! His own bosom is such an overflowing fountain of goodness as to supply perpetual sources of happiness, which diffuse their refreshing influences over all about him, like the cool and abundant waters of the Fountain of Trevi at Rome."

TO DR. WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

BOSTON, June 23, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR, — I was very much gratified by your kind letter, written when you were first recovering from your illness. William, your son, was in our office a few minutes since, and tells us that you are now in Philadelphia. I simply wish to say that the second part[2] is now fairly before the public, and I think is doing a great deal of good. I have, in various ways, read it many times; and I may say, most sincerely, that it seems better each time. It is comprehensive, clear, earnest, and convincing.

I was in Providence yesterday, where I saw President Wayland. He wished me to say to you that he had read both parts with great pleasure, and that he agreed with you entirely. His views on Slavery, and with regard to the South, have materially changed lately.

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[1] Speech on the "People's Charter," May 3, 1842;" Macaulay's "Speeches," Vol. I. 310–319.

[2] Pamphlet on "The Duty of the Free States."

I sent a copy of the first part (and I have also of the second part) to Lady Carlisle, — the kind and warm-hearted mother of Lord Morpeth. She writes me: "I am so much obliged to you for the most interesting pamphlet on the 'Creole' question. I admired it extremely, and have seldom read any thing that had a greater effect upon me." Lord Carlisle thought it so good that, though not politically intimate with Sir Robert Peel, he sent it to him, thinking it was what he ought to see.

I trust that you will gain strength fast. In the hills of Berkshire the nymphs of health seem to live. Several friends have been there recently, and have returned with pleasant recollections. The Ticknors and the Prescotts have passed some time at Lebanon.

Yours ever most sincerely,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. Dickens will write a series of graphic sketches on our country, — one on "International Copyright;" another, I think, on "Slavery,"[1] with the first sentence from the Declaration of Independence for his motto.

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.

BOSTON, June 27, 1842.

DEAR LIEBER, — What a state of imbecility and irresolution and ignorance exists in Rhode Island! But we must begin with the source of all, — John Tyler. Why does he not take the responsibility? If ever a case occurred under the Constitution, it is now. The whole State is in a panic. Within a few days, upwards of three millions of dollars have been sent from Providence to Boston, — and women and children also, — for safe-keeping. The whole State is under arms. I was in Providence last week; and, as I walked the streets in the evening, was stopped by pickets, and asked: "Who goes there?" All business is suspended. The lawyers do nothing. Is not this clearly a case for the intervention of the General Government to protect the State from domestic insurrection? A few regular troops, well-officered, with a sense of military subordination, would disperse the traitors immediately. . . .

We all miss our dear Longfellow very much. We love him most sincerely. I am with Howe a great deal. Bachelors both, we ride and drive together, and pass our evenings, far into the watches of the night, in free and warm communion. His seat is a summer retreat, and I pass one or two nights of every week with him. I think, however, he will be married very soon. What then will become of me? It is a dreary world to travel in alone. Have you heard from Oscar lately? I hope he is well; and when shall you kiss his forehead again? May we expect you in Boston this summer? You say nothing about your plans. You ask about my brother George, and seem to think he will be at home this summer. I begin to think he will never return. He has passed this winter at Paris, and when he last wrote was on the point of going over to England, for the summer and autumn; at the end of autumn to take the steamer for Malta again, visit Algiers and the north of Africa; then to Spain, and through that country into France again, — all of which, I suppose, will consume another year. I say, constantly, *cui bono*, all this travel? Far better to be at rest in some one place, hiving up from books, study, and meditation, rather than this perpetual attrition with the world. There is an article by George in the July number of the "North American," on the affairs of Afghanistan and British India generally. . . .

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[1] "American Notes," Ch. XVII.

God bless you! Ever and ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE, LONDON.[1]

BOSTON, July 6, 1842.

MY DEAR GEORGE, — . . . You enjoy conversation on politics, statistics, and history. Do you sufficiently appreciate talent out of this walk? For instance, Kenyon does not care a pin's fee for these topics; but he is exuberant with poetry and graceful anecdote: so that I must count him one of the most interesting men I have ever met. And I remember breakfasts at his house which were full of the most engaging conversation, different in its style and interests, but, I must confess, more engaging than a dinner with De Gerando, a morning with the Duc de Broglie, or De Tocqueville, or an evening in company with Circourt, — all of which, and much more, I enjoyed in Paris. Still, let me not disparage the latter. It is a pleasure to remember them; but the topics discussed and the tone of the discussion are different. Parkes is absorbed by politics, history, and the *real*. You and he will have many sympathies. But you would not sympathize with the imaginative, graceful, refined intellect of my friend Milnes, — perhaps not with the epigrammatic, caustic, highly-finished sculptured *mots* of Rogers, or the brilliant, argumentative wit of Sydney Smith. I like to find good in every thing; and in all men of cultivated minds and good hearts — thank God! — there is a great deal of good to be found. In some it shows itself in one shape, and in some in another; some will select your favorite themes, while others enjoy *ideality* and its productions manifold. Let me ask you to cultivate a habit of appreciating others and their gifts more than you do. . . .

You think me prejudiced in favor of England. Those who know my opinions know that I saw and felt the plague-spots of England as much as anybody. The government is an oligarchy, — the greatest and most powerful in the history of the world. There is luxury the most surprising side by side with poverty the most appalling. I never saw this in England, I never think of it now, without a shock. I pray for some change, — in peace, — by which this constant injustice may be made to cease. But because these things are so, should I therefore condemn all the people? Should I fall foul, like another Smelfungus, of all that is beautiful? Should I go out of the way to find dishonorable motives for conduct which is apparently benevolent and philanthropic? I know something of the conduct of England in regard to the slave trade. I know it from mingling with the people, and from conversation with many leaders on the subject. And I solemnly believe that, if ever a nation was disinterested in its conduct, it is England in her great, gigantic, magnificent exertions for the suppression of the slave-trade. General Cass's suggestions to the contrary, — his insinuations about material interests, — were only worthy of a man like Duff Green. I am desirous that all honest endeavor should receive its reward in the esteem of the world. Is it charitable to seek a low motive for conduct which is the natural product of a high motive? . . .

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[1] The letter replies to criticisms of his brother upon English society, as compared with the French.

I heard De Gerando lecture, say, twenty times. I was at his *soirées*, say, five times, and dined with him once. He never appeared to me a weak man; and I should rebuke myself, if I so called the author of the great work on "Bienfaisance." He is no longer in the enjoyment of fresh powers; but, my dear George, may not you and I both thank God, if, living to his age, we shall be enabled to look back upon a life as actively employed in high labors of public usefulness as the Baron de Gerando's?

JULY 8, 1842.

After an interval of two days, I return to you, my dear George. I hope you will not think me cool or unkind in what I have written on the other sheet. Perhaps I value too much (and yet can anybody value too much?) charity and kindliness in our appreciation of others. This world is full of harshness. It is easier to censure than to praise: the former is a gratification of our self-esteem; while to praise seems, with minds too ambitious and ungenerous, a tacit admission of superiority. It is a bane of society, wherever I have known it, — and here in Boston as much as in London, — a perpetual seeking for something which will disparage or make ridiculous our neighbors. Their conduct is canvassed, and mean and selfish motives are attributed to them. Their foibles are dragged into day. I do not boast myself to be free from blame on this account; and yet I try to find what is good and beautiful in all that I see, and to judge my fellow-creatures as I would have them judge me. There is a verse in Pope's "Universal Prayer" which is full of beauty. I wish it were graven on tablets in all our churches. You will pardon me for quoting what is to you so trite: —

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

When in Europe, I mingled in different countries with people of various characters. I am thankful that my impressions of all the countries that I saw, and of many people in those countries, are agreeable. I received much kindness: for this I am grateful. Not that I did not see much misery, much coarseness, much ignorance, much want of refinement, much injustice; but among individuals of all countries I found precious human sympathies, and cultivation that adorned them. You think I look back upon England with too warm feelings of regard. Do you know my opinions of English policy, and of the English Government? With these I certainly feel less sympathy than with the French. But should I not love my friends? Should I not love those minds that have enriched our common language with their high fancies, their glowing thoughts, their learned expositions? And can I confine my regards to those few whose tastes and studies have conducted them in the same path with myself? No: I rejoice in every opportunity of meeting any person whose mind is enriched by cultivation, and whose heart is warm with kindly feelings. Let me not judge his short-comings; let me not require from him more than God has appointed to him to contribute. . . .

You feel about this and your letter on Greece[1] as I did about the first articles in the "Jurist" which I published while I was still a student. I thought all the profession throughout the country would look up to me as the author; and I was anxious for newspaper notices. But I find that the more one writes, the more indifferent he becomes to the reception of his productions. Dr. Channing has often told me that, when he has printed any thing, he dismisses it from his mind.

I cannot forbear saying how much pleasure it gave me to see your few words about Longfellow. He cares not at all for politics or statistics, for the Syrian question, or the disasters of Afghanistan. But to him the magnificent world of literature and Nature is open; every beauty of sentiment and truth and language has for him a relish; and every heart that feels is sure of a response from him. I feel for his genius and worth the greatest reverence, as for him personally the warmest love. . . . I think, if you view persons candidly in England, you will meet many whom you would be proud to grapple to your heart with hooks of steel. You cannot fail to be struck by the high cultivation of all who form what is called the class of gentlemen, by their accomplished scholarship, their various acquaintance with all kinds of knowledge, their fastidious taste, — carried perhaps to excess, but erring on virtue's side. I do not know that there is much difference between the manners and social observances of the highest classes of England and those of the corresponding classes of Germany and France; but in the rank immediately below the highest, — as, among the professions, or military men, or literary men, or politicians not of the nobility, — there you will find that the Englishmen have the advantage. They are better educated and better bred, more careful in their personal habits and in social conventions, — more refined. The English country gentleman is of a class peculiar to England. He has at least three thousand pounds a year, and lives surrounded by his tenantry. Mr. Blackett, who has called on you, is a country gentleman of moderate fortune, and the owner of a coal mine. He was for many years the M. P. for the County of Northumberland. Ingham is a person of warm and affectionate nature, and much attached to the Church. I hope you will mingle with people without taking part in politics. It is the privilege of a foreigner to mingle with all parties, without expressing sympathy with either. Mr. Basil Montagu is an old lawyer of remarkable attainments. He has written several works on professional topics, which have been republished in our country; but he is chiefly known as the illustrator of the works of Lord Bacon. He and his wife, a most remarkable person, were warm friends of mine. They were both bosom friends of Coleridge, Charles Lamb, and Dr. Parr, and will give you pleasant stories of them. You know Kenyon's intimacy with Coleridge. I think some of his sketches of Coleridge and of his conversation are among the most interesting things I heard in England. Pray remember me warmly to Kenyon and the Montagus. Tell Kenyon that I confess to owing him a letter, which I shall send very soon.

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[1] A reference to George's anxiety about some articles sent to Charles for publication in this country.

July 15. — To-day, I close my long epistle. Hillard has gone with Cleveland on a horseback excursion to Trenton Falls. He is getting stronger. Hillard's is a beautiful mind. You will be struck on your return, if that ever takes place, by the grace and felicity of his conversation. From his lips there never fall slang, vulgarisms, or coarseness; but all his language is refined, choice, and elegant, enlivened by anecdote and literary illustration. . . .

Affectionately yours, Charles.

To Lord Morpeth, at Montreal, he wrote, July 10, 1842: —

"My last from you was from the banks of the Mississippi. . . . Dr. Fisher[1] has returned, and speaks of you with great regard. I doubt if you fully appreciated — because you did not know — his worth. He was the first suggester of that system of education of the blind which my friend Dr. Howe has administered with such success. . . . Webster's place in the Cabinet must be as uncomfortable as possible. I hope that he may succeed in the negotiations, so as to give him an opportunity of resigning. Tyler shows himself each day weaker, more selfish, more ambitious, more paltry. Contempt is all that he deserves. Mr. Appleton[2] has made a sensible, practical speech — not too long — in Congress. He is alone in the heats of the Capital. Prescott is now at Nahant, — the promontory jutting far into the salt-water, fourteen miles from Boston. He hopes you will not be swallowed up by a buffalo, before you return to Oriental civilization."

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.

Boston, July 13, 1842.

Your note, dear Lieber, came yesterday. . . . Do you abjure Boston, this summer? Bring Mrs. Lieber to the North, and give Mary and myself the pleasure of making her personal friendship. Do not let it rest always in paper. I know I should like her very much, because she loves her husband so well. Ah! that is the wife's high function, — to be his solace and strength, and to give him the pride and pleasure of being her protector. I have always taken very much to Mrs. Greenleaf; and I believe the strong element in my attachment to her is my admiration of her love for Mr. Greenleaf. She knows all his labors in his profession, and has been over all his work on "Evidence," — a heavy octavo volume, of six hundred and fifty pages. But you — you, dear Lieber — have such a wife! There you sit, in what you call "seclusion;"[1] but what is seclusion, "with one fair spirit for your minister?" I read your note to Howe; and both of us, mournful bachelors, exclaimed that such seclusion must be the acme of happiness. As for us, towards night we mount our horses, or jump into a gig, and career through the country for two hours; but when again in town, the sad question recurs, like the refrain of a lugubrious ballad, What shall we do? Where shall we go? With whom converse? Ices, strawberries, and chat, wherein are remembered things, experiences, and hopes of all sorts, absorb the remainder of the evening. Give us *your* seclusion. Ah! Lieber, be happy! I see you laugh at this overflow; but shall I not write as the heart bids? Judge Story is well, and to deliver a discourse before the Alumni of Harvard College at Commencement. His theme will be three Ds, — "The Dangers, Difficulties, and Dignity of Scholarship in the United States." He takes the place of John Quincy Adams, who fails on account of his political engagements at Washington. Come and hear him, — if you can bear to leave your "seclusion," which we so much envy you. How is Oscar? We feel sad in dear Longfellow's absence, — *facile princeps* of American poets, friend of the warm hand and gushing heart. . . . I drove the Lyells out last evening. They sail for Europe in the packet of the 16th.

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[1] Dr. John D. Fisher, of Boston, who died in 1850, aged fifty-three.

[2] Nathan Appleton, successor of Mr. Winthrop in Congress.

I break off now to mount with Howe to ride with two maidens fair.

Ever and ever yours,

Charles Sumner.

To Hillard, at Troy, N. Y., he wrote, July 15, 1842: —

"We parted at the foot of Wellington Hills.[2] Forbes and I — our horses most restive in each other's company — called on Mr. Cushing. On my return to town that evening, I found the Lyells had arrived. The next night I drove them out. They were delighted to see, for the first time, fireflies. I caught several for them in my hat. Wednesday they went to Nahant to dine with Prescott. I was asked, but declined. In the evening I went with Howe to ride with Miss ——— and Miss ———, a young girl of fifteen. I wished to laugh outright when I saw our cavalcade moving down Beacon Street, — those two young green girls under such ancient escort. I have been to-night with Howe to make a call at Savin Hill.

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[1] Lieber had complained of his lot, which compelled him to live at the South, apart from friends of kindred tastes.

[2] Sumner and Captain R. B. Forbes escorted Hillard, who was starting on a journey, as far as Belmont.

"Mann's oration is in press. I have read the proof. It is powerful and in pictures, but in a vicious style. Its drapery is like that of Paul Veronese, — heavy, sumptuous, sometimes tawdry, but always of golden tissue."

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

JULY 22, 1842.

DEAR HILLARD, — I was interrupted in the middle of the last sentence by Judge Ware,[1] of Maine, who inquired after you. I am in the midst of the ——— business, which I am doing as well as I can. Stay away as long as you can be contented. The packet came, but with no letter for anybody from Longfellow. — Here I was interrupted again by a succession of duties, among other things a little affair about a mortgage. Last evening Howe and I rode to Felton's. My only missive[2] was from Milnes, who speaks warmly of Tennyson. . . .

You will see the death of Sismondi and of the old Earl of Leicester, T. W. Coke. So the sage of Geneva will not be heard more, and the hospitalities of Holkham will be suspended. It is hardly probable that this generation will witness their renewal on the same splendid scale in which I saw them. Something besides fortune and a large house are required for the successful administration of these rites; and old Coke, by age, frankness of manner, and wide acquaintance with men, had become the chief of hosts. The closing of his gates will create a chasm in the Whig circle. Lord Fitzwilliam receives largely, but he does not know how to entertain; Lord Spencer does not choose even to receive; and Lord Lansdowne seems to content himself with his largess of hospitality in London and his Christmas rejoicings at Bowood. Old Coke will be missed very much.

The other evening I received my annual discourse from Mrs. Howe[3] on the married state. She thinks me erring, and hopes that I shall yet come into the fold, though her hopes in me appear to diminish. She shall think more favorably, she says, of my condition when I am more taciturn on this most important subject.

Have you read Edward Everett's speech? It is in the "Advertiser" of Friday (to-day). It is eloquent and apt, and seems to have been received with great applause; but I do not observe any notes of unusual approbation. It is the speech of a scholar and gentleman, and is in very pleasant contrast to the balderdash of Stevenson. I wish he had not begun, "I must be more or less than man." Is this not too trite?[4]

Enter Cushing, L. S.; then enter Howe. The two are debating high politics. Good-by. Love to Cleveland.

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[1] Judge Ashur Ware, of Portland.

[2] By the last foreign mail.

[3] Mrs. Judge Howe, of Cambridge.

[4] Speech at Manchester, England, May 25, 1842. Mr. Everett, in the revision of his speeches, omitted the phrase to which Sumner objects. "Orations and Speeches," Vol. II. p. 424.

TO LORD MORPETH.

BOSTON, Aug. 3, 1842.

MY DEAR MORPETH, — This will find you, I trust, with a safe scalp, far away from the wigwams and council-fires of the red men. I wonder at the variety and complexity of your travels. The whole continent will be reticulated by the lines of your journeys. Quebec is imperial. How much superior to Ehrenbreitstein! — as much so as the power of England (with her zone of military music about the earth) is more imposing than that of Prussia. Quebec and Montreal both have a European air, presenting a great contrast to the wooden towns of New England.

I am anxious that your last impressions of my country should be derived from that part which may give you, I think, the most pleasure. Let me plan a short journey for you, trusting that the smiling scenes through which I would have you pass may make you forget some of your Southern and Western life. From Montreal descend Lake Champlain, — observe the beautiful boats on this lake; pass by Crown Point and Ticonderoga, places famous in the French war and that of the Revolution; then cross Lake George, a lake of silver; from Lake George to Saratoga you will pass over the Flanders, the debatable ground in American history, fought over in two wars; see Saratoga and Ballston, then return to Burlington, on Lake Champlain, and from there wind through the Green Mountains; see Montpelier, in the lap of the mountains; cross the Connecticut River, pass through what is called the "Gap" in the White Mountains to Portland, Me., and thence to Boston; then, on the Western Railroad, to Berkshire, in the western part of Massachusetts; again to Trenton Falls (you will not miss another sight of them); thence back to the North River; and, descending the river, stop at Catskill and at West Point. Is this not a good plot?

Cannot you be present at the annual Commencement of Harvard University (our Cambridge), the last Wednesday in August? Story delivers a discourse on the day before, in commemoration of the second centennial anniversary of the graduation of the first class of the University. Come and hear it. This will be a literary festival, characteristic of the country, and everybody will be glad to see you. I am going, for a few days, among the hills of Berkshire with my sisters; but I shall always be within hail from Boston. Good-night.

As ever, ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO PROFESSOR MITTERMAIER, HEIDELBERG.

BOSTON, Aug. 4, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I am ashamed that I have left your kind letter of Feb. 8 for so long a time without acknowledgment; but various calls have absorbed my time, and I now write in haste in order to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Wheeler,[1] who has been for some time a tutor in Harvard

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[1] Charles S. Wheeler, who died at Leipsic, in 1843, at the age of thirty-six.

University. He has published a valuable edition of "Herodotus," and has otherwise made himself very favorably known to the scholars of my country. He hopes to pass several months in delightful Heidelberg; and I wish to commend him to your kind attentions during his stay. I send you two copies of the sixteenth report of the Prison Discipline Society; also two copies of Dr. Howe's "Report on the Blind," embracing the account of Laura Bridgman, the wonderful child, who can neither see nor hear nor speak; also a pamphlet on a proposed change in the veto power of the President of the United States.

I am glad that you found so much pleasure in your excursion to Italy. It is a most interesting country, and the works of Romagnosi and some others are valuable contributions to jurisprudence.

I have nothing to communicate with regard to legislation or codification in America. The commissioners in Massachusetts are still engaged upon their work, and will make a report in the winter. Judge Story's last work on "Partnership" I presume you have already received. He is now engaged upon a work on "Bills of Exchange."

Mr. Pickering and Mr. Cushing are both well, and send you their salutations. Remember me most kindly to Madame Mittermaier and to all your family. I shall not forget my pleasant days at Heidelberg, and the hospitality of your house. Believe me ever, my dear Mr. Mittermaier,

Very sincerely yours,

Charles Sumner.

To Longfellow he wrote, Aug. 20, 1842:—

"I have been away on a short journey with my two sisters, Mary and Julia, and have enjoyed not a little their enjoyment of life and new scenes. Howe started in company. We went to Springfield; thence made an excursion to Chicopee; thence to Lenox and Stockbridge, where I left the girls to ramble about, while Howe and I started on a journey to New York, including Hell Gate, where we passed the chief of our time. The "Three Graces" were bland and lovely. From New York I hastened back to Lenox; thence to Lebanon, where I fell in with President Van Buren; thence to Saratoga, where I saw Miss Sedgwick, Mrs. C——, and Miss A—— L——; thence to Catskill and the Falls, which I admired very much, West Point, New York, and home. . . . I thank you, my dear Henry, for the words of comfort which you gave me in your last note. I need them all, and shall lay them to heart. God grant that you may be happy! A beautiful career is before you, with opportunities of doing great good, of winning honor, and with the charm of loving friends in troops."

To his brother George he wrote, Aug. 31:—

"I much regret your application. I do not know the office in the country that would induce me to make such an application for myself. Indeed, I do not know the office that is worth asking for, or asking any influence to procure. It is a forfeiture of independence, destructive to one's usefulness and happiness. Within a few days, a person high in station spoke to me with regard to my receiving a certain office[1] (one which I should prefer over any office in the country with one exception). I told him that the appointment would be agreeable to me if it came unsolicited on my part. . . .

"The treaty is concluded, and peace now smiles over the two countries. Lord Ashburton's mission has been very fortunate. But what different fortunes await the two negotiators! My Lord will receive an earldom and the thanks of his sovereign, and will close his life in the enjoyment of the highest luxuries of wealth. Webster, it is presumed, will resign his office; but nobody can tell what he will do. He is deeply in debt, and with habits that will render professional exertion irksome. From his fate we may learn that office is not worth seeking."

TO REV. EDGAR BUCKINGHAM, TRENTON, N. Y.[2]

Boston, Sept. 2, 1842.

My dear Buckingham, — I address you with the familiarity of an ancient schoolmate; for well do I remember those lessons in early days, which we recited together. I thank you very much for the oration you were so good as to send me. I admire the frankness and spirit with which you turned the celebration of the Fourth of July to an occasion for moral improvement. I wish that for ever this day might be set apart throughout the whole country as the National Sabbath, to be employed in earnest inquiry into the real condition of public affairs, and in strengthening the foundations of moral principle and of concord. It should not be ushered in by the sound and smoke of cannons. Let it be a day of peace, and of those thoughts that flow from peace. Let me say, most sincerely, that such efforts as yours will contribute to bring about a result which I think so desirable. I have read your address with care and interest; and though I might possibly differ from you on some points, — only, however, by a shade, — in its tone and general conclusions I most heartily concur. The part on slavery I particularly liked. Would that it were responded to by the universal heart of the North!

On the day on which you delivered your discourse, Mr. Mann delivered one in Boston, which, it seems to me, is a most valuable contribution to the cause of every thing good in the country. It is well for us, when this day produces two discourses uttered in the spirit of yours and Mann's.

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[1] The office in relation to which he was consulted was probably that of Reporter of the United States Supreme Court. It is uncertain what office is referred to by the "exception," — perhaps that of United States District-Attorney, which his friend Mr. Dunlap once held. *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 152.

[2] Mr. Buckingham is the son of Joseph T. Buckingham, for many years editor of the Boston "Courier." He was Sumner's schoolmate at the Boston Latin School, and was in Harvard College, of the class succeeding Sumner's. He lived, in 1842, at Trenton, Oneida County, N. Y., and now lives at Deerfield, Mass.

Believe me, my dear Buckingham, with the attachment of an ancient schoolmate,

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE.

BOSTON, Sept. 4, 1842.

MY DEAR GEORGE, — . . . Lieber is now in Boston, and in my office. Without any suggestion from me, he said that you would be adapted for a diplomatic career, if you were of any other country; but that no American could have any assurance of being continued in a career which he had commenced, — of all which I am most devoutly convinced; so much so that, situated as I am now, without fortune, I would not accept the highest post in diplomacy. I would rather enjoy a competency, of which I am sure from year to year, than accept a post from which I might be discharged at some new turn of the wheel, and be left without any thing to depend on. Who would willingly embrace the anxious life of Mr. Wheaton, living in perpetual fear of losing his place?[1] While writing of this, I ought to add that Mr. Webster's views on this subject are different. The last time I saw him, I had a conversation with him on this very topic. I said that no competent person was encouraged to enter our diplomatic service, because there was no *avenir*. He replied that there would be an *avenir* to those who were worthy of it. But how can he say this? How long will Mr. Webster be in power, and will his successor sustain his nominations, — especially as some of them, as Mr. Webster confessed, were of notoriously incompetent persons? I am most strongly of the opinion that no young man who looks for peace, happiness, and the means of usefulness will enter the diplomatic service of the United States, — certainly unless he has a fortune which will render him independent. I am also convinced that it would be very difficult, if not impossible, for a young man to obtain any foreign appointment, unless he or his friends had rendered essential political services to the powers that be. My friend Howe, whose various claims to public and private regard you recognize, — who was seven years in Greece; who was by the side of Lafayette during the three days, and who has led a life of singular chivalry and philanthropy; in many respects, one of the most remarkable men of the age, — speaking French, German, Italian, and Greek, — in a moment of restlessness allowed himself to apply for the place of Secretary of Legation at Madrid a year ago. His application was urged by the warmest letters, — from Prescott, who had been invited by Webster to designate some fit person for this place; Ticknor, who is, perhaps, Webster's warmest personal friend; Choate, who has Webster's place in the Senate; and Abbott Lawrence: but no notice was taken of the application; and Howe has regretted very much that he brought himself to make it.[2]

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[1] There was reason for his apprehensions. Four years later, he was recalled by President Polk.

[2] In 1867, Sumner urged the appointment of Dr. Howe as Minister to Greece; but the

You will read Webster's letters to Lord Ashburton. They are the poetry of diplomacy. I know of no such papers in our history, — in dignity and strength of composition, in the stately pace of the argument, and the firmness of the conclusion. The letter on "Impressment" is magnificent. He thinks it his best. The former letter on McLeod was a great production; the two on Mexican affairs are equally so. The demand for the surrender of the Santa Fé prisoners is epic. If I find leisure, I will write an article for the "North American" on these despatches as a new era in State papers. The only one in our history comparable to his is perhaps the famous paper of Jefferson, in which he announced the neutrality of the administration of Washington: but I have not read this lately; and I doubt if it can be compared with Webster's. You will see that Lord Ashburton has used the word "apology" with regard to the "Caroline" affair. I understand that Webster spent two days and a night with Lord Ashburton, before he brought him to the important word. It is fortunate for the country that a person of Webster's knowledge and power had the management of this negotiation. Under Forsyth, there never would have been any settlement. Who excels, who equals, Webster in intellect? I mean in the mere dead weight of intellect. With the moral elevation of Channing, he would become a prophet. Webster wants sympathy with the mass, — with humanity, with truth. If this had been living within him, he never could have written his "Creole" letter. Without Webster's massive argumentation, Channing sways the world with a stronger influence. Thanks to God, who has made the hearts of men respond to what is elevated, noble, and true! Whose position would you prefer, — that of Webster or Channing? I know the latter intimately; and my admiration of him grows constantly. When I was younger than I am now, I was presumptuous enough to question his power. I did not find in him the forms of logical discussion and the close, continuous chain of reasoning; and I complained. I am glad that I am wise enough to see him in a different light. His moral nature is powerful, and he writes under the strong instincts which this supplies; and the appeal is felt by the world. In England, he stands at the head of American writers. The elevation and purity of his views always diffuse about him a saint-like character. You asked me to call Channing's attention to a matter stated in your article on Afghanistan. The last time I saw him, his daughter was speaking of Hillard's beautiful and most successful article in the "North American;" and I asked him if he had read it. He told me that he never read the "North American"! I should like to send you my friend Mann's oration on the Fourth of July. It is the noblest production ever called forth by that celebration. An edition of twenty thousand has already been exhausted, and more are printing. I doubt not that one hundred thousand copies will be circulated in the country. It is a plea for education. To this cause Mann has devoted himself as an apostle. It is beautiful to see so much devotion and such exalted merit joined to such modesty. . . .

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place was given to a gentleman who, it was claimed, should be reimbursed by an appointment for an unfortunate contract with the Government for the transportation of freedmen to Île à Vache.

Sept. 16. — Lieber is still here. He likes Mary very much, and has been to see her often.

Horace has commenced as a farmer. He is with Mr. Ripley,[1] eight miles from Boston. He picks tomatoes, cucumbers, beans, upsets a barrel of potatoes, cleans away chips, studies agriculture, rakes hay in a meadow, and is pleased with his instructors and associates.

Ever and ever yours, Charles.

To Dr. Lieber, then in New York, he wrote, Sept. 5, 1842: —

"I cannot approve of Adams's course on the tariff, and against John Tyler.[2] I think he has been governed by the lower part of his nature. His report was clever and striking in its composition and argument, but violent, uncandid, and wrong-headed. Is not this a good deal for me to say, where Adams is in question? So peace smiles upon us! Lord Ashburton has left with all manner of gratulations on his head. The correspondence, so far as I have seen it, is delightful: it is better, for my palate, than the choicest wine. Nobody ever wrote despatches like Webster. This is owing to his large head! I can see that large head, like an immense battering-ram, behind every sentence he writes."

TO LORD MORPETH, KINGSTON.

Boston, Sept. 6, 1842.

My dear Morpeth, — Lord Ashburton[3] regretted that he could not communicate with you. He could have offered you a passage in the "Warspite." I fear from what I hear that concessions have been made by Lord Ashburton on the "Creole" matter which, however agreeable to the South, will hardly satisfy Lord Palmerston. I understand that Lord Ashburton engages, for his government, that the local law of the West Indies shall not in future be applied to American slaves in certain cases.[4] I shall have the whole correspondence this evening, and will let you know how this stands. You will observe that nothing on the subject is embodied in the treaty. It is to be found in the correspondence, and is in the nature of an honorary engagement. Indeed, I understood that some of the rabid Southerners proposed to fasten a rider upon the ratification, of this sort: "Considering the engagement by Lord Ashburton on behalf of his Government not to apply the local law of the West Indies, &c., we hereby ratify, &c." Wise counsels prevailed; and their treaty escaped this defacement. Loving peace as I do, and hating slavery as I do, I feel embarrassed. I have hoped that nothing would occur to break the charm of the treaty, and to interfere with the establishment of complete harmony; but I revolt at any new sanction, even by implication, being extended to slavery.

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[1] George Ripley, of the Brook Farm Association.

[2] Memoirs of John Quincy Adams, Vol. XI. pp. 233–239.

[3] Sumner met him while he was in Boston.

[4] Lord Ashburton engaged that instructions should be given against officious interference with American vessels driven by accident or violence into British ports on the southern borders of the United States, and that there should not be any further inquisition into the state of persons and things on board than might be indispensable to enforce the observance of the municipal law of the colony and the proper regulation of its harbors and waters. "Webster's Works," Vol. VI. p. 316. Mr. Jacob Harvey, in a letter to Sumner, Sept. 16, 1842, gives an explanation of this clause of Lord Ashburton's letter: "Situated as he was, he was obliged to say *something*. There was more difficulty in arranging that matter than any other part of the negotiations. Many personal interviews took place before any thing was written. Calhoun met Lord Ashburton very often, and conversed freely on the peculiar views of the South. He finally came out warmly for the treaty, and no doubt influenced some Democratic votes."

Lord Ashburton and his suite spread a social charm over Washington, and filled everybody with friendly feelings toward England. Even J. Q. Adams relaxed in his opposition to all things English; and he confessed that this mission and the conduct of its members had made him for once doubt the uniform hostile intentions of England to the United States.

Choate thinks you were influenced by the desire to save all the money we owe your subjects. I told him there was a better and purer reason, in which I have faith, — a sincere conviction that a war between us will be inhuman and unchristian, and inconsistent with the civilization of the age. Bound up with this were undoubtedly motives of self-interest, suggested by the conviction that a war would be destructive to the material interests of the country.

Ever, ever yours, C. S.

TO LORD MORPETH, ALBANY.

BOSTON, Sept. 11, 1842.

MY DEAR MORPETH, — We all bask in the sunshine of peace! The letter about the "Creole" has not yet been published. Lord Ashburton's engagement for his government, if it prove to be as I understand it, will not be more agreeable to me than to you. It extends another sanction to slavery, instead of withdrawing from it all sustenance, and leaving it like a girdled tree. I bow to Webster's intellect: it is transcendent, magnificent. But he wants that divine *afflatus*, — those airs from heaven, which fan such a flame in the mind of Channing. I have never read despatches of a higher intellectual character than those that have come from Webster since he has been Secretary; and some of them have my most unqualified admiration, both as compositions and as expositions of the law of nations. But where slavery occurs, then he falls like Lucifer!

I note your programme for the North River; but I have been the length of that river three times, in the course of this summer, and my time is limited; so that I must see you in New York, in order to enjoy the last of you, and give you a parting "God speed!" Let me know when you sail.

Do not fail to enjoy Catskill and West Point. They are both inexpressibly fine. I doubt if Theodore Sedgwick is at Stockbridge now. I wish you could see the hills of Berkshire, and the green shade which embowers the railroad between Pittsfield and Springfield; then the valley of the Connecticut, — at least, as far as Northampton, a lovely village. But Catskill and West Point are better worth seeing even than all these.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO LORD MORPETH.

BOSTON, Oct. 1, 1842.

MY DEAR MORPETH, — As long as I could, I observed you on the taffrail of the "Great Western," and then moved away, melancholy and slow. Lieber and Sedgwick dined with me at the Astor; and we consoled ourselves for your departure by speaking of your virtues, and of our love for you. In the evening, I took up my solitary journey to Boston, where I arrived in season for Webster's speech.[1] The hall was crowded to suffocation. Webster looked like Coriolanus: he seemed to scorn while he addressed the people. His speech was unamiable, but powerful and effective. I send it herewith, that you may judge for yourself. It will cause a good deal of confusion among the Whigs, and will irritate Mr. Clay and his friends. When he came to speak of Clay's favorite measure, — the Compromise Act, — he drew from the bitterest fountains. He forbore to speak of the *motives* of its framer; "for the motives of all public men are to be supposed to be pure." He lashed with an iron flail the recent Whig Convention in Massachusetts, over which Abbott Lawrence presided, which nominated Clay for President. The speech was not received with any warmth. The applause seemed to be led off by some *claqueurs*, or fuglemen, and in rapture and spontaneousness was very unlike the echoes which he has excited in the same hall at other times. We are all uncertain still whether he means to resign. Some of his friends construe passages of the speech in favor of resignation, and others contrariwise. I should rather infer that he meant to stay. The steamer sails very soon, and I must close. Let this hasty note congratulate you on your arrival in the bosom of your family and friends; and believe me now,

As ever, affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. Judge Story has just called. He sends his warmest regards, and regrets very much that he could not see you again.

TO HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, LONDON.

BOSTON, Oct. 15, 1842.

DEAR HENRY, — Will this pass you on the wave, or meet you in London? We are all earnest to see you again, and to join with you in converse. You will find us a little older than when you left, — some of us no more in love with the world or life, and poor Cleveland ill indeed. It is thought he must go immediately on a long voyage, either to Rio Janeiro or the Mediterranean. He is thin and feeble. My heart bleeds; and I wish that I could lay down the burden of life, and endue him with my vigorous health. "Stop! sad heart, and cease repining." I do not repine. I often think of your various words of strength printed, written, and spoken. A few days ago, an old classmate, upon whom the world had not smiled, came to my office to prove some debts before me in bankruptcy. While writing the formal parts of the paper, I inquired about his reading, and the books which interested him now (I believe that he has been a great reader). He said that he read very little; that he hardly found any thing which was written from the heart, and was really true. "Have you read Longfellow's 'Hyperion'?" I said. "Yes," he replied; "and I admire it very much; I think it a very great book." He then added, in a very solemn manner: "I think I may say that Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life' saved me from suicide. I first found it on a scrap of newspaper, in the hands of two Irish women, soiled and worn; and I was at once touched by it." Think, my dear friend, of this soul, into which you have poured the waters of life. Such a tribute is higher than the words of Rogers, much as I value them.

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[1] Speech at Faneuil Hall, Sept. 30, 1842. Webster's "Works," Vol. II. pp. 109–140.

The death of Dr. Channing is a great sorrow, — not so much for his friends as for truth, humanity, and benevolence. He died Oct. 2, at Bennington, and was buried at Mount Auburn. I passed last evening with his daughter, and conversed freely about her father and his last days. I love his memory very much. He had been for years a very kind friend of mine.

It is after midnight; so I will to bed, wishing you a thousand blessings.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

To his brother George, he wrote, in October, 1842: —

"You will see that Dr. Channing is dead. So passed away one of the purest, brightest, greatest minds of this age. He has been my friend, and, I may almost say, idol for nearly ten years. For this period I have enjoyed his confidence in no common way. Both his last treatises he read to me in manuscript, and asked my advice with regard to their publication, and my criticism. In him there was less pride of authorship than in any person I have ever known. When he had once written his thoughts, he dismissed them from his mind.[1]

"Longfellow[2] has returned; and we are all delighted to embrace him. He is well, and in capital spirits. On his voyage home, he wrote some fine lyrics against Slavery."

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[1] Rev. Dr. Francis Wayland wrote to Sumner, Jan. 7, 1843: "The last time we met we were conversing about Dr. Channing. How little did we dream that he was so near his end! I most sincerely grieve for this loss to the world, to his country, and his family. Alas! what successor has he left?"

[2] Howe, Felton, and Sumner went to New York to greet him on his arrival.

TO LORD MORPETH.

BOSTON, Dec. 16, 1842.

MY DEAR MORPETH, — By post, I send Longfellow's little *brochure*, — the copy from the author. He is a new knight in the field against the Southern Python. The contest on the subject of slavery is thickening fast; and, in the short time since you left us, I can detect a new growth of feeling on the subject. The Legislature of Vermont have adopted very pointed resolutions against slavery; and that of Massachusetts will probably do the same this winter. The South will feel the sting of these proceedings, and will loudly threaten disunion.

A case has recently occurred in Boston, which shows pretty clearly that the law enjoining the surrender of a fugitive slave can never be enforced among us. A slave-owner hunted his prey to our ground; but the public feeling was so strong against him that he felt it expedient to receive four hundred dollars from some friends of the fugitive, and execute free papers in his favor, — though his expenses in endeavoring to reclaim him had already amounted to more than seven hundred dollars. If the case had been pushed to a decree, I suppose Judge Story would have felt bound to order the poor creature into slavery; but the decree could not have been enforced. A mass of excited men would have torn the slave from his master.[1] This incident has called forth and given body to the feeling already existing on the subject of Slavery in Massachusetts.

General Cass has arrived from Paris, and is fast becoming a powerful candidate for the Presidency. I was sorry to hear from him that the Quintuple Treaty was beyond all resurrection, and that even Guizot gave it over now. On many accounts, I should like Cass for President over any other candidate. He is a person of good morals, of heart, and appreciating the amenities of life. It is difficult to know, with any minuteness, his opinions on political questions. He professes to be a Democrat, bred at the feet of Jefferson; and he dislikes England, — or, rather, what he imagines to be English policy. Still, I have great faith that if in office he would, in spite of his Jeffersonian breeding and his prejudices, gravitate to the right.

I have read Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" with great delight.

Good-by! Ever, ever yours, C. S.

To Longfellow, he wrote, in December, 1842: —

"Send, if you have not already, a copy of your 'Slavery Poems' to John Quincy Adams. He deserves the compliment for his earnest advocacy of freedom, and the rights of the North. God bless every champion of the truth! And may man bless the champion also."

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[1] The "Latimer" case; Wilson's "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power," Vol. I. pp. 477–480.

TO LORD MORPETH.[1]

Boston, Dec. 31, 1842.

My dear Morpeth, — The "Liberty Bell" is pealing its notes; and the tongue you supplied adds to the sound. But your most beautiful, true, and very cautious letter,[2] while it has given much pleasure to the friends of the slave, has been made, by ingenious and Jesuitical glosses, to reflect upon their conduct and furnish a slur against them. I forward a paper containing some comments on your letter, — which, I regret to say, have been too generally approved by the generality of the people. I have promised to reply to these comments, and shall do it immediately. All that I shall undertake to show will be that we at the North are not foreigners, so far as slavery is concerned, and that we are not busying ourselves with matters which do not belong to us. Repudiation in the "sovereign" State of Mississippi excites the indignation of the Northern States; but we are silent in view of the injustice to the slave, perpetrated by the same State.

Your friends are all well. Mrs. R. regrets that you have favored the Abolitionists even as you have done. I told her that I should let you know her opinion.

God bless you! Ever, ever yours, C. S.

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[1] Lord Morpeth wrote from Castle Howard Oct. 30, 1842: "I long watched the forms gathered on the quay at New York, as we paddled off, with real emotion, and felt how much that I prized and loved I was leaving behind. And now after having been a fortnight at home, after enjoying the delight of being reunited with many of my family, after being more struck than ever with the finished and enamelled face of English scenery, — the hedge-row luxuriance of her fields, the gay sobriety of her steeples and towers, — I still most constantly feel the strongest yearning come over me for some of the true and warm-hearted friends I have left, and I sigh for the clear, expansive azure of your skies; in short, I hardly like to tell you all I feel on the subject, lest you should think me not quite sincere. . . . You see I am as much disposed to make use of you as if your friendship and good nature knew no distinction of hemispheres. It is pleasant to feel that my interminable obligations to you can never appear in the light of a burthen, so delighted shall I be with the consciousness of carrying them about me for my whole existence."

[2] See *post*, p. 238.

CHAPTER XXV.

SERVICE FOR CRAWFORD. — THE "SOMERS" MUTINY. — THE NATION'S DUTY AS TO SLAVERY. — 1843. — AGE, 32.

THE strong interest which while abroad Sumner took in Thomas Crawford, whose acquaintance he first made in Rome, has already appeared in his letters. He had then assured the young sculptor, who was waiting wearily for commissions, that eminent success was in store for him; and his efforts, next after the artist's genius, were to give fulfilment to the prediction. After leaving Rome, he sounded Crawford's praises in all circles where art was valued. From Europe he wrote in a most earnest strain to many friends in the artist's behalf, and at home renewed the appeal; but he did not rest content with words alone. The next winter he obtained, by personal solicitation, subscriptions to the amount of twenty-five hundred dollars for a marble copy of the "Orpheus," then only in plaster, to be placed in the Boston Athenæum. He called attention to its merits in an article which, accompanied by a steel engraving of the statue, he contributed to the "Democratic Review."[1] The article related the legend which was the artist's theme, described the work itself, and cited the opinions of *connoisseurs*. The editor of the "Review," after stating in a note to the article that the statue had been purchased for the Athenæum, said: "It may not be improper to mention here, to the credit of Mr. Charles Sumner (who is also the author of the above paper), that it is mainly to his exertions that his native city will owe the honor and advantage of possessing this noble sculpture."

The article thus described the statue: —

> "It is the moment when Cerberus has yielded to the music, and closed the eyes of his three heads in sleep, that the artist has selected for his chisel. The dog lies on the ground, no longer offering any impediment to the passage.

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[1] May, 1843; Vol. XII. pp. 451–455. The article was republished in the Boston "Advertiser," May 8, 1844. Sumner's early interest in Crawford is referred to in Mr. Hillard's notice of the artist in the "Atlantic Monthly," July, 1869, Vol. XXIV. pp. 40–54.

Orpheus steps forward with earnest action, — reaching with his body, as it were, into the shades impenetrable to mortals. In one hand he holds the lyre, which has done its first work of conquest; and, with the other, he shades his eyes, that he may better collect the light to guide his adventurous progress. The expression of the body and of the countenance are in harmony; and they denote the strong resolve which inspires the heart of the lover to seek his lost companion. Nothing shall make him hesitate. He sees already her image: he catches the sound of her voice. He has left the light of day behind him; and he knows not fear. Move on, then, eager soul! Such devotion shall not be without its reward. The torments of hell shall cease at your approach: the company of the damned shall bless your coming; and at least one fleeting vision of her whom you have loved so well shall be yours!

"Too much cannot be said in praise of the manner in which the artist has arranged his little group. The attitude of the principal figure, the position of the arms, and the apt employment of drapery, strike the most careless eye. But it is in the selection of the scene, and the poetical conception of it, that Crawford challenges our warmest admiration. It is not known that any other sculptor — we believe no other artist of any kind — has illustrated this scene. From the pictured urn of the past our young countryman first drew it forth, and invested it with the light of his genius."

The statue was not finished in marble till some months after the order was received; and its arrival in Boston was delayed till September, 1843. Sumner was much annoyed to find, on opening the box, that it had been broken in the transportation. He employed Mr. Henry Dexter to restore it, — under whose skilful hands the fractures were mended. He arranged an exhibition for the artist's benefit; and the sculpture hall of the Athenæum, then situated on Pearl Street, being unsuitable for the purpose, he induced the proprietors to erect a small temporary building on the lawn by the side of it. He attended to the choice of coloring for the walls, selection of furniture, admission of light from proper points, and other preliminary details. The exhibition, with a view to a better attendance of visitors, was postponed till the next May. Sumner obtained from the owners of Crawford's works, residing in Boston, the privilege of exhibiting them with the "Orpheus;" and, by the advice of friends, his own bust was added to the number. His best expectations were realized; and he had the satisfaction of seeing the artist's reputation established by the exhibition.

Mr. Hillard, writing twenty-four years later, said: —

"The statue excited great and general admiration, alike from the originality of the conception and the technical excellence of the details. Good judges felt that it was the production of an artist who was something more than a patient and skilful reproducer of existing forms, and that it was imbued with a creative genius which revealed a power of progress and an element of growth, asking recognition and encouragement. The strong impression made by this statue produced its natural result: many commissions were sent to him, and some of them for works of an ideal character, — such as gave him the sphere and opportunity he had long desired. The days of sharp struggle were over, and his patient expectation began to reap its reward. He had no longer occasion to struggle against depression and despondency; he had fought the fight, and won the crown. Work, and congenial work, too, came to him in reasonable measure, — not enough to absorb and exhaust all his energies, but sufficient to give him uninterrupted occupation, and to make his future sure. He had a large studio fitted up in the Piazza Barberini; and his active industry soon filled it with a collection of expressive and original works."

Crawford came to this country in the autumn of 1844, and during this visit married Miss Louisa Ward, — one of "the Three Graces of Bond Street," — whom he had previously met at Rome. Sumner rejoiced in the happiness which this domestic event brought to his friend, as well as in the professional success which he had at length won. Later, — in the early part of 1845, — he bespoke Judge Story's influence for Crawford, who visited the National Capital seeking from the Government a commission for an equestrian statue of Washington. The artist did not succeed in his errand, but his conception was yet to be realized in that noble group at Richmond, — the most inspiring memorial of Revolutionary patriotism which American art has created.

Crawford wrote to George Sumner, in 1844: —

"I am looking forward, my dear George, with an intensity of pleasure to meeting your truly glorious brother Charles. After my own family, there is no person in the United States whose friendship I have placed nearer my heart; and Charles has certainly proved how true a man can be to all those sympathies which make this world a pleasant place to live in. I scarce know what — short of a look into Paradise — could induce me to give up the pleasure of looking again into Charles's face, and feeling the earnest pressure of his hand on mine."

Sumner followed Crawford to the end with unfailing interest, and with a warmth of friendship which never abated; but the artist, although tenderly grateful to one who had served him so well, had now, with fame and fortune achieved, little need of his good offices. The visitor who passes through the halls of the Art Museum of Boston cannot fail to observe the "Orpheus," where it stands, not only as a piece of noble sculpture, but as the perpetual witness of that generous and faithful zeal which Crawford's friend and benefactor showed for him at a critical moment of his career.

"The Mutiny of the 'Somers'" was the subject of Sumner's only contribution to the "North American Review,"[1] after his return from Europe.

The "Somers," a brig-of-war of the United States, sailed from New York upon a voyage to the coast of Africa, on Sept. 12, 1842, under the command of Alexander Slidell Mackenzie.[2] Her crew consisted largely of apprentice boys, whom she had received from the Naval School. Holding the rank of midshipman among her officers was Philip Spencer, son of John C. Spencer, then Secretary of War under President Tyler. He had been guilty of previous misconduct in the service, and was reluctantly received by the commander. During the voyage, he was assiduous in corrupting the crew with attentions, money, tobacco, and spirits. On the return, he was discovered in a conspiracy to murder the officers, take possession of the ship, and enter on a career of piracy; and he and two confederates — Small, a seaman, and Cromwell, a boatswain's mate — were put in irons. Four others were soon after arrested, and the seven confined on the quarter-deck. The commander intended to carry all the prisoners to the United States for trial; but finding that in consequence of their confinement a mutinous disposition was spreading among the crew, he called a council of his officers. They, after a careful examination of the evidence and a consideration of the necessity, advised, in a formal document signed by them, the immediate execution of Spencer, Small, and Cromwell, — closing their decision with the words, "bearing in mind our duty to our God, our country, and to the service." Accordingly, by the order of the commander, the three were hung at the yard-arm, on Dec. 1, — four days before the arrival of the ship at St. Thomas. Spencer and Small confessed their guilt, and acknowledged the justice of the punishment. A question was, however, raised as to the guilt of Cromwell. A court of inquiry, of which Commodore Stewart was President, approved Mackenzie's course. Afterwards, a court-martial, of which Commodore Downes was President, upon a hearing of more than forty days, acquitted him; and their judgment was confirmed by President Tyler.

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[1] July, 1843; Vol. LVII. pp. 195–241.

[2] The "Mackenzie" was added to his name, in 1837, by an act of the Legislature of New York. He was a popular author; and among his books are "A Year in Spain," and biographies of Commodores Perry and Decatur. He died in 1848.

Such, however, was the position of Mr. Spencer, — the father, — his active interference with the proceedings, and the influence of others who were in his interest, that Mackenzie's conduct, notwithstanding this judicial vindication, was subjected to severe censure in some quarters. Both Charles H. Davis[1] — then a lieutenant, but since a Rear Admiral in the navy — and Theodore Sedgwick sought the aid of Sumner's pen in giving a direction to public opinion favorable to Mackenzie, which Spencer's friends were seeking to enlist against him. The former wrote, Dec. 28, 1842: "I make bold to ask you to lend your influence, through the press, to keep the public sentiment in Boston sound and right upon this subject. I, as well as your other friends, have had occasion to admire the manner in which you have treated public questions of legal interest, — a manner characterized by a liberal, comprehensive, and philosophical spirit, and by freedom from technical and professional narrow-mindedness."

The article begins with a spirited description of remarkable mutinies; notably those of the "Bounty," and of several in the English navy, near the close of the last century; and of the American ship "Essex," when under Commodore Porter's command, — a narration which showed a talent for historical composition. Then, reviewing the facts of the "Somers" mutiny, he vindicates the summary execution of the mutineers by the principle of self-defence, and by the duty of the commander to the ship and to the lives on board. The true issue, he contends, was not their actual guilt, but their guilt as apparent at the time; not the actual necessity, with the light of subsequent knowledge, but the necessity as it then seemed to the commander, acting conscientiously, and upon reasonable apprehensions. The following paragraphs give the spirit and points of his argument: —

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[1] 1807–1877. Rear Admiral Davis was distinguished in science as well as in naval service. He wrote, Nov. 17, 1876: "There has never lived a man better known, and seldom one who has left a fuller record, than Sumner. He was, in every way, a representative man of the times. He was so open, candid, and unreservedly free and communicative that he left nothing hidden, nothing unknown about himself, his thoughts, motives, principles, views, purposes, and ends, during a long, active, conspicuous, devoted public life. There was never a more transparent character, or a more sincere man, or a more faithful public servant."

"The legality of the means employed by Commander Mackenzie, in suppressing the mutiny, may be judged by the answer to the simple question whether, under the circumstances of the case, he acted honestly, to the best of his judgment, and without any corrupt motive or wilful thought. But in giving this effect to the motives of the commander, we assume that the mutiny had acquired such foothold as to cause reasonable and well-grounded apprehensions for the safety of the ship; in other words, there must have been an apparent necessity for a resort to extraordinary means to arrest the mutiny. There must have appeared to be no other alternative equally consistent with the safety of all. In characterizing this necessity as *apparent* rather than real, we adopt the distinction which lies at the foundation of the right of self-defence. The consideration of this distinction will throw additional light on the rule by which the responsibility of Commander Mackenzie is to be judged.

"But what is the right of self-defence? It is a right founded in the law of Nature. It springs from the character of man. It is one of the essential elements bound up in his being. It had its origin in the instincts of humanity, and is ratified by the calm judgments of reason. It is older than books, for it was born when the pulsations of the heart began. It is broader than civilization or law, for it is common to the whole human family. The language of the great Roman orator and lawyer is as true now as when it was employed in the defence of Milo.[1] . . . A right so important — which, in its exercise, may override the ordinary municipal law — can only be employed under circumstances of a peculiar character. It is like the sword suspended in the temple in ancient times, which could be taken down only on a great emergency. The law, which sanctions this right, limits and guards its exercise. It is not on every occasion of anxiety, or fear of imagined danger, or impending harm, that a person will be justified in taking the life of a citizen. But the law, while careful to restrain the right within its natural limits, recognizes its force on every just and proper occasion. What, then, is a just and proper occasion for its exercise? We answer: Whenever a person of ordinary firmness and courage has reasonable grounds to believe his life in danger; or, according to another form of expression, whenever it appears that he can save his own life only by the sacrifice of that of another. It is not necessary that the danger should in reality be imminent. It is sufficient if there are reasonable grounds to believe that there is a design to destroy life, although it should afterwards appear that no such design existed. . . .

"In estimating the danger to which the ship was exposed, we must not close our eyes to the light derived from the history of past mutinies. With such warnings as we have introduced into our pages, no commander can properly hesitate to adopt the most prompt and energetic measures. He must be mindful that the mutiny, swift as an armed man, may spring upon the unsuspecting officers, and that, while he hesitates for a moment, the irrevocable blow will be struck. Above all things, he will make great exertions, and incur burdensome responsibilities, rather than allow the flag intrusted to his guardianship to be displaced by the black bunting of the pirate. It is a duty, than which none lies nearer the heart of a faithful commander, to preserve his ship sacred for his country; that no flag may float from its mast-head but the ensign of the Republic; that its sleeping thunder may never be awakened, except in the cause of right. . . .

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[1] A familiar extract from section four of the oration is omitted here.

"The judgment of the court-martial, by which Commander Mackenzie was honorably acquitted[1] of the charges and specifications against him, stands on the immovable foundations of law. But we should not convey our strong convictions of its justice, if we did not add our opinion that it cannot fail to be ratified by every unprejudiced mind. Through the confusion and obscurity which prejudice and ardent discussion have thrown over this subject, this judgment will appear, like the country's flag, revealed in the smoke of battle. Does any one in his heart believe that the commander was not justified by the circumstances in which he was placed? Who would have asked him, with the history of former mutinies in his memory, to brave the dangers of delay for yet another hour? Let such person, if such there be, picture to himself the possible fate of the commander, before the sun had gone down on the first day of his irresolution. The officers, weary with watching, are sprung upon by the crew fresh from undisturbed repose. Perhaps they are thrown into the sea, which closes over their uncoffined bodies; perhaps, in an open boat, with a few biscuit and a single jar of water, they are set adrift, and at last, through various vicissitudes, — worn with suffering, with nothing left to sustain them but hope, — arrive in their country to tell their melancholy story. Meanwhile, the swiftest ship of the navy, from its armaments and its build apt at once for attack and escape, has fallen into the hands of a pirate. Like a baleful meteor, it shoots over the troubled ocean, with unwonted fears perplexing the navigation of the world. It arrests the commerce of the country, floating on every sea. It fastens upon one of those stately ships, — those 'pageants of the sea,' — laden with costly merchandise; and the gallant vessel, gay with the presence of the beautiful and cherished of the land, bearing to foreign shores wives in the fresh morning of a husband's love, and maidens the light and joy of happy household hearths; or homeward bound, with long-expected travellers, who have garnered up the rich harvest of learning, and science, and art among the ancient scenes of Europe, — becomes the pirate's prey. When these tidings reach home, where shall the commander of the 'Somers' hide his head? To him the country will call for the ship once intrusted to his charge, with stronger feeling than was implied even in those words of anguish wrung from the Roman emperor, — 'Varus, restore my legions!' Honor, then, to the commander for the courage and promptitude he displayed, and the service he has rendered to his country! He has done more than gain a battle, and deserves more than the homage of admiration and gratitude with which we greet the victor returning from successful war. We thank him, and the country thanks him, that he did not hesitate; that, just and firm of purpose, with a soul full of tenderness, he did not allow the sacred regard for human life, nor the wicked machinations of conspiracy, nor the fear of evil tongues at home, to shake his solid mind."

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[1] The judgment hardly went beyond a mere acquittal. See note in the "North American Review" for Oct. 1843; Vol. LVII. p. 512, — to the insertion of which Sumner is said to have consented.

Sumner's argument on the "Somers" mutiny shows that he had no sentimental notions on the right to use force in maintaining lawful authority, even to the extent of taking life. War he thought a wasteful and wicked method of settling international disputes, and of capital punishment he questioned the expediency; but he believed in a vigilant municipal police, in stern dealing with mobs, and in the swift and certain execution of the laws. His reflections in one of his letters on the tardiness of the National Government in suppressing the rebellion in Rhode Island is in this connection instructive.[1]

Mr. Prescott wrote, July 11, 1843: —

> "Your article is excellent, and pleases my father very much. His opinion here and everywhere is worth much more than mine; but I feel the full force and justice of your reasoning. You have discussed the subject in a very dispassionate and manly manner; and many of the passages, especially that one ending with an appeal to Varus and his legions, were written in a happy moment. I honor your learning in the notes. It is most pertinent, — like the spontaneous oozings of a well saturated mind, not hastily huddled together for the nonce."

Mr. Bancroft, while differing in some respects from Sumner's conclusions, wrote: —

> "Your argument is written with great ability, — humane, scholar-like, and deeply interesting. I respect the power, I delight in the pure feeling, of the writer; while my mind, on some points, wanders in a little different direction from some of your results."

Mackenzie was very grateful for this timely and able vindication, in a magazine of the highest authority. As soon as he ascertained its author, he wrote Sumner a letter of thanks, in which he communicated the approval it had received from Dupont and other officers. Soon after, he welcomed Sumner as a guest at his home at Tarrytown, on the Hudson; and though afterwards differing widely from him in his views on the peace question, the warmth and constancy of his friendship for his defender never failed. Before embarking on an expedition in the Mexican War, he gave a sealed letter to his wife, which was to be opened only after his death. When the seal was broken after that event in 1848, it was found to contain this remembrance: —

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[1] *Ante*, Vol. II., p. 212.

> "I wish some one to write in my name to Charles Sumner [and others, particularly named], to thank them for their friendship, and to say how highly I valued it. I wish them all manner of blessing."

The message was communicated to Sumner by Commodore Perry, in behalf of Mrs. Mackenzie.

This defence of the commander of the "Somers" has a sequel. Sumner was at Saratoga in August, 1851, after his election to the Senate, but before taking his seat. John Slidell, brother of Mackenzie, then a Senator from Louisiana, and afterwards a conspicuous partisan of the Rebellion, was a guest at the same hotel. On being introduced, he treated Sumner with marked reserve, and declined an invitation to a dinner to which both were invited by a mutual friend. Later in the month, he wrote to Sumner, who had gone to Newport, a note of explanation, expressing gratitude for the "chivalrous and zealous advocacy" of his brother, but at the same time embarrassment in maintaining relations of intercourse with one so pronounced in hostility to his section, — referring to Sumner's "avowed purpose to exclude in his region the class to which he [Slidell] belonged from the courtesies of social life and the common rites of humanity." This was probably an allusion to Sumner's widely read speech at Faneuil Hall of Nov. 6, 1850, wherein he invoked a public opinion which should "prevent any slave-hunter from ever setting foot in the Commonwealth." In this letter, however, Slidell expressed himself satisfied with some explanation which had been communicated to him; and the two Senators, for a considerable time afterwards, maintained agreeable personal relations with each other.

In the early part of the year, Sumner stated the political relations of Slavery in the United States in a communication to the Boston "Advertiser," which merits attention as marking with distinctness his matured views. Lord Morpeth had replied to a request from Mrs. Chapman for a contribution to "The Liberty Bell," which was to be published at the Anti-slavery Fair in December, 1842, by a letter written at Castle Howard, Oct. 28, soon after his return home, — declining, on account of his foreign citizenship, to engage as a partisan in the discussion of what was an American question. The "Advertiser"[1] undertook to apply the principle of the letter to citizens of Massachusetts and other Free States, who were, as it contended, excluded equally with foreigners from engaging in the Anti-slavery agitation. Sumner replied, in an article filling a column and a half of that journal,[1] wherein he urged with vigor and earnestness the several aspects in which Slavery was a national question. Its effectiveness appears from the fact that the editor prefaced it with a reply nearly as long as the article itself. Taking up the argument for the limited right and duty of the citizens of a Free State in relation to American Slavery, grounded upon the limited right and duty of a British subject towards it, Sumner asserted the *moral* duty of denouncing national sins, even where there is no political power to remove them; and, further, the constitutional responsibility, in several grave particulars, of the whole nation for the institution of Slavery. He said: —

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[1] Dec. 26, 1842.

"These remarks assume two things, — first, that the opponents of Slavery in the Free States direct their exertions politically against this institution in States to which they are foreigners; and, second, that Slavery is not an evil within the jurisdiction of the Free States, or of the United States, of which the Free States are a part.

"The first of these assumptions is a mistake. The opponents of Slavery in the Free States recognize the right of all States to establish, within their own borders, such institutions as they please; and they do not seek, either through their own Legislatures or through Congress, to touch slavery in the States where it exists. But while they abstain from all *political* action on these States, they do not feel called upon to suppress their sympathy for the suffering slave, nor their detestation of the system which makes him a victim. To do this would be untrue to the precepts of our religion, and to the best instincts of our nature.

"'Our neighbor is the suffering man,
Though at the farthest pole.'

"It is not considered any violation of propriety to speak disrespectfully of *Repudiation;* and the editor of the 'Advertiser' very recently alluded to the disgrace which attaches to the American name on this account. Great as is the disgrace arising from repudiation, that from Slavery is greater, inasmuch as its injustice is more glaring. Both are sins against right, against conscience; but who will weigh the scrip of State stock in the scales against the liberty of a human being? Nevertheless, the most ardent supporter of the doctrine of non-intervention on the subject of Slavery would not hesitate to denounce the conduct of Mississippi for repudiation; nor would he feel that he was intermeddling where he was justly a stranger.

"The second of these assumptions is more important, and if possible more erroneous than the other. It will appear from the following points that Slavery is, on several grounds, distinctly within the jurisdiction of the United States, of which the Free States are a part. It is a *national* evil, for which to a large extent the *nation* and all its parts are responsible, and which to a large extent the *nation* may remove."

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[1] Jan. 10, 1843.

Nine cases were then stated and enforced, in which the nation had a direct responsibility for Slavery: 1. In the District of Columbia. 2. In the Territories, Florida being a Slave Territory at the time. 3. Continuance of the slave-trade between the States. 4. Admission of new States. 5. Rendition of fugitive slaves. 6. Transportation of slaves from one slaveholding port to another, as in the "Creole" case. 7. Laws of Slave States affecting the liberty of free colored persons, citizens of, and coming from, Northern States. 8. Capture by Federal troops of negroes held by the Seminole Indians, who were in arms against the United States. 9. Power to amend the Constitution in all points affecting Slavery.

He continued: —

> "It cannot be doubted, then, that the Constitution may be amended so that it shall cease to render any sanction to Slavery. The power to amend carries with it the previous right to inquire into and to discuss the matter to be amended; and this right extends to all parts of the country over which the Constitution is spread, — the North as well as the South."

The provisions of the Constitution relating to Slavery, and open to amendment, were then stated to be those relating to fugitives from service; to the apportionment of Representatives; and to the guarantee against domestic violence which might be invoked for the suppression of a slave insurrection.

He thus closed: —

> "After this survey, it will be difficult to see how it can be said that the people of the Free States are *foreigners*, so far as Slavery is concerned; or that they are 'laboring to produce an effect, without the shadow of right to interfere.' On the contrary, the subject is in many respects directly within their jurisdiction. Upon the North, as well as the South, rests the sin of sustaining it. The Supreme Court of Massachusetts, in an elaborate judgment,[1] has pronounced it contrary to the law of nature. The denunciations of the first moralist of the age, and the pictures of one of the first poets of the age,[2] have marked it with the brand of shame. More than these: the conscience of every right-minded man proclaims that it is contrary to the Golden Rule of justice. How, then, can we sustain it?"

Lord Morpeth wrote, March 2, 1843: —

> "I admired extremely your argument in the 'Advertiser,' which I thought very close, clear, and unanswerable; and I feel much gratified at hav-

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[1] Commonwealth *v.* Aves, 18 Pickering's Reports, p. 209 (1836).

[2] The references are to Dr. Channing and Mr. Longfellow.

ing had such an elucidator. It frequently happens that the commentary is of more value than the text; and I feel very glad that my letter should have given rise to so much discussion, — to draw out and stimulate which I consider to be the chief use of any thing which could be written on the subject. It seems to me that a large portion of your national conscience is now fairly aroused on the subject; and, this being the case, I cannot but hope that fruit may speedily follow."

In 1843, Sumner began to contribute to the "Law Reporter," — a magazine founded and then conducted by Peleg W. Chandler. The following articles, or notices, were written by him, — most of them brief: "Story on Bills of Exchange;"[1] "Reynolds's Inaugural Dissertation in Latin at the University of Heidelberg;"[2] "The Eightieth Birthday of Chancellor Kent;"[3] "Hillard's Phi Beta Kappa Discourse on the Relation of the Poet to his Age;"[4] "L. S. Cushing's Pamphlet on a Parliamentary Controversy in Massachusetts;"[5] "Sir James Mackintosh's Discourse on the Law of Nature and Nations;"[6] and "The University of Heidelberg."[7]

In 1844, he contributed the following: "Wallace's Reporters;"[8] "Reports of the State of Maine;"[9] "Ray's Report on Insanity;"[10] "The Number Seven;"[11] "The Reports of the State of New Hampshire;"[12] "Perkins's Edition of Brown's Chancery Reports;"[13] "American Law Journals;"[14] "Diversions in Philology."[15] And, at a later period, the following: "Wedgewood's Revised Statutes of the United States;"[16] "Mackeldey's Compendium of Modern Civil Law;"[17] "Punishments and Prisons;"[18] and "O'Brien on Military Law."[19]

His topics, it will be seen, like those of his early contributions to the "American Jurist,"[20] were books, authors, and jurists, instead of questions of law which were then vexing the profession.

A few extracts will illustrate his style and tone of thought at this period. Of Chancellor Kent's eightieth birthday he wrote:

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[1] March, 1843; Vol. V. pp. 519–522.

[2] May, 1843; Vol. VI. pp. 43, 44.

[3] November, 1843; Vol. VI. pp. 289–296.

[4] November, 1843; Vol. VI. pp. 330, 331.

[5] December, 1843; Vol. VI. pp. 377, 378.

[6] December, 1843; Vol. VI. p. 380.

[7] December, 1843; Vol. VI. p. 381.

[8] January, 1844; Vol. VI. pp. 425, 426.

[9] March, 1844; Vol. VI. p. 519.

[10] March, 1844; Vol. VI. p. 520.

[11] April, 1844; Vol. VI. p. 529–541.

[12] May, 1844; Vol. VII. p. 48–51.

[13] May, 1844; Vol. VII. p. 51, 52.

[14] June, 1844; Vol. VII. pp. 65–77.

[15] July, 1844; Vol. VII. pp. 155–157.

[16] June, 1845; Vol. VIII. p. 88.

[17] January, 1846; Vol. VIII. pp. 427, 428.

[18] February, 1846; Vol. VIII. pp. 477–479.

[19] April, 1846; Vol. VIII. pp. 529–532.

[20] *Ante*, Vol. I. p. 152.

"Ten years of happy life have been allotted to this great jurist beyond even the three score and ten, which are the measure of extraordinary length of days. His venerable years are another illustration of the saying of one of the early masters of the law (it is Littleton who speaks, or his commentator, Lord Coke), that there is something in the cultivation of jurisprudence favorable to a protracted life, and that grave judges, by the benign regard of Providence, are sure to be crowned by a green old age. Happy are they, indeed, upon whom Time lets fall the riches of knowledge and experience, and does not withdraw the priceless boon of health and strength! Thrice happy, if the fires of the family hearth still glow with cheerful brightness while loving friends surround it!

"Such is the fortunate lot of Chancellor Kent. On the 31st of July last he completed his eightieth year. Twenty years before, — on the 31st of July, 1823, — he had ceased to discharge the judicial functions, in obedience to the Constitution of New York, which pronounces the incapacity of a judge at sixty years of age. After hearing and disposing of all the matters before him, on his sixtieth birthday he descended from the bench. This occasion was seized by the bar to offer him an expression of their unabated confidence and attachment. To the learned leisure that ensued we are indebted for his invaluable 'Commentaries,' which have become a necessary text-book alike for the student and the lawyer. In every part of our widespread country, — wherever law has penetrated with its life-giving influences, wherever justice is administered, — this work is regarded as a guide and authority. . . .

"Highly, however, as we prize this work, — priceless as it is to the profession, — we are disposed to regard many of the opinions of the author pronounced from the bench as evidencing even a higher order of juridical talent. In this view we may differ from others whose opinions are entitled to far higher weight than ours; yet we wish to be understood that it is not because we appreciate the 'Commentaries' less, but the opinions more. We know of nothing in the English books surpassing in merit some of the golden judgments preserved in the volumes of Mr. Johnson. The learning of Eldon is there set forth with the grace of Stowell; and the deep researches of Hargrave, never equalled by an English judge, are rivalled on the American bench.

"Chancellor Kent seems to have been born with those eminent judicial qualities at which others arrive only by the experience of years.

"'Longa ætas Pylium *prudentem* Nestora fecit.'

"But the Nestor of our profession was *prudent* before length of days had set their mark upon him. As early as March, 1797, when only thirty-four years of age, he was appointed Recorder of the city of New York; and in February, 1798, he was appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State.

"It has been the rare felicity of this jurist to pass his life far from the ignoble strife of the crowd. His days have been counted out in the serene performance of honorable duties, and in the consciousness of doing good. The delights of literature have blended with the happiness of domestic life; and now, while he still stands on this bank and shoal of time, he sees by his side a son, the proper heir of his fame as of his name, already occupied in the same high duties which have filled the father's life, and we may say, almost without exaggeration, *melior patre*, distinguished judge. We refer to the Hon. William Kent, whose professional learning, various attainments, amiable character, and elevated nature are an ornament to the bar of our country. Happy parent, spared to enjoy the honors of such a son! Happy son, witness of the honored age of such a father!

"And here it is our disposition to speak of what would be most pleasing to our readers, and on which we should dwell with the affectionate interest inspired by what it has been our privilege to enjoy, — the private and domestic life of the Chancellor; in manners as gentle as in intellect masculine, so as to revive the almost impossible character of Gay.

"'In wit, a man; simplicity, a child:'

full of kindness; studious of the feelings of others; earnest in the expression of his own opinions; with a soul instinct with sensibility and probity; indefatigable in study, even in his old age; enjoying the choicest productions of the literature of our own day, and not neglecting the great masters who have been speaking through many generations. But we have already gone too far, — not further, we trust, than his kindness will pardon; and here we drop the curtain, where most the reader may long to see it lifted."

In his notice of Mr. Hillard's Phi Beta Kappa discourse, he said: —

"There is an error, as general in the profession of the law as it is discreditable, that the successful practice of the law is inconsistent with the cultivation of letters. All the studies of past years are too often put to flight by the first footfall of a client, as the ghosts are said to disappear at cock-crowing. . . . Pope has preserved, in his polished verses, the memory of the beautiful taste and scholarship which afterwards distinguished the judicial career of Lord Mansfield, when he says, alluding to the number of his chambers in the Temple, —

"'To Number Five direct your doves,
There spread round Murray all your blooming loves.'

"Other instances are afforded by the history of the English bar, where distinction in the law has gone hand in hand with eminence in literature. But we need not cross the sea in search of the argument derived from high example. The two great living jurists of our own country have adorned their lives by the fruits of various culture; and the names of Story and Kent have claims alike upon the lawyer and the scholar.

"The suggestion of the incompatibility of these two characters is not of modern date. It is as old as Cicero; and from his day down to the present time nothing has been said in answer to it more eloquent, more just, or more convincing than the passage he has devoted to it in his oration for the poet Archias. While defending his client, he avows in glowing words his own devotion to literature, from which ease could not withdraw him, nor pleasure call him away, nor sleep detain him. He breaks forth in an interrogatory, which, in the lapse of nineteen centuries, has not lost its point and freshness. . . .[1]

"It is in the noble spirit of the ancient orator that Mr. Hillard has devoted the moments — gold filings of time — saved from constant labor in his profession, to those refined and elevated pursuits of whose ripeness in his mind the address before the Phi Beta Kappa Society is a beautiful token. Here the highest thoughts, the most apt criticisms, and most animated exhortations come mended by the most graceful diction. A pure taste throws its grateful charm over the whole discourse. It would be difficult to point out a production which evinces at once so much familiarity with the literature of various countries and ages, and so little apparent desire to display the treasures garnered up. In a small compass we have a survey of the whole field of poetry. We catch the far-off sounding voice of Homer; the graceful notes of Virgil; the plaintive, soul-distilled melody of Dante; the magnificent strains of Milton. To these, and the lesser votaries of the lyre, the orator has listened, and we feel the music of their verse in his descriptions. We shall only repeat what we have heard from various lips, that this production has placed its author among the most prominent minds of our country. In the richness and beauty of his style, many will discern a resemblance to the essays of Sergeant Talfourd; and the union of professional and literary excellence in both suggests another ground of parallel. To both the bar is a large debtor for the lustre they reflect upon a profession which is so often regarded as harsh and ungenial."

In the notice of Mr. Cushing's pamphlet, he said: —

"Perhaps after Magna Charta the world has received from England no more valuable present than the rules and orders for the government of legislative assemblies. It was in the English Parliament that these rules and orders first drew their origin. Under their influence, that assembly has become renowned for the independence, pertinency, and business talent of its debates. The prerogatives of the crown and the pride of the nobles have been checked by the spirit of a free people speaking through its representatives."

Of Sir James Mackintosh's discourse he wrote: —

"It is unsurpassed by any juridical production for its learning, elegance, and elevated truth. We doubt if there is to be found in any language, in the same compass, a discussion of a kindred nature which can claim equal merit. Perhaps the celebrated forty-fourth chapter of Gibbon, on the Roman law, may alone vie with it in the instructive learning and classical finish with which it is wrought; though this certainly yields to the discourse in the ennobling sentiments which it conveys."

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[1] The extract from section vi., "Quare quis tandem," &c., is here omitted.

The article on "The Number Seven" is a curious enumeration of the instances in which this charmed number reappears in Scripture, history, mythology, astronomy, philosophy, law, and the periods of human life, — "an important and mysterious figure playing distinguished parts in the world's history." Its composition was a diversion, not a serious task. After an array of citations from literature, he said: —

> "Does not history, from the first creation of the world, bear witness to the important signification of the number *seven*? It is the recorded measure adopted by God for the time of his labors. It is the measure of rest from toil. It is of perpetual recurrence in human history. It is the pivot of interesting superstitions. It is the delight of legends and traditions. It is the favorite of poets, who are the priests of the human heart. It marks important stages in the physical growth of man, each of these being, as it were, a natural cycle or lustrum. It is an expression of strength, fulness, and completeness."

His articles on "American Law Journals" and "Diversions in Philology" are specimens of his genial discussions of style and the use of words. One cannot fail to observe, in his contributions to the "Law Reporter," how his kindly nature delighted to pay personal tributes to those who had done well in literature, even in its humblest toils. If approving words were always grateful to him, this also is true, — that he was ever generous, munificent even, in the praise which he bestowed on others.

But he did not give his approval from facility of nature or force of habit. He was merciless to a poor book, and ran a critic's knife through it with a relish. His notices of the "Maine Reports" and of "Wedgewood's Revised Statutes," as also of Tayler's "Law Glossary," some years before, illustrate his temper in this regard. He was severe in the standard which he set up for himself, and applied the same test to others. There are some amusing stories told of the way in which irate authors hunted for the critic who had flayed them.

Sumner gave instruction at the Law School from the early part of this year till the close of the summer term, taking the place of Judge Story, who was compelled by ill-health to suspend his labors as professor.[1] This was Sumner's last year of service in that capacity.

Early in 1843, Mr. Peters lost the office of Reporter of the Supreme Court. Judge Story, when he foresaw that a change was likely to take place, consulted Sumner as to his wishes concerning the appointment, and found him disposed to accept it if offered to him. The new reporter was, however, appointed when Judge Story was absent. Sumner's name seldom appears on the court dockets of this period; and the assured income of a reporter offered attractions for one who had no liking for the practice of the law.

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[1] The corporation, Feb. 25, 1843, appointed him to the place, and fixed his salary at the rate of twelve hundred dollars a year.

Sumner's circle of friends in New York was enlarged during his visits to that city, where he was the guest of his brother Albert, or a lodger at the Globe or Astor. His relations with Chancellor Kent continued to be most cordial; and with this learned jurist, now advanced in years, he talked of law and lawyers at home and abroad.[1] With the Chancellor's friend, Samuel B. Ruggles, he conversed concerning the future of the metropolis. With the Jays, William and John, father and son, he was in full sympathy on moral and political questions. He found in Benjamin D. Silliman a genial friend, with whom he had much in common as members of the same profession and interested in the same social circle. He delighted in the society of his friends on Bond Street, and shared with many others the enthusiasm which their wit and beauty inspired.[2] In September, after attending a wedding on Staten Island, he made a visit to the North River. He was first the guest of Mackenzie, — ever grateful to his defender, — and next, by the invitation of Mr. Harvey, passed four days at Hyde Park. Here had been the seat of Dr. David Hosack,[3] an eminent surgeon, distinguished for his hospitality. His sons and daughters (of whom Mrs. Harvey was one) were then living with Mrs. Griffith, near their father's estate. Among the group of families living or visiting in this attractive region were the Hosacks, Langdons,[4] Hones, Ogdens, Wilkeses, Livingstons,[5] Lewises,[6] Crugers, and Van Rensselaers. Sumner joined, on the day of his arrival, in an excursion to "the enchanted island,"[7] just below Tivoli, the mistress of which — the daughter of "the Patroon" — added distinguished personal charms to the scene. Of this day, of the cleverness and grace of the ladies he met during his North River visit, and of his horseback rides with fair companions, he wrote with the fervor of youth to friends at home. His hosts at Hyde Park parted regretfully with him, and even now recall freshly the pleasure he gave them.

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[1] The Chancellor lived then in Union Square, whither he removed, in 1840, from St. Mark's Place, Eighth Street, "an extreme part of the city," where Sumner called upon him in 1834. *Ante*, Vol. I, p. 132.

[2] With them, as at Prescott's, he sometimes joined in the game of "blind-man's-buff."

[3] He died in 1835. His estate now belongs to the Langdon family.

[4] Mrs. Langdon was the daughter of John Jacob Astor.

[5] Maturin Livingston. His daughter married Alexander Hamilton, grandson of Washington's Secretary of the Treasury.

[6] Governor Morgan Lewis.

[7] Mr. Cruger's estate.

Macready arrived in this country in Sept., 1843. His first engagement was in New York, where Sumner saw him in "Hamlet;" and, dining with him, "thought him agreeable and gentlemanly." This was the beginning of their friendship. During the autumn, Macready was for two months in Boston; and at this time they were very much in each other's society.[1] "Macready," Sumner wrote at this time, "has won our hearts. He is a most agreeable and interesting person." Again, in Oct. 1844, Macready visited Boston, and sailed the same month for England. In all his controversy with Forrest he had Sumner's counsels and cordial support; and their correspondence showed a constant interest in each other.

Few men have ever lived so much in their friendships as Sumner; and this year brought changes in the loved circle where his life had been garnered up. Cleveland died in June. Dr. Howe was married to Miss Julia Ward in April, and Longfellow to Miss Appleton in July. Sumner rejoiced in the happiness of his two friends; he was present at both weddings, and groomsman at the first. Of the group of young men who had been linked most closely together he alone remained single. Dr. Howe, with his bride, sailed for Europe immediately after their marriage, and was absent sixteen months. From Halifax he wrote back a farewell message: "Nor can time or distance or new relations ever loosen the bond of affection by which I am linked with thee; loving thee better than any of the numerous friends who spring up around thee wherever thou plantest thy foot." Well-filled letters often passed between the two while the ocean divided them; but Sumner, who craved sympathy and had found communion with Howe a help and solace, sorely felt the separation.

During the years 1843–44, Sumner suffered from depression of spirits. He took a gloomy view of what he had done or was likely to do, and became weary of life. It is rare that such a state of mind can be fully analyzed and explained, — its causes lying more or less in psychological conditions which elude the detection of close observers, and even the consciousness of the person himself. It is certain that, since his return from Europe, he had not taken any genuine and sustained interest in the practice of his profession. This was a grief to Story and Greenleaf, who observed in him the change which they feared when he went abroad. His sense of disappointment was not, under the circumstances, unnatural. He saw how others, with none of his high enthusiasm in the study of the law, and none of his elevated views, but with sharper wits and better adaptation to the details of business, were distancing him in the professional race. His willingness to accept the place of a reporter of decisions, and his subsequent undertaking to edit "Vesey," show that clients were not requiring his time, or that he did not care to devote it to them. He was aspiring; his nature sensitive and refined; his imagination had fed upon historic ideals, and he had shared the intimacy of the best exemplars among living men. Two friends at his side, Longfellow and Howe, were winning a deserved fame, — one in literature, and the other in philanthropy. He knew how from childhood his time had been well spent; his days and even his nights passed in study and reflection, and in conversation with the wise and good. He remembered the promises of youth, and, we may believe, felt keenly that as yet the performance of mature life had fallen far below them; and he did not see opening before him any path of great usefulness and honor. He may have been too much inclined to think of his own success or failure, — a habit of mind not favorable to spiritual health, and apt to beset those who are free from conjugal and parental interests. But whatever were the elements of this state of discontent and despondency, its existence was a grief to his intimate friends, to whom only he confided it. Some of them, like Dr. Howe, feared that, notwithstanding his general health and vigor, it was the sign of a latent disease, like that which had stricken other members of his family. This was, indeed, a critical period in his career.

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[1] Reminiscences and Diaries of Macready, Nov. 13, 14, 21, 26, 27, 1843. See Sumner's letter to Macready on his retirement from the stage in 1850, p. 675; also reference to a letter of Macready to Sumner, on Judge Story's death, p. 571.

Cleveland wrote from Havana, April 7, 1843, two months before his death: —

"With you, too, dear Charley, I sympathize and mourn over your disappointment in the hope you had of getting the place which Mr. Peters has vacated. It would have been a delightful office for you, and I had set my heart upon your obtaining it. I am the worst person in the world to preach courage and perseverance in the time of disappointment; and yet I can see as plainly as any one the need there is of them. . . . For you, it seems to me, this heroism is peculiarly necessary; not from any thing in your real position in life which renders it so, but because you have come to take sad and gloomy views of life. With your acquirements and fine talents, and with the high standing which you have achieved, the world is open before you in the brightest colors, if you will but see it so. Is all that has been said about the greatness and dignity of your profession a humbug? Is the law a mere string of dull technicalities, or is it a field worthy of the greatest minds? Is there not enough in it to interest and absorb your mind, and to give worthy employment for your highest faculties? Here you are, a man with full-grown powers, circled by loving friends, with every thing to stimulate you; and, above all, with the priceless blessing of fine health: will you be driven to despondency? Forgive my writing so freely. I mourn to see by your letter that you have forsaken society, and that your mind is saddened; because I can see as plainly as the day that there is no need of this. But I will not preach any more."

Felton wrote, Dec. 25, 1843: —

"What right have *you*, dearly beloved Charley, to a heavy heart? Of all the men I have ever known, not one ever had less *real* reason for despondency than you. I told you the other day, at your office, what there was in my heart. There must be something morbid in the views of life which you permit yourself to indulge. Of the *real* misfortunes you have *no* personal experience. To me — and I must think mine a healthier state of feeling — life is a precious gift; and, with all the sufferings which are a part of its condition, something to be cherished with gratitude, preserved with care, devoted to serious duty alternating with social enjoyment and the exercise of the affections; and, when the time comes, resigned with submission to the Divine will. I shrink from expressions of discontent with life, still more from the utterance of wishes that it were over; and the longer I live and the more I experience of its uses, the more wrong such wishes appear to me to be. I think you strangely mistaken in keeping aloof from the best of human sympathies, because I think you need them in a peculiar degree. You have a most mistaken fastidiousness, which, instead of cherishing by morbid reflections, you should dissipate by looking at the truth itself, not letting the better part of your nature wither under the blighting influence of factitious feelings. . . . Law and literature, in the highest form of both, are your chosen and should be your fixed pursuits. They are both noble; but they and all secular pursuits are insufficient, if you will, Hamlet-like, brood over the unhealthy visions of an excessive introspection, — if you will keep out of the way of the possibility of the best form of human happiness."

He wrote again, a few months later: —

"Think over again Howe's entreaties in regard to your health. You must take better care of yourself. You must not work at midnight. Arrange your hours better; divide the task among more days, and give the nights to friends and sleep. There is enough of necessary pain and suffering in the world. It is wrong to add to the inevitable sum of illness by heedless and needless exposures, by striding from volume to volume of 'Vesey' 'in the mad boots.' Remember old Chamisso, and be wise."

Dr. Howe wrote from Rome, Dec. 1843: —

"My joy at receiving your letters has been sadly dashed with sorrow by what Greene tells me about your health, and yet it is not so much sorrow as anxiety; for, probably, ere this you are well again, and again drawing desperately upon your capital of health and strength. You may be again working hard all day; eating without regard to time, or quality, or quantity; sitting up two-thirds of the night, using up the whole stock of nervous power accumulated by one night's sleep, and anticipating that of the next by forced loans; steaming about on your long legs, and running to and from Cambridge, and up and down Boston streets, as if your body were as immortal as your spirit. You may be doing all this, — and yet I am none the less uneasy about you. You know, or you ought to know, your constitutional predisposition; and that the continuance of your life, more than that of most men, is dependent upon your treatment of yourself. I trust that you have even now abandoned that morbid and unnatural state of mind which made you careless whether you should live or die. You, in your own morality, condemn the agent of charity or the public functionary who, having intrusted to him money or power for the good of others, should squander it carelessly or misapply it to unworthy objects; and yet where is your conscientiousness when you squander, abuse, and destroy the time, the talents, and the power which God entrusted to you, — a thing which you most assuredly do when you neglect or injure your health? . . . I used to warn you that you would suddenly break down or up, if you continued to be so careless about it; and though you may not yet have done so, I repeat the warning: and I beg you, moreover, to gratify your friends, to serve humanity, and to benefit yourself, by presenting what is almost never seen, — a young man full of physical strength, and urged on by noble impulses, consenting to curb his impetuosity and to live in observance of laws which, though unwritten, are as obligatory as those engraved upon tables of stone or recorded in the statutes of the realm. All this sermonizing and exhorting will do no good, I suppose; but I have done what I could. And now, if you will, go on, neglect exercise, neglect sleep, study late and early, stoop over your table, work yourself to death, grieve all your friends and break my heart; for where, dear Charlie, at my time of life, shall I find a friend to love as I love you?

JAN. 1, 1844.

"A happy New Year to you, dear Charlie, — the first I have wished to any one, save Julia. I want a gift, a great favor, from you. Do you promise? I know you do. Well, after you have read this, write a note to Dr. James Jackson, and ask him to name a time when he can talk a half-hour with you. Go and submit your whole case to him; tell him, if you will, that you are as strong as a bullock; that you can digest as many oysters even as Felton; that you care for nothing: but tell him your hereditary and constitutional peculiarities of body, your mode of life, your habits, — every thing. He will tell you what sort of life you should lead in order to be for the longest possible time useful and happy."

Among the group of widely known lawyers who rented offices at No. 4 Court Street, no one has ever reaped a richer harvest in the practice of his profession than Mr. Chandler, whose name as editor of the "Law Reporter" has been given in connection with Sumner's contributions to its pages. To faithful service for clients and to the city of Boston, of which he was the Solicitor for a considerable period, he has added a taste for the literature of the law and a constant interest in public affairs. Occupying rooms on the same floor and very near each other, he and Sumner met almost daily, and associated on the most familiar terms. Afterwards, although personal good-will continued, their paths in politics diverged; and Mr. Chandler's estimate of Sumner is of greater value, because not colored by the partiality which comes from sharing, as fellow combatants, in the same cause.[1]

Mr. Chandler writes: —

"I readily comply with your request for some personal reminiscences of Charles Sumner, and for my impressions of his early career as a lawyer. It was in 1837, when my name was entered as a student in the office of Theophilus Parsons at No. 4 Court Street. I had previously been in the Law School at Cambridge, and knew of Sumner by his reputation, which was very high there. I did not know him personally, however, till I became an inmate of No. 4. This building, at the corner of Court and Washington Streets, became quite famous from the number and ability of some of the men who occupied the rooms for many years. Among them were Rufus Choate, Theophilus Parsons, Horace Mann, George S. Hillard, Francis B. Crowninshield, Luther S. Cushing, John A. Andrew, Joel Giles, Edward G. Loring, John O. Sargent, Theophilus P. Chandler, and William G. Stearns. There was a great deal of law business done in the building; there was great familiarity among the different lawyers: cases that were under investigation and legal points that came up were freely discussed. Sumner was very popular in all the offices; he was fresh from his studies in Cambridge, full of enthusiasm, conversant with all the various editions of legal treatises, new and old; full of curious information, too, in regard to distinguished lawyers and judges; always ready to lend a hand in any case involving knotty points; always welcome in every room in the building, while his own office seemed a common resort. His genial temper, his courteous affability were peculiarly attractive to young men who were entering upon the profession. There seemed to be no question for which he had not a ready answer, no point upon which he could not throw light, no difficulty upon which he could not make valuable suggestions; while his thorough mastery of legal principles, his great knowledge of the text-books, his familiarity with the reports, ancient and modern, and his wide knowledge of lawyers and judges, extending into the minutest details of their history and characteristics, rendered him a most interesting and valuable companion. His reading upon every topic connected with law had been really very extensive, while his investigation into recondite and minute points was also very thorough. His memory, too, was prodigious. He always seemed to talk with a full mind upon every thing connected with our profession, inspiring his juniors with something of his own enthusiasm. Before he went abroad, he was doing a respectable business, and, I think, gave good attention to his work; ready to take up any labor that came to him, and desirous of becoming a thorough practitioner. He told me with some glee, one day, that he wrote a love-letter for a man who had come to him in distress, making it so tender in expression as to draw tears from his client, who was not before aware how deeply his affections were wounded. I do not think that he did much of any business in the courts before he went abroad; nor do I suppose him to have been an adept in the minutiæ of practice or in conducting trivial cases in the various tribunals; but I believe he was ready and desirous to enter upon any honorable labor connected with the profession. When he went abroad, the opinion was pretty generally expressed that it would do him no good in a professional point of view; and this, to some extent, turned out to be so. Although he returned with a professed determination to confine himself to legal pursuits, it is probably true that his brilliant career, his extensive acquaintance, his large literary and personal correspondence, considerably impeded his progress as a lawyer. He would have been glad to succeed Mr. Peters as Reporter of the United States Supreme Court; and I know he was deeply disappointed that he was not offered a position in the Law School on the death of Judge Story. His time was considerably occupied by literary pursuits; his office was a constant resort of literary men; he read a great deal of the current literature of the day, and was often in the library of the Athenæum. He became a frequent and most valuable contributor to the 'Law Reporter,' of which I was the editor. Some of his more important contributions contained, as I think, his best thoughts. He did not care to discuss abstract questions, or to theorize in a heavy way upon points that might never arise; he chose rather to speak of men, judges, lawyers, and writers. He was an admirable critic of books; his contributions were light, airy, and fanciful, sometimes perhaps superficial: they were usually apposite, full of learning, and very interesting. Nothing delighted him more than to write upon curious matters, throwing a flood of learning upon difficult points. Sometimes he really 'ran a muck,' and astonished staid and respectable lawyers who looked over the pages of the magazine. Thus, in April, 1844, he undertook to write a leading article on the law magazines of the United States; and finding that the number was *seven*, he had more than a dozen pages upon the term 'seven.' 'The number seven,' he said, 'is an important and mysterious figure, playing distinguished parts in the world's history. Like the well-graced actor, it appears, reappears, and appears again on the stage. It shows itself solemnly in the first creation of the universe: "in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the *seventh* day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it." And seven days have ever since filled the division of time called a week. This number entered with Noah into the ark; "of every clean beast," said the Lord, "thou shalt take to thee by sevens." And the ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat.' He went on in this way, running through all literature, ancient and modern, in the most extraordinary fashion, quoting from the Old and New Testaments, Æschylus, Ovid, Virgil, Homer, Juvenal, Shakspeare, Donne, Milton, Spenser, Dryden, Statius, Cicero, Niebuhr, Tertullian, Aulus Gellius, Sir Thomas Brown, &c.

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[1] Mr. Chandler's speech at Faneuil Hall, in 1856, was one of the best called out by the Brooks assault. He referred, as he began it, to their close personal intimacy and their political disagreement. Sumner reprinted it in his Works, Vol. IV. pp. 314, 315.

"It happened that these remarks on 'The Number Seven' occupied all the space that could be devoted to the subject of the article in a single number of the magazine; it also happened that arrangements had been made to publish an article by Judge Fletcher, so that it was two months before the conclusion of Sumner's essay could appear, which was headed 'American Law Journals.' It began thus: 'In a former number we considered the juridical character of the number *seven*; in the course of which we accumulated many, perhaps superfluous, illustrations of the prevalence of this number. "To end this strange, eventful history," there are now in the United States seven journals devoted to jurisprudence; seven champions, we trust, of justice; seven burning candlesticks, — not seven sleepers. With the child of Wordsworth we may say, "We are seven." In the language of old Piers Ploughman, —

"There ben sevene sustres, that serven truth evere."'

"It would be impossible to describe the astonishment of some of the readers of the 'Law Reporter,' at the appearance of the first article, which, standing by itself, was certainly a curious discussion for a law magazine. The editor was fully aware of this, and so wrote to Sumner. But it was extremely difficult to make him change any thing he had once written.

"His critical notices of new books were generally very good. Here his extensive reading served an excellent purpose; and he was perfectly fearless and independent in the expression of opinions, and unsparing in his condemnation of poor books. He sometimes expressed his condemnation in a mode obvious enough to general readers, but so worded as to deceive the author himself, by throwing in some general notes of praise, — especially if the author were a friend of his own. The skilful manner in which he did this was something marvellous. The editor once hinted this to him in a note, and quoted those lines of Cowley, —

"''T is like the poisoning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill.'

"On one occasion he so terribly cut up the work of a poor devil of an author, that he came on here all the way from New York with the intention of challenging the editor, who happened fortunately to be out of the city. The author fumed round a few days and then went home, leaving a letter to the editor full of violence and wrath, and evincing the extent of his legal attainments by the assertion that he intended to prosecute the editor, a citizen of Massachusetts, in the Circuit Court of the United States, sitting in New York! All this time Sumner was sitting quietly in his office, without the least knowledge of the commotion that was going on in mine.

"All these things — this writing for the 'Law Reporter' and for the newspapers and magazines — were mere diversions. In point of fact, he kept steadily in view the profession of his choice. He was fully determined to be a great lawyer; he held himself ready for practice; he took depositions, acted as master in chancery and commissioner, and avoided nothing that came to him in the line of his professional duty. No man could more truthfully say, —

"'Though pleas'd to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way.'

"No doubt he found the professional life rather irksome; no doubt, after his remarkable career abroad, it seemed somewhat dull to settle down at No. 4 Court Street; no doubt he had less zeal and enthusiasm than when he first came to the building. But still, I believe that he would have become a great lawyer or a great judge, had he not been called to a different stage of action, where his whole time and attention were absorbed in the consideration of great questions, and in the defence of principles which lie at the foundation of civil liberty.

"Sumner's entrance upon the political arena, and particularly his election as Senator, broke the harmony of No. 4 Court Street, although the relations of personal friendship continued. No one differed from him more on certain questions than the writer of this; and no one feels more keenly, now, that Sumner was far in advance of the rest of us in the maintenance of just principles and the true theory of a republican government.

"In closing these desultory observations, and in view of my early and intimate friendship with this distinguished man, I desire to say that I never heard him utter a mean sentiment, or use a vulgar expression, or make a suggestion in regard to any act that was not in accordance with the strictest principles of honor and integrity. He was a gentleman in the best sense of the term, — courteous in manner; dignified in bearing; firm in the expression of his opinions, but gentle in his intercourse with those who differed from him, although he was sometimes so earnest and persistent in what was regarded as extreme views as seriously to annoy his friends. But with all his kindly ways he would never submit to any discourtesy from others, and required that they should observe the rules which he rigidly adhered to himself. I remember his deliberately refusing the hand of one of the oldest members of the bar, who had reported his private conversation under circumstances involving a breach of confidence; and he continued the non-intercourse until the offender, who was quite unused to making apologies, had given a full explanation. He always maintained that simple truth was the only shield a man should wear, denounced with the greatest scorn every thing that related to trickery or underhanded dealing, and always denied that any success was worthy of the name which was not the result of the highest principles."

LETTERS.

TO LIEUTENANT CHARLES H. DAVIS.

BOSTON, Jan. 3, 1843.

MY DEAR DAVIS, — I have had a long conversation with Judge Story about the execution on board the "Somers." Perhaps his judgment would be of higher authority than that of any civilian in the country; and I know it will gratify you very much, and perhaps your friend. The Judge had not the least doubt that Mackenzie was justified in the alternative he took. He thought the circumstances would form a complete defence for a homicide on shore, in the view of an enlightened civil tribunal; *à fortiori*, they would at sea, on shipboard, and under the stern laws of war. The question here was presented in the trial of Selfridge; and the court there decided (your father was counsel) that it would be a sufficient defence for taking life, if the party had reasonable ground to fear for his own life. The law does not compel a person to stand still till he actually sees the blow descending which is to take his life. He may anticipate it; and his justification will be found in the circumstances which created a reasonable ground of fear for his life. I may add that Judge Prescott, one of the first authorities on a topic of legal interest, thinks Mackenzie's course entirely justifiable.

I have never thanked you for the *Valdepeñas*.[1] I shared it with Prescott, who seemed very glad to get it.

Believe me ever, dear Davis,

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. If you care to mention Judge Story's opinion to Mackenzie, I can have no objections; but, considering his position, it is more proper to regard it as confidential.

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.

EPIPHANY, Jan. 6, 1843.

DEAR LIEBER, — I write you on my birthday; but I am of the ancient Thracian faith, and rather ask your tears than smiles.

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[1] A Spanish wine.

I thank you for my share of the good things in your letter to Hillard. Mary was pleased with it; and that is enough, if there were no other reason, to make me pleased. She, poor girl, had a bleeding from the lungs two days ago, and is now confined to the house. Why this should have fallen upon her is inexplicable. She enjoys life; I do not. Why was not I chosen?

I have sent you Longfellow's poems. I hope you will like them. The volume which you read last year at this time has been translated into German, by Freiligrath. The "Poems on Slavery" are valuable as contributions to a great cause. There are hearts that will be reached by their melody that have remained deaf to facts, to reasons, and to the exhortations of moralists. He has already received some gratifying expressions from persons who have read them, and been touched by them. Is not the pleasure of a successful poet keener than that of any other person who uses the pen? His words fly over the lips of men; and the poet becomes the dear companion of the beautiful and good and brave. He is not taken down in the solitude of study, but is cherished always and everywhere. His words give consolation, or inspire the mind with a new relish for beauty. In truth, I envy Longfellow the good he has done. To how many bleeding hearts he has come with succor! He has been the good Samaritan to many who have never looked upon him, except as transfigured in the written page. You complain that his friends will spoil him by praise. You little know, then, the sternness with which his friends judge his works before they are published. . . .

Madame Calderon's book is very clever and picturesque. It will have a great run. In your exile, you will enjoy it very much. Of course, you will justify Slidell Mackenzie in hanging Spencer. All the circumstances make this an historic act, — so atrocious a mutiny on board a public ship, led by the son of a Cabinet minister, and the father's name not shielding that son from a humiliating death! The question is: Had Mackenzie *reasonable ground* to fear for the safety of his ship and officers? If so, he is justified in the extreme course he took.

Remembrance to your wife, whose delightful letter I do not forget.

Ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO ROBERT C. WINTHROP, M. C., WASHINGTON, D. C.

BOSTON, Feb. 9, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR, — Your favor of Feb. 1 and the accompanying documents reached me late this afternoon. I had already read in the "Courier" your admirable report,[1] which seems to me to put the argument of the Northern States with unanswerable force and distinctness. You will allow me to say, that I have not read any document from Congress for a long time which gratified me so much by its tone, its composition, and its matter. The views you maintain are presented with that blended firmness and decorum, which take from the South all cause of offence at the same time that you show yourself tenacious of our rights. I am most heartily glad that so good a cause has fallen into so good hands.

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[1] Mr. Winthrop's report on the imprisonment of colored seamen, made in the House of Representatives of the United States, Jan. 20, 1843. Winthrop's "Addresses and Speeches," Vol. I. pp. 340–352.

I have read this evening the minority report. It seems to me more moderate in its tone than is customary with documents from Southerners on any subject connected with Slavery. Nor is it destitute of a certain form of logic. But I have not found any thing in it which is not amply anticipated by your report. The decision of Judge Daggett[1] I remember very well. I think it was at *nisi prius*, either in summing up to the jury or in the course of the *ex tempore* rulings of a trial. Of course, it is but the ruling of a single judge, in haste, without deliberation and without consultation with his brethren. And this judge, too, is a *State* judge; not one of the justices of the United States, whose province it is to pass on questions of constitutional law. It might be added that Daggett, though Chief Justice of Connecticut, and Professor of Law in Yale College, is far from an accurate lawyer.

When this judgment of Daggett was first promulgated, it excited much sensation and ridicule. It was proposed to carry the question to Washington, as one under the Constitution of the United States, and therefore within the cognizance of the Supreme Court. This was never done. I remember speaking with Judge Story, with regard to this decision; and, though his opinion cannot properly be used in debate, yet it may not be uninteresting to you. He treated the decision as utterly untenable, and, indeed, worthy of little more than ridicule.

If it be urged that the African cannot be a citizen of the United States, it may be asked if the Constitution was intended to apply only to the Caucasian race. Is the Indian race also excluded? Is the Mongolian excluded? How can you "curtail of their fair proportions" and limit words which of themselves express no limitations derived from color or race? The genius of our institutions invites immigration; but it does not say "Come," and then add, "but all who come must be of the purest white, or you cannot have offspring entitled to privileges and immunities of citizenship." For, whatever may be the condition of the foreign immigrant under the acts of Congress, I cannot doubt that his children, *born in the United States*, are *citizens* thereof.

We have no general law determining citizenship. This is left to the unwritten law of the land, — the vital principles of the common law, — prevailing in all the States individually, and adopted by the Constitution and the acts of Congress so far as necessary to explain what is uncertain in this matter. Thus Lord Coke's famous judgment in Calvin's case is constantly referred to in determining questions of *alienage* in our country, and the nice-ties of the English law on this subject have received the sanction of the Supreme Court of the United States.

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[1] The case of Prudence Crandall, tried for teaching colored children, in which Judge Daggett instructed the jury that persons of their race are not citizens, under the Constitution of the United States; but the point was not passed upon in the State Court of Errors. 10 Connecticut R., 339.

The American *citizen* corresponds to the British *subject*. And you are doubtless aware that the latter term was employed in the Constitution of Massachusetts, as originally adopted in 1780, though the Convention of 1820 did not approve of the language of Samuel Adams and James Bowdoin.

Who, then, is the *subject* under the British laws? Clearly, every one — high or low, peer or peasant — *born* within the *allegiance* to the British crown: the old phrase is *infra ligeantiam*. The accident of birth impresses upon the infant this indelible character. The Rebellion of '45 presented a case which put this principle to the test. I refer to the case of Macdonald (Foster's Crown Law, 59), who was born in England, but when quite young went over to France, where he was educated and passed his riper years. He joined the French forces, was taken prisoner by the English, was tried and convicted of high treason, on the ground that he was a British subject and had violated his allegiance.

But the duty of *allegiance* carries with it the correlative duty of *protection* on the part of the crown. This is feudal, at the same time that it finds its support in the principles of natural justice.

Who, then, is the citizen of Massachusetts? Clearly, every one born within the jurisdiction of the Commonwealth, and owing allegiance to its Constitution and laws. Such a person, be he Caucasian or African, would be liable for *treason* if he should "levy war against the Commonwealth, or adhere to the enemies thereof, giving them aid and comfort." And shall it be said that this *allegiance* does not — as in the country from which we have derived the rules which govern it — carry with it the correlative right to *protection?*

It is immaterial to this view of the case that the person of African race is regarded as of a despised caste, that he is not advanced to office, or that he does not find a seat among the jury. It would be immaterial, even if it were true, as it is not, that the negro was not legally entitled under our laws to the privileges of a white man. He becomes a citizen by birth within the jurisdiction of the Commonwealth; for then the Commonwealth treats him as one owing allegiance. He is one of her children. He is not a resident, but a citizen.

I do not know that his privileges or immunities in other States are enhanced by his enjoyment of *political* privileges in Massachusetts. It is sufficient that he is a citizen. Being a citizen, he carries with him, wherever he goes, the protection of his State and of the whole country, of which his State forms a part. If he goes to a foreign country, he bears with him, as an humble seaman, the *letter of protection*, — which has never been refused within my knowledge on account of *color* from officers of the United States, — or he takes a *passport* from the government of his State or of the United States; and in a foreign country the Federal Government assumes the obligations of the Commonwealth. If he goes to another State of the Union, the Constitution of the United States protects him, by declaring that he shall be entitled to the same "privileges and immunities" as in his own State. If the State to which he goes declines to respect this provision of the Constitution, our Commonwealth should address a reclamation to it, in order to protect its citizen.

It is idle to reply that free blacks, natives of South Carolina, are treated to imprisonment and bondage. The Constitution of the United States does not prohibit a State from inflicting injustice upon its own citizens. As the Duke of Newcastle said, with regard to his rotten boroughs, "Shall we not do what we will with our own?" But a State must not extend its injustice to the citizens of *another* State. Unfortunately, the poor slave of South Carolina and the free blacks, natives of that State, are *citizens* thereof: they owe it allegiance, if a slave can owe allegiance. Of course, they have no other power under heaven, from whom to invoke protection. But the free negro, born in Massachusetts and still retaining his domicile there, wherever he finds himself, may invoke the protection of his native State.

I have been betrayed beyond my intention into this very hasty and discursive view of the question about which you inquire. I cannot flatter myself that any thing of mine can aid your elaborate studies. The matter does not seem to me to rise to the dignity of a debatable question. All reasoning under the Constitution is on our side, and all the instincts of justice, too.

All the learning on the subject of alienage is collected and arranged by Kent in his "Lecture on Aliens," Vol. II.; and Mr. Wirt, in his masterly argument on the impeachment of Judge Peck (the greatest published juridical argument in English or American history), has thrown great light upon the influence of the common law over the Constitution and laws of the United States, — a topic that may not be unimportant in determining the meaning of the word *citizen*.

Believe me, my dear sir, very faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. There was a company of blacks during our Revolution, and, I think, some of them have drawn pensions.

To his brother George he wrote, March 31, 1843: —

"Lord Brougham's speech on the Address must have pleased you, if not by its magic eloquence, at least by the effective protest against the massacres and devastations in Afghanistan.

"I have received your paper on 'The Pilgrims.' So far as I have read it, it seems carefully prepared, elaborate, and learned, and I think among the antiquarians of New England will do you great credit when published.

"We are all hoping that you have given up your *chateaux en Espagne*, and that we may have the pleasure of greeting you soon."

TO LORD MORPETH.

BOSTON, March 31, 1843.

MY DEAR MORPETH, — . . . Mrs. Chapman[1] seemed much gratified by your message, which I had great pleasure in delivering. She appeared cheerful and happy; though I inferred, from what she said, that she had suffered much. She alluded to Longfellow's little pieces in the volumes which you have, — "The Light of Stars," and "The Goblet of Life," — as having strengthened her to bear her lot. . . .

You will read the correspondence of Cass with Webster, who is as powerful as he is unamiable. Cass's sentences are weak and vague, while Webster's tell with the effect of rockets. The latter still lingers at Washington to close his career in the Department of State, and to answer Lord Aberdeen's famous despatch on the "Right of Visitation."

You will be sorry to hear that Judge Story continues indisposed. For the first time in the thirty-two years he has belonged to the Supreme Court, he failed this winter to take his seat at Washington. His physicians advise a voyage; and the England of his thoughts and dreams rises before him. It is quite probable, though not entirely certain, that he will go out in the packet of May 1. We could not commit to your kind hospitality a more precious life, — adorned, as it is, by transcendent learning, and the purest character. . . .

Ever, ever yours, C. S.

P. S. Prescott has printed and stereotyped seventy pages of the "Conquest of Mexico." The Calderons still linger in Boston, but will soon leave for Spain.

TO LORD MORPETH.

BOSTON, May 1, 1843.

MY DEAR MORPETH, — I have one moment in which to speed this note; which is mainly to announce to you the coming, in the same packet with itself, of my dear friend Howe and his newly-married wife. I cannot write too warmly of Howe. He is shy, reserved, modest, but full of worth, intelligence, and virtue. I think you will like him very much. Perhaps you will remember his wife, who is unsurpassed in cultivation by any of her sex in the United States.

Judge Story will not visit England. He rides horseback daily, abstains from all work, and seems to be growing stronger. It was thought that he could not endure the wear and tear of London life; and he was unwilling to go abroad, if he could not mingle in society. He does not take as lively an interest as you do in scenery, in Nature, and in green fields.

It is understood that Webster will resign his office in a few days, if he has not done it already.

A few days since, in New York, I saw Harvey, who seems to be growing stronger; and Sedgwick is in Boston, to take a farewell of his mother and sister, who sail in the steamer to-day. In this same steamer are Thomas Appleton and William Wadsworth, bound for Spain.

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[1] Her husband, Henry G. Chapman, died the previous October.

Peel's speech in reply to Palmerston has given very great satisfaction here; and it seems to put a more agreeable face upon the affair.

Ever and ever yours,

Charles Sumner.

TO JOHN JAY, NEW YORK.

Boston, May 25, 1843.

My dear Sir, — It was only this morning that I learned from Longfellow that I was indebted to you for the most interesting pamphlet on "Caste and Slavery in the Church," which I had the honor of receiving some days ago, marked "From the author." I lose no time in expressing to you my sincere pleasure in being remembered by you in this way, and, allow me to say, my higher gratification, that the slave has in you so able and earnest an advocate.

Is it not strange that the Church, or any body of men upon whom the faintest ray of Christianity has fallen, should endeavor to exclude the African, "guilty of a skin not colored as their own," from the freest participation in the privileges of worshipping the common God? It would seem as if prejudice, irrational as it is uncharitable, could no farther go. Professing the religion of Christ, they disaffirm that equality which he recognizes in all in his presence; and they violate that most beautiful injunction which enfolds so much philanthropy and virtue, — "Love thy neighbor." I am truly glad that you have been willing to lend the just influence of your name and talents to reclaim them from their error. The Catholic Church is wiser and more Christian. On the marble pavements of their cathedrals all are equal; and this Church invites the services of all colors and countries. While in Italy, it was my good fortune to pass four days at the Convent of Palazzuola, on the margin of the Alban lake, — not far from the supposed site of Alba Longa. Among the brethren of this convent was an Abyssinian, very recently arrived from the heart of Africa, whose most torrid sun had burned upon him. To one accustomed to the prejudices of color which prevail in America, it was beautiful to witness the freedom, gentleness, and equality with which he mingled with his brethren. His dark skin seemed to give him an added interest in their eyes, over his great claim as a stranger and brother.

Both to myself and my friends it was a cause of not a little regret, as the steamer parted from the wharf (where you had so kindly come), that we had not enjoyed the good fortune of seeing more of you. If you and Mrs. Jay should visit Boston, — perhaps Nahant may be an attraction in the heats of summer, — we all count upon renewing our acquaintance with you. You will probably find Longfellow a married man; for he is now engaged to Miss Fanny Appleton, — the Mary Ashburton of "Hyperion," — a lady of the greatest sweetness, imagination, and elevation of character, with the most striking personal charms.

I wish you would present my most respectful compliments to your father, whose pen has entitled him to so much gratitude; and to your sisters. And believe me, my dear sir, with sincere regard,

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO MRS. QUINCY, CAMBRIDGE.

COURT STREET, May 30, 1843.

MY DEAR MRS. QUINCY, — I should be cold indeed, if I received in silence the very, very kind letter which you have been so good as to write me.[1] I am touched more than I can express by the assurances so warmly conveyed of your friendly interest in me. I can but say, in all sincerity, I am not worthy of all this.

Mrs. Montagu, like most Europeans, sees our country from afar. She is not aware of the ample means of social and intellectual enjoyment offered in different parts of it. Would that she could visit us and see with her own eyes the refinement, grace, and cultivation which adorn your home! I think that you would become attached to each other. She much misunderstands me, if she supposes I have any such desires as she suggests. In the first place, I never expect to be rich; nor, thus far in my life, have I made much exertion for this yellow possession. If I were so, however, I should prefer to live among my own kindred, near the friends to whom I have grown, and in sight of objects that have become as dear as they are familiar. Believe me, when I say that I have no hankering after England or English people. The draught of cool water from one's native fountain is sweeter than the choicest wines that have been pressed from the purple grapes of a foreign soil.

My pleasantest associations are with Cambridge. It was there that I first caught the voice of friendship and encouragement; and I now remember most gratefully the kindness which I received long ago under your roof. It has been my lot to see many sights, and to witness various forms of hospitality since those early days. But my soul returns to Cambridge as the scene of my truest joys, the place where I first tasted the sweets of knowledge, the home of my best friends. If I forget these things, then may my right hand forget its cunning! The true friendship of your letter has opened my heart, and I write as from soul to soul.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Quincy, with affectionate regard,

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

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[1] Sumner had sent to his old friend, Mrs. Quincy, the wife of the President of Harvard University, a letter he had received from Mrs. Basil Montagu, which expressed the hope that, after having acquired a fortune, he would take up his residence in England; intimating that one of his character and attainments would hardly be appreciated in the United States. *Ante*, Vol. II, p. 160. Mrs. Quincy, in a note to him, reviewed in a pleasant way the literary and personal topics of the letter, dissenting, however, from Mrs. Montagu's implied depreciation of American society, and recalled the long friendship which the President and herself had cherished for him; and to her note the above is Sumner's answer.

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.

BOSTON, July 11, 1843.

DEAR LIEBER, — While waiting for my horse I begin a letter to you. I have often thought of you during my long silence; but various duties at home have absorbed my time. You know of Judge Story's illness and his consequent separation for a while from the Law School. I was called in to perform half of the duties there, and have been much occupied by my lectures. Of course I resided in Boston, and endeavored to keep on in my labors in Court Street; but the double duties absorbed my time. You will understand this better when I add, that I withdrew entirely from society. I did not attend a single party or enjoy any form of hospitality, except the simple kindness of one or two affectionate friends. While Howe and Longfellow were *alive*, I oscillated between them, passing many nights in their nests; but these have been closed to me for some time. Last Friday I completed my lectures, and now my "bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne." To you I write my first letter in the first moment of leisure. I know this is no apology, adequate to what you may require; but I know that your friendship is generous as it is warm, and you will receive it all with fresh indulgence and kindness. I close now to mount on horseback. To-morrow I shall resume this sheet.

JULY 13.

. . . I do not think it essential that the first poets of an age should write *war odes*. Our period has a higher calling, and it is Longfellow's chief virtue to have apprehended it. His poetry does not rally to battle; but it affords succor and strength to bear the ills of life. There are six or seven pieces of his far superior, as it seems to me, to any thing I know of Uhland or Körner; calculated to do more good, to touch the soul to finer issues; pieces that will live to be worn near the hearts of men when the thrilling war-notes of Campbell and Körner will be forgotten. You and I admire the poetry of Gray. There are few things in any language which give me more pleasure than the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," the "Progress of Poesy," and the "Bard." On these his reputation rears itself, and will stand for ever. But I had rather be the author of "A Psalm of Life," "The Light of Stars," "The Reaper and the Flowers," and "Excelsior," than those rich pieces of Gray. I think Longfellow without rival near his throne in America. I might go further: I doubt if there is any poet now alive, and not older than he, who has written so much and so well. . . . Longfellow is to be happy for a fortnight in the shades of Cambridge; then to visit his wife's friends in Berkshire; then his own in Portland. I am all *alone*, — *alone*. My friends fall away from me.

Ever and ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO THOMAS CRAWFORD, ROME.

JULY 16, 1843.

MY DEAR CRAWFORD, — The moments pass, and I can only say that Allston is dead. He died suddenly, having passed a very happy evening; and suddenly, at twelve o'clock at night, was snatched away to Heaven. I have just started a subscription for a monument,[1] and hope to raise two thousand or twenty-five hundred dollars. I suppose there will be a general disposition to consult Greenough about this; he was the friend of Allston. I showed Allston your letter to me. He had always taken a very warm interest in your success.

There are serious difficulties in the way of a proper place for the "Orpheus," but I shall do as well as I can for you. Dixwell is my friend. There will be a disposition to do every thing that can be done. Count upon this. In the May number of the "Democratic Review" I wrote an account of you and of Orpheus, to accompany a very good sketch of the "Orpheus."

Ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

To Dr. Lieber he wrote, July 17, 1843: —

"I am happy that you and I agree about Mackenzie. It is an encouragement to believe that one is right, when another at a distance, revolving in his mind the same thing, arrives at the same result. I sent you my article in the July number of the 'North American Review,' on the mutiny of the 'Somers.' You will see that I take a different line of argument from that adopted (injudiciously, I think) by Mackenzie's counsel. Mr. Jeremiah Mason and Judge Story tell me that mine is the only tenable one. When shall we see you?"

To Lord Morpeth he wrote, July 30, 1843: —

"You will be glad to know that two volumes of the 'History of the Conquest' are already printed. The work will be published in the autumn by the Harpers. They offered him fifteen thousand dollars for the copyright, but wisely he refused to part with it. He has sold them the privilege of printing five thousand copies during one year for seventy-five hundred dollars. Few authors of historical works have met with Prescott's success with the trade. He has written without the most remote idea of profit; but fortune has descended upon his crest. Bancroft is earnestly engaged upon the 'History of the American Revolution.' I anticipate from him a very brilliant and powerful *tableau*. He will present at once the principle and the poetry of that event. The 'North American' for July contains a dainty page by Hillard on classical studies. Young John Jay has made a short visit in Boston. We liked him very much."

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[1] The plan of a monument to the artist was not executed. His remains are still deposited in the tomb of the Dana family in the churchyard opposite Harvard College.

TO THOMAS CRAWFORD.

Boston, Aug. 1, 1843.

My dear Crawford, — The "Orpheus" has not arrived, though from your letter I am led to expect it daily. I cannot disguise from you my trouble with regard to the placing of it. The Athenæum possesses a very considerable collection of sculpture exhibited in a room originally contrived as an evening lecture-room, without any reference to the object to which it is now applied. It is dark, and with cross lights. The magnificent "Day" and "Night" of Michael Angelo, with their bold beauties, can be discerned only imperfectly, while busts and other smaller works of sculpture lose their effect. The "Orpheus" must not go there; but where to put it we are at a loss. It has been proposed to exhibit it in a room in another part of the town, and afterwards remove it to one of the smaller rooms of the Athenæum. But I feel unwilling to superintend its removal twice: it must take its permanent place on the pedestal when it is unboxed. The effect of the strong desire to provide a proper place for so beautiful a work of art will induce people to subscribe for a building to be devoted exclusively to art. I cannot doubt that such an edifice will be built within two years. Let me say now, as I said in my last, that I shall not fail in any effort within my power for your interest with regard to the "Orpheus." I have been told by the committee that the whole arrangement will be left to me. If Greene appears, I shall summon him as counsellor.

You have heard of Allston's death. The last two times that I saw him we spoke of you. I had counted upon his advice and influence with regard to the placing of the statue. He read your letter. I understood that, on the very evening of his death, he spoke of you and your works. As an artist, it will not be to you an ungrateful thought that this great master, in his latest hours, turned his mind to you.

I owe you, my dear Crawford, more serious thanks than I can express — much more than I was able to write in the scrawl of the last packet — for the beautiful bust you have sent me.[1] I have felt humbled by such a gift, for I am in no way worthy of being preserved in marble in so noble a work of art; it seems to me like a travesty. I am, however, none the less grateful to your friendship and too favorable appreciation of my character. Your present is the most valuable article of property I possess; but it is more valuable to me as a testimony of your kindness and regard.

Longfellow is most happily married. I am most unhappily single still. We shall welcome Greene with wide-open arms, and listen to his talk of art and literature and Rome.

Ever most sincerely yours,

Charles Sumner.

P. S. Felton, at whose desk I now write, sends his regards to you.

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[1] It arrived in June, 1843.

TO GEORGE W. GREENE.

BOSTON, Aug. 17, 1843.

DEAR, DEAR GREENE, — On my return, last evening, from a *bridal* tour with Longfellow and his wife, I was surprised and gratified by your letter.[1] I cannot believe that you are so near us. The feet of your coming, like those of Lear's horses, have been shod with felt. You will find dear Longfellow married to the beautiful and most lovely "Mary Ashburton." They were married July 13. They will rejoice to see you. They still linger among her friends in Berkshire till Saturday, Aug. 19, when they will return to Cambridge, where she will commence her life as *Professorin*. As for me, I am as much alone, and altogether as poor a creature, as when we enjoyed together the hospitality of the monks of the Alban Lake.

If you can join us, we shall greet you with special cordiality on Thursday, Aug. 24, Phi Beta Kappa, when Hillard, with silver tongue, will charm the audience. He delivers the oration, and we count upon every thing that is refined and brilliant both in the audience and the orator.

All that can be done for Crawford shall be done. My great trouble is to find a proper room. I will not allow the statue to go to any room of the Athenæum at present. The lights would kill even "Orpheus." Write me when it may be expected. I propose an exhibition for the artist.

When shall you visit us? When you come, bring with you the engravings and books. I am very, very happy that we shall meet again. I long to talk of Rome. Farewell.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO HENRY WARE.

COURT STREET, Monday Morning, Aug. 22, 1843.

MY DEAR WARE,[2] — I have been gratified by the receipt of your little note, and I am truly happy if any suggestions of mine have been of any service to you.

You do not convince me that *parcere subjectis* is not a vile phrase for a

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[1] Mr. Greene was at home on leave of absence from his Consulate.

[2] Mr. Ware, a graduate of Harvard College of the class of 1843, writes: "I went with Professor Felton one day, just after our Commencement parts had been assigned, into Sumner's office; when he kindly asking what I had got, and being told that I had to *do* a Latin oration, asked me what subject I had chosen. I replied that I had not yet found a text to my mind. 'Then,' said he, '*I* will give you one, — "De imperio pacis;" talk about *that*.' So I did; and it was just after the signing of the Ashburton Treaty, and Mr. Webster was expected to be there. When the part was finished, I took it to him, at his request, for revision; and he criticised my quotation from Virgil, —

"'Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.'

So we had a little discussion and some correspondence about it, of which this note was the conclusion; and it is, I think, exceedingly characteristic of him, especially as showing his kindly interest in young men, which no one knows better than yourself."

Christian to use. To me it sounds of war. Such an injunction loses its vitality unless addressed to a victor. It is a proud heathen sentiment, teaching a virtue kindred to those which built up the military grandeur of Rome; but it wants the gentleness, softness, and sympathy of the Christian sentiments. If you end with *pacisque imponere morem*,[1] there can be no falling off. This is an elevated sentiment, complete in itself; though I cannot disguise that the word *imponere* implies a *force*, which should not be invoked even in the cause of peace. It is an imperfection to be observed in all classical literature, so far as I am competent to speak of it, that the relations of man to man are viewed in it from a very low plane. If the virtues of magnanimity and generosity are inculcated, if people are warned against selfishness, the teachings are all narrowed to their *own country*. It is sweet to die for one's country, — so the poets sing; but they do not say it is sweet to suffer for right, for humanity, for the suffering man, though at the farthest pole. It is difficult, therefore, to apply the morality of the classics to our times. The sentiments which strike us by a certain exterior of virtue are often found to involve principles selfish, unjust, and cruel. No Roman ever wrote from the elevation of the Second Commandment, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." The gentle nature of Virgil, formed for the reception of such a truth, was unconscious of it. I hope you will pardon my homily.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE, LONDON.

BOSTON, Aug. 31, 1843.

DEAR, DEAR HOWE, — Your precious letter from London of Aug. 2 amused and touched me. It is a mark of distinction, certainly, to be blackballed by kings.[2] Greene, who is here now, says you are on the black list of Naples, and doubts if you can find admission there. And will Austria receive the rejected of Prussia?

During the last week and more, we have had Lieber here, — also Greene from Rome. Both talk of you with warm affection. Greene is gentle and kind, and remembers well the little feasts with you. He has only a very short leave of absence, and will be in Rome in November. He tells us of art and literature. Have I announced to you a translation of ten cantos of Dante by young Dr. Parsons, — the dentist, — of Winter Street, which has much merit, and is a prelude to a translation in the same style of the whole work? But all mere literary intelligence pales before Hillard's great triumph on Phi Beta Kappa. His success far surpassed his or my most sanguine expectations. The oration was two hours in the delivery, — every word by heart, — with his silver tongue, musical as Apollo's lute, enchaining a very large audience of beautiful women and fastidious men in rapt attention.

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[1] See Works, Vol. I. p. 95.

[2] The Prussian Government had just refused to revoke an order expelling Dr. Howe from the country, which was made in 1832, on account of his support of the Polish cause.

The subject was "The Relation of the Poet to his Age;" and it was treated with exquisite grace and beautiful thought, refined and elevating, with apt criticism and touching descriptions and allusions. In Edward Everett's great field Hillard has been pronounced master. Old John Quincy Adams, whom I reverence so much for two things, — his high *morale* and his comprehensive attainments, — said that the oration was, without question, the finest he had ever heard; and old President Quincy spoke of it as "the finest piece of eloquence he had ever heard." I arm myself in the panoply of these names, that you may not distrust the ardor of my praise.

Samuel Eliot has arrived at last, brown from the Atlantic sun. The presence of Lieber and Greene has made us very gay. To-night we supped with the Longfellows in the library, at the round-table where I have so often dined, and where Longfellow's mellow soul has mingled in communion with mine. Dr. Fisher[1] is full of intelligence and goodness. I have conferred with him lately about several matters, and like him much. May all happiness attend you! Good-night.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO LORD MORPETH.

BOSTON, Sept. 1, 1843.

MY DEAR MORPETH, — Under another cover, I have taken the liberty of sending you four copies of a letter from the Secretary of the Emigration Society in Boston, — hoping that you will do us the favor to address them to gentlemen in Ireland, who will be interested in the emigration of their countrymen to America. A society has been formed in Boston during the last year, of which I am a director, for the purpose of affording assistance to emigrants, and of collecting information for their benefit. In order to carry into execution our designs, it is thought proper that our Secretary should be *en rapport* with philanthropic gentlemen in other countries, who may aid him by their correspondence. I know that the letters which I enclose cannot go to Ireland commended by a higher influence than yours. It is a long while since I have been gladdened by news of you, though I hear of your great kindness to Americans, and read your speeches with admiration and delight. The speech at the Anti-slavery Society was grand. It had the proper traits of firmness and gentleness, bold enmity to slavery, and a candid consideration of the characters and circumstances of slave-owners, expressed with beautiful eloquence. The address at the Cattle Exhibition we admired for its cleverness and wit, and for the dexterity with which before an assembly of agriculturists you rendered homage to manufactures and commerce.

Webster returns to the bar. I have seen old Mr. Adams lately several times. He is very well; and indeed he is strong and more intense than ever in his hatred of slavery. I enclose a recent letter from him on the subject. I shall send this by Charles Perkins, — a most amiable and gentlemanly youth, — who will be in London in September, on his way to Rome.

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[1] Dr. John D. Fisher, whose interest in the education of the blind preceded Dr. Howe's, had charge of the Perkins Institution during the latter's absence.

Farewell! Ever and ever yours,

Charles Sumner.

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER, NEW YORK.

4 Court Street, Saturday.

Dear Lieber, — I shall probably leave for New York, or elsewhere, to make an excursion for a week or more. Perhaps I shall join the Longfellows, who think of going to New York to see Dr. Eliot for his eyes. I am solitary here; but I go from solitude to solitude. I ended last evening at Felton's, where I was seduced from my horse to drink with him a bottle of Rüdesheimer, and to talk of you. I walked my horse nearly all the way to town, looking up into the blue concave, — the azure tent, — with the silver Diana and attendant stars. It was after midnight before I reached home.

My friend Milnes writes me that he intends to introduce into Parliament a measure for private executions, and wishes to enforce his recommendation by the example of the United States. He has asked me to furnish him *renseignements* on the subject. Private executions are required in Massachusetts. Are they elsewhere? In what States? You are full on this subject: give me of your abundance. What do you think of the expediency of private executions? Will you write your views in such a way that I may enclose them to Milnes? You know him well by reputation as a member of Parliament, a poet, and a man of fashion, — a Tory who does not forget the people, and a man of fashion with sensibilities alive to virtue and merit among the simple, the poor, and the lowly. I think we shall meet again before you pass to your winter's exile; for I shall certainly be in New York on the 18th.

Prescott has retired to Pepperell, the autumn retreat of his family, — the ancient acres that belonged to his grandfather, who commanded at Bunker Hill. . . .

Ever and ever yours, C. S.

TO DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE.

Boston, Sept. 11, 1843.

Dear, dear Howe, — We are all surrounded by Hillard's glory as an *aureole.* His oration has been published; and the press and all who read it express the warmest admiration. It is better as I read it now, and muse on its truths so gracefully expressed, than it seemed even while I listened to his flowing eloquence. It is an exquisite production. It grows upon me; and what is rare, — almost unprecedented in public discourses, — each time that I read it I find new occasion to admire it, and to bless its author. You will be astonished at the varied scholarship that it shows. For this you will be less prepared than for the delightful taste and the elevated moral tone by which it is inspired. I shall send you a newspaper with large extracts, which you must read, and in your mind reconstruct the whole, — as Cuvier from a thigh-bone restored the mastodon of the age before the Flood. He bears his honors very quietly, and descends without a sigh from the Mount of Poesy to the painful routine of the office. . . .

I know that your nature, sensitive to all moral excellence, is too generous and candid to judge harshly another.[1] I hate vice, and will join in the strongest denunciations against it; but I shrink from judging a mortal like myself. God bless every gentle soul!

SEPT. 13. — Again my pen turns to you. This morning the "Orpheus" arrived in Boston; and I have been wearying myself in attending to its transportation to the Athenæum. It is not yet opened. Perhaps you will see it in Rome as soon as the world here is able to enjoy it. It is a wonderful work of art; and you must honor the artist for such a production. He already knows you as the friend of his friends, and I know will be glad to see you. Felton is well, and his wife better than for two years. Evening before last I passed at his house, talking of Plato, his philosophy, and the editions of his works. It was towards ten o'clock; and I was about to walk to town. I persuaded him (easy soul!) to walk with me all the way to enjoy some oysters at Concert Hall, and then to return on his weary footsteps. At Craigie Castle the Longfellows dispense an easy and graceful hospitality, — always glad to enjoy the society of their friends at dinner or tea, as it may happen.

——— has been sent to Dartmouth. He had no means; and I went on 'Change, and assessed persons whom I met by chance till I had one hundred and twenty-five dollars, — which was all that was needed for the first year. The boy could not contain himself for joy. Lieber and I attended the monthly party of the blind at your sister's.

SEPT. 14. — Mackenzie is here. I like him very much. He is a modest and unassuming man, with a countenance expressive of firmness and courage. Any one who sees him must believe in his complete justification. I took him to Longfellow's yesterday; they were old companions in Spain. . . . Where will this find you? Far away in Rome, or perhaps climbing the Alps? Your letters will be my winter's solace. God bless you, your wife, and the gentle A.! C. S.

To Dr. Lieber he wrote, Sept. 12, 1843: —

"I have already three times read your beautiful letter of yesterday; and first, as to the MS.[2] I do not like to ask you to have so long a paper translated expressly for me or my friend. Still, I venture to suggest that you probably cannot promote your views on the subject more effectually than by putting them in the hands of Milnes. He is a most amiable gentleman, of various accomplishments and elevated tastes, — preserving his purity of heart amidst all the attractions of London life.

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[1] A reference to a person whose reputation was the subject of social criticism.

[2] Dr. Lieber's paper on "Public Executions," written in German for the King of Prussia.

"I do not think Mary is better; she is very cold and pale. She is always charmed by kindness, and does not forget yours.

"Choate is entirely uncommitted on the subject of international copyright. He has never looked at it; and if he sees his way clear to be its advocate, he will enter into it. He asked me to state to him, in a few words, the arguments on both sides. I thought of Madame de Staël and Fichte, — '*Donnez moi vos idées en dix mots.*' I did it; and he muses still."

To Dr. Lieber he wrote, Sept. 13, 1843: —

"I have only a moment for a single line. The sun is bright; the day is fair. The 'Orpheus' arrived this morning; so did Mackenzie. I have been to ask the latter to join me in dining with Longfellow, and now go to superintend the landing of the former.

"At the Inglises' last night we talked of you, and listened to beautiful music, which Miss Harper very much admired."

TO PROFESSOR MITTERMAIER.

BOSTON, Sept. 15, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — Your letter of Jan. 22 now lies open before me, and its date seems to rebuke me for my negligence in postponing, for so long a time, to let you know how sensible I am of your friendship and kindness. Your hospitality to poor Wheeler has awakened the liveliest gratitude among his numerous friends. You have doubtless heard of his lamented death at Leipsic, on the 13th June last. He was thus removed at the beginning of a career which afforded the promise of great usefulness. I saw his aged father quite recently, and tears streamed down his cheeks while we spoke of his son. Wheeler was only twenty-six, and in those few years had accomplished a great deal. His amiable nature and his sunny countenance awakened attachment, while his talents and attainments inspired the highest respect. His letters to his friends at home abound in expressions of sensibility and gratitude for the kindness and privileges he enjoyed in Heidelberg and throughout Germany.

You will be glad to hear that Judge Story has most happily recovered his health, and is now resuming his accustomed avocations. During the last eight months he has been seriously ill, so as to excite the fears of his friends with regard to his life. During this period I have lectured in the Law School at Cambridge. His last work was on "Partnership." I have now a copy of this book and of the work on "Agency" from the author, for your acceptance. I shall send these and several other publications (including some copies of the last "Report of the Prison Discipline Society") by the earliest opportunity.

I am sorry to inform you that the "American Jurist" has now ceased to be published. It consists of twenty-eight volumes. The editors have all become absorbed in other duties of life, and have not been able to devote their time to the journal. Another journal has been commenced at Philadelphia; but I doubt if it will receive sufficient favor to induce its editors to continue it. My friend, Mr. Chandler, the accomplished author of the volume entitled "Criminal Trials," has published for some time a very interesting monthly journal, entitled the "Law Reporter," some numbers of which I hope to be able to include in my parcel for you.

The criminal law seems to excite very little interest in the United States now. The commissioners in Massachusetts will probably make their report this winter. It has been expected for a long time. One of the most successful juridical treatises that has appeared in our country for many years is the work of Professor Greenleaf on "Evidence." It is now passing through a second edition. It is written with singular neatness and exactness, and has already become a classical work among the lawyers of America. The author is now preparing a second volume on the same subject, in which he will consider it with a view to the practical questions that may arise before the jury. The first volume was devoted to the general principles of the subject.

I was quite gratified and astonished to observe that your last letter was in English; but there seems to be nothing that does not yield to German perseverance and ability. Remember me most kindly to your family, particularly to those two sons (boys when I saw them) whose appearance gave such promise of future excellence; and believe me

Very sincerely yours,

Charles Sumner.

TO CHARLEMAGNE TOWER, WATERVILLE, N. Y.

Boston, Sept. 18, 1843.

My dear Tower, — I had the pleasure of receiving your eloquent discourse only day before yesterday; and, without leaving my seat, I at once enjoyed it to the end. I was truly delighted to see the influence which you are exerting upon your part of the country; for I know that it will always be employed in the cause of human improvement. Perhaps we might differ by some shades on some of the topics that arise in your discourse. I have always thought it a misfortune that foreigners may so easily be admitted to the privileges of citizenship. It were better, as it seems to me, if the law required a residence of *ten* years, instead of five. The latter period is too short for them to acquire the knowledge which is essential to a wise participation in public affairs. Of course, there are exceptions; for we have among us foreigners of extensive erudition and vigorous talents: but the mass, for whom legislation is most important, are ignorant, illiterate, and often shiftless and unprincipled. Our institutions, more than those of any other land, stand on intelligence. I believe in the capacity of the people to govern themselves, but only when disciplined by education and elevated by moral truth.

The knowledge and the principles derived from these sources will teach them gentleness and modesty, and will make them unwilling to venture their hands too rashly upon the helm of State. In reading the second Alcibiades of Plato lately, I was struck with its beauty and truth, and also with its applicability to our own times and country. In that admirable dialogue, Socrates, by a masterly course of reasoning, shows the necessity of peculiar discipline and instruction to enable one to interfere wisely in the affairs of government. But I wander widely from the object of my letter, which was to thank you for not yet forgetting me.

Believe me ever very sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.

BOSTON, Oct. 6, 1843.

DEAR, DEAR LIEBER, — My visit on the North River was full of delightful adventure. At Mackenzie's I enjoyed myself very much; was most happy to know his wife, whom I think beautiful, graceful, and refined. From there I went to Hyde Park, the seat of some of the most agreeable families in our country, — the Hosacks, the Langdons, the Wilkeses, the Livingstons, — where I passed four days; on one day riding on horseback with one fair maiden, and on the next with another. But my day at Cruger's Island was the most interesting. . . . On returning from the island, our little boat, containing Mr. and Mrs. Harvey and Miss Hosack, came near being sunk by the night steamboat, between nine and ten in the evening; all of which was a sort of *chasse-café* to the delicious feast of the day.

I am more and more desolate and alone. I wish you and your dear wife lived here. You would allow me to enter your house and be at home; to recline on the sofa, and play the part of a friend of the house. I lead a joyless life, with very little sympathy.

Ever, dear Lieber, thine, C. S.

To Dr. Lieber he wrote, Oct. 10, 1843: —

"I have read nearly all of Prescott's book. It is a beautiful work, full of vivid, brilliant pictures, glowing as tropical scenes; the parts which concern the antiquities and early civilization are very learned, careful, elaborate, and clear. Prescott has a deal of sound sense and clearness of vision. If he does not rise into the highest ether, he discerns distinctly from an easy natural point of sight. I predict for this book very great success. It has all the interest of the old chronicler Diaz, with the refinement and scholarship of our own day. I can hardly call to mind a book which I have read with equal interest. I have been *entrainé* from page to page and volume to volume, disregarding the stern calls of business and the softer impeachments of society. It will be a new crown for Prescott and for the literature of our country.

"'Orpheus' is not yet open. You shall hear of it when it is opened. Mary went yesterday to pass some days with Parsons on his hill. I live in solitude. It is a hard life.

"I have not told you how much I like your letter on capital punishment, which I shall send to Milnes by the next packet."

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.

BOSTON, Oct. 14, 1843.

DEAR LIEBER, — You ask for my first sight of "Orpheus." It has been most melancholy. I am glad the artist, who has brooded over this *chef d'œuvre* for five years, was not with us. Greene says he would have gone into hysterics.

With the assistance of a carpenter two boards were knocked off (Greene, T. B. Curtis, and myself being present), which revealed the head and breast. The impression was dazzling, and I almost caught the word "Eurydice" from the marble lips. A small bit only was broken from the lyre; and we congratulated ourselves on finding it in such beautiful order. Two boards were next knocked off which covered the feet, the dog, and legs. It was truly distressing to see the chaos there. Both legs were broken above the knees and at the ankles; and the dog was broken in two pieces, the rent running from the back to the belly. By looking at the picture you will see the present condition of the statue. We have made arrangements with Dexter for its restoration. I think it can be restored so as to please the *connoisseur* as much as ever. The workmanship and spirit of the piece seemed more beautiful than ever. We are putting up a little building on the lawn by the side of the Athenæum to receive it, and Greene is to pay us a visit, in the course of a fortnight, to superintend its restoration. How this accident occurred we cannot tell; but it was a great mistake to send it to Boston *vià* New York. It undoubtedly suffered by the transshipment. I cannot doubt that it was rolled over on the wharf, like a cotton-bag. . . . Adieu.

Ever thine, C. S.

To Dr. Lieber he wrote: —

"The 'Orpheus' is on its pedestal; and, like Memnon, makes music with its beauty. It is thoroughly restored. The stranger, who knew nothing of the accident that befell it, might not dream that it was not fresh and whole from the artist's chisel. At a distance of eight feet I cannot discern the places of the juncture. It is an exquisite work of art, and the committee, who have seen it, are delighted with it. I have not studied its effect closely, but confessed its charm during the few moments that I saw it. The room will not be ready for the public till next week.

"Prescott compliments you in a note to the 'Conquest.' Macready has won our hearts. He is a most agreeable and interesting person."

TO WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

Boston, Oct. 27, 1843.

My dear Prescott, — I hardly know how to express on paper the delight and instruction with which I have read your work.[1] Since I first devoured the Waverly novels, I have read nothing by which I have been so entirely *entrainé*, — sitting at my desk for hours; then trimming my lamp, and still sitting on; and finally, with the book under my arm, adjourning home, where I read on till after midnight. The "Introduction" was interesting and instructive, — exciting thought and requiring attention, at the same time that it was clear and copious. Perhaps this will afford to enlightened minds a field of interest of a higher character than the other portions of the work; but these cannot fail to charm everybody. You have succeeded perfectly in picturing those magical successes by which Cortez overthrew the Aztec Empire. It is in your pages that I first felt the beauty and fitness of an epithet of Gray in that stanza of the "Progress of Poesy," which Dugald Stewart thought the finest in the English language, —

> "Their feather-cinctured chiefs and dusky loves."

I began the work, hating Cortez as he hated idols, and longing to see him overthrown. But you have led me on gently to your rather favorable estimate of his character. On the narrative, as presented by you, I do not see any occasion to differ from your appreciation of his acts. His courage, address, and resources seem almost unparalleled in history, — greater than those of Alexander; his bigotry and religious intolerance, with cruelty in their train, were those of the Crusader, — of the Church of Rome at that period, of the laws of all Christian nations down to a much later period, of Lord Coke himself. The old common law writ, *de haeretico comburendo*, was only formally taken away in the reign of Charles II. I have not your book by me; but my impression is that there was one remark in extenuation of Cortez which did not seem carefully expressed.

Since I saw you, I have refreshed my recollection of those three pictures, by Hume, Gibbon, and Mackintosh, of the capture of Jerusalem, the slaughter, and the homage afterwards to the Holy Sepulchre, — showing the blended devotion and ferocity of the conquerors on this consummation of the war. Cortez is not worse than Godfrey de Bouillon, — "Pious Godfrey," in the verse of Tasso, almost sainted by the Church, — to whom grateful Belgium, in our day, is erecting a national monument. I think Gibbon's philosophical reflections unsound, though his picture is martial and stirring. Hume is exquisite and graceful; but Mackintosh has the higher tone of philosophy and superior correctness of thought, — though these cannot make one forget the inferiority of style in which they are expressed But I wander. Let me thank you, dear Prescott, most heartily for this new and beautiful contribution to our literature; and believe that there are few who will enjoy your fame more than I shall.

Ever affectionately yours, Charles Sumner.

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[1] The "Conquest of Mexico," which was published a few days later.

TO LORD MORPETH.

BOSTON, Oct. 31, 1843.

MY DEAR MORPETH, — I shall be able to write you definitely, by the next packet, whether you can have the "Titania" or "Heliodorus." The former is very much admired; and a strong desire has been expressed that it should be detained in the country. My impression is, however, that you will have the refusal of it. You ask if there is any other picture of Allston's to be had. There is a landscape belonging to Mr. Davis, of Boston, which he is desirous of selling. It is of a large size: his price is three hundred pounds. If the picture were in the warmer and later manner of Allston, it would be worth more than as many thousands. It is cold and icy, but a beautiful landscape. I enclose a sketch of the picture. The "Belshazzar's Feast" is a melancholy ruin. Twenty years ago, it was so far finished that only two or three months' work seemed wanting to its completion. As many years would not suffice now. Allston made several vital changes, which involved a new casting, as it were, of the whole picture. He changed the point of sight several inches, also the architecture of the room; and these changes were not completed at his death: so that a part of the picture is from one point of sight, and part from another; part has the architecture first adopted, and another part has the other architecture. The figure of the Queen, which is known to have been finished once with cloth of gold, is blotted out entirely. The heads of some soothsayers have been raised; but their shoulders have not been carried up to them. In giving these details, I state what I have heard from the family, and some artists who have seen it. As yet, not even Mr. Allston's friends have been allowed to see it. It is supposed that the picture is in such a condition that it cannot be exhibited in a gallery of finished pictures; but it may be preserved as a valuable study for artists. Some parts of it are supposed to be equal to any thing from Allston's hand.

The chances for Clay are supposed to increase; and his friends are sanguine that he will be the next President. Webster holds himself aloof; and these two chiefs are almost in deadly feud. Webster is hoping to get back to the bar. He told me a week ago of Lord Aberdeen's reception of his note of last March, on what has been called the "right of visit," but which I call the "right of inquiry." It seems that Mr. Everett read Webster's note, when Lord Aberdeen made what seems to me — as it seemed to Webster — the extraordinary statement that he did not agree with the doctrine put forth by Sir Robert Peel in the House of Commons on this subject. He added that his note — a very able one, I think — of December, 1841, was written *currente calamo;* and he was astonished that it had stood so well as it had. He found nothing important in Webster's note to take exception to; but he thought he might undertake to reply to one or two things in it. This he has never done; and Mr. Webster considers Lord Aberdeen a convert to his doctrine. If my Lord is a convert, there are some Americans who are not. Old Mr. Adams is not; and he is determined to find an occasion to express his views. He told me that he agreed entirely in the conclusion of two articles that I wrote on the subject, and which you read while in the country. Mr. Adams is wonderfully well, — never weary in his labors, and hating Slavery more with every new day.

We have been anxious for a few days on account of old Judge Prescott, now eighty-two. He was recently struck with paralysis, but is regaining his strength.

Judge Story is in rude health, dealing with various labors. He was gratified by your kind recollection of him. His only son was married this evening. I have just come from the wedding-party.

Good-night! — or, rather, good-morning; for we have passed "the dead waste and middle of the night." Think of a review for Prescott.

Ever, my dear Morpeth, affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. I remember your brother Charles's beautiful wife with admiration. She was so gentle and kind to me that I cannot forget her among the pleasant pictures of English life. Say to your brother, if you will, how truly I grieve for him.

TO DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE, ROME.

BOSTON, Dec. 31, 1843.

"A happy New Year!" dearest Howe, to you and yours. But what need you of any such salutation? Is not happiness your own? An eventful year has closed, — a year which has witnessed your engagement, marriage, and happy travels; which has witnessed Longfellow's engagement, marriage, and establishment in a happy home. When I think of these things, I am penetrated with the thought of what changes may take place in that short span of time. Changes of character may also be wrought. I know that in no lapse of time can you lose your love for truth, virtue, and right. I see before you a beautiful career, which fills me with envy, — a fireside sacred to domestic love, constant and increasing usefulness, the recognition of your name and services by the world, and the blessings of all good men upon your head. But you deserve it all, dear Howe, and more, — if Heaven has any thing more for its most deserving children.

I saw Mann to-day. He boards in Bowdoin Square, in the house called the "Coolidge House." He has been preparing what I think will be a very elaborate report on his foreign travels, from which I anticipate great good. I have not seen his wife; but I understand she is very well. Longfellow's eyes are no better; but his wife's are bright for him. Felton is as happy as the morn: life with him is a march of exultation. I saw Fisher the other day. He sat with me some time. I wish him a happy New Year.

I know not what to write you. You will be glad to see that the old sentinel, Mr. Adams at Washington, has at last produced such an impression upon the House of Representatives that the obnoxious "twenty-first" rule will probably be repealed; and the petitions of the country on Slavery will not be stifled. The present Congress has shown a different mood on the subject from previous Congresses. I exult in the continued health and powers of old Adams. Through all his various errors and eccentricities I have been fast in my admiration of him; for he possesses two things which cannot be extolled too highly, particularly in our country, — unquestioned purity of character and remarkable attainments, the result of constant industry. These I prize more than genius. I trust he may be spared to guide and enlighten the land. We fear some insidious movements in favor of Texas. The South yearns for that immense cantle of territory to carve into great slaveholding States. We shall witness in this Congress some animated contest on this matter. The question of Oregon promises some trouble. . . . I wish that our people and Government would concern themselves with what we have *now*. Let us fill that with knowledge and virtue and love of one's neighbor; and let England and Russia take the rest, — I care not who. There has been a recent debate in Congress, in which Mr. Charles Ingersoll said he would go to war rather than allow England to occupy Cuba. I say: "Take Cuba, Victoria, if you will; banish thence Slavery; lay the foundation of Saxon freedom; build presses and school-houses!" What harm can then ensue to us? Mr. Ingersoll proceeded on the plan of preparing for war. He adopts the moral of the old fable of Æsop, — which, you know, I have always thought so pernicious, — "where the wild boar was whetting his tusks, though no danger was near, that he might be prepared for danger." I wish our country would cease to whet its tusks. The appropriations of the navy last year were nine million dollars. Imagine half — nay, a tithe — of this sum given annually to objects of humanity, education, and literature! I know of nothing in our Government that troubles me more than this thought. And who can talk lightly of war? One year of war would break open and let loose all the imprisoned winds now happily imprisoned by that great Æolus, — Peace, — and let them rage over the world. But I prose, you will say. I have touched the chords, and you must listen to the tedious notes that ensue. I have nothing to say of gayeties: my last chronicle gave you a supper of them. It is Sunday night now. I have been for the first time at Mrs. Lee's, in Mount Vernon Street, — a resort of yours. Mrs. Otis and Mrs. Minot were there. A few days since, I passed an evening at Mrs. Bruen's.

As I draw to the end of this sheet, so do I draw to the close of the old year. Its last sands are running out. Midnight is at hand. Farewell!

Ever affectionately yours, C. S.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE NATIONAL ELECTION. — EDITING VESEY, JR. — DANGEROUS ILLNESS.

1844. — AGE, 33.

THE national election of 1844, in which the Whigs had counted with great confidence on the promotion of their favorite leader, Henry Clay, to the Presidency, ended, to their great disappointment, in the election of the Democratic candidate, James K. Polk. Sumner was not a partisan; and did not, by speech or pen, enter into the canvass. He desired however, as a citizen, the success of the Whigs, and without doubt voted for their candidates. With their peculiar policy relating to the tariff and a national bank, which drew to them more than to any party in our history capitalists, large manufacturers, men of acquired fortune, he expressed no sympathy. One of his type of mind would be inspired with party enthusiasm only where the primary convictions of right and duty were the basis of political doctrine and action.[1] His letters to friends and his published communications on the "Right of Search" and the "Creole" case show that, among the political questions of the day, those relating to Slavery were then uppermost in his thoughts.

There were some points aside from their distinctive measures in which the Whigs came nearer to his views than their opponents. While at this time refusing as a national party to take an anti-slavery position, they were less than the Democrats under the control of the slaveholding interest; and they had less complicity in the pro-slavery schemes of that day, of which the annexation of Texas was the foremost. They therefore held a large body of men, who, like Sumner, already regarded the issues concerning the extension and perpetuity of American slavery as transcending any economic questions. They had some public men, distinguished for their opposition to Slavery, — John Quincy Adams and Joshua R. Giddings being the most conspicuous examples, — who, though not enjoying favor with the national party, were nevertheless faithfully sustained by Whig constituencies.

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[1] "I was a Whig because I thought this party represented the moral sentiments of the country,—that it was the party of Humanity." Speech, June 28, 1848.

On foreign affairs, as well as upon this domestic question, Sumner placed more confidence in the Whigs. Their statesmen were pacific in policy, disposed to settle disputes by arbitration, and not striving to gain favor with our emigrant population by stimulating hostility to England.

The strength of the Whig party lay in the older Free States and among the intelligent classes; and from the circumstance that these elements entered largely into its composition, the cause of education and enterprises of philanthropy found strenuous support among its voters and leading men. The Democratic party loudly professed its devotion to the creed of freedom and equality inherited from Jefferson; and it is entitled to some credit for resisting the tendencies of the Whigs to favor capital and privilege: but controlled as it was by the slaveholders, and yielding always to their schemes, it had nothing but its high-sounding declarations to attract a young man of liberal and progressive ideas. Among its partisans Sumner counted personal friends, like George Bancroft and Theodore Sedgwick, with whose culture and generous thought he was in full sympathy; but they seemed like exotics in a party which was stifling free speech in Congress and in the country, and conspiring, by the annexation of Texas, for the extension of Slavery to the Rio Grande.

Henry Clay stands more than any one public man as the historical representative of the Whig party; more even than Webster, who was his superior in intellectual power. At this time Sumner regarded Mr. Clay as a statesman whose purposes were patriotic, and whose views of the national future were large and ennobling. His enthusiasm for Mr. Webster as an orator and as the author of diplomatic despatches which marked, as he said, "a new era in State papers," and his confidence in that statesman as the constant supporter of international peace are familiar to the reader; and these sentiments were strengthened by an agreeable personal intercourse which continued till several years later, when the slavery question drew a sharp line of division between them. Even at this period, however, when in such general accord with him, Sumner stated with emphasis Mr. Webster's limitations, protesting against the doctrines of his "Creole" letter, and lamenting that he lacked the moral elevation and nobler spirit of Channing.

But, among public men, John Quincy Adams most enlisted his enthusiasm. Disapproving the ex-President's disregard at times of parliamentary restrictions, and dissenting strongly from his eccentric justification of England in her conduct towards China relative to the importation of opium, Sumner felt a profound admiration for his glorious defence of liberty as the representative of Massachusetts in Congress.[1] In this veteran statesman were united thorough training, wide knowledge, dauntless courage, a long and distinguished public service abroad and at home, crowned, as his father's before him, by an election to the highest office in the Republic; and now, as it were, a second career more illustrious than the first, in which on the floor of Congress, single-handed, he held at bay and drove back again and again, discomfited, the chiefs of the slaveholding interest, with the whole country intently watching a combat which all felt involved the great question of our history. With such a character, such accomplishments, such services, and such a cause, he would have stood a grand figure in any forum of the world. Aged colleagues still surviving recall him as he threw, one after another, the pro-slavery champions who came out to meet him; and they renew their youthful enthusiasm as they repeat the oft-told story. More from their lips than from any page of history yet written, this generation can understand how strong must have been the hold which John Quincy Adams had upon young men, and upon all who, against organized capital, society, the traditions of party, and fears of change, even of revolution, made opposition to the extension and perpetuity of Slavery their highest duty to country and mankind.

In 1843–44 Sumner was engaged, on behalf of his State, in collecting the local proofs in the long-standing boundary controversy between Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and for that purpose visited the disputed territory. This service was rendered at the request of Mr. Webster and Mr. Choate, the counsel of Massachusetts, who certified, when the question of his compensation was pending, that "he conducted the matter most satisfactorily, and obtained much useful information." Massachusetts prevailed in the suit in March, 1846. Sumner was paid five hundred dollars for his services, — a professional fee which it was rarely his good fortune to receive in a single case. To Mr. Choate's kindly interest he was doubtless indebted for the opportunity to earn it.[1]

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[1] A note of Mr. Adams to Sumner, April 29, 1845, refers to a personal interview in Boston, which he hoped soon to have with him.

In the winter of 1844–45, he was counsel before a legislative committee in a case of considerable interest, — the petition of the people of Chelsea, then a town of three thousand inhabitants, for a railroad designed to connect that and neighboring communities with Boston by a land route; the connection being then by a railroad with a terminus at East Boston, and thence by ferry to the city proper. His argument for the petitioners, in which he laid stress on the superior advantages of an avenue by land rather than by ferry, was carefully matured, as his notes, which are preserved, show. The committee reported adversely;[2] but the Eastern Railroad Corporation, then a remonstrant, a few years later adopted substantially the location which he urged.

In the spring of 1844 Sumner undertook to edit the "Equity Reports" of Francis Vesey, Jr., numbering twenty volumes, for a well-known law-publishing house in Boston, who were then issuing a series of "English Chancery Reports." They had already engaged Mr. Perkins, of Salem, to furnish the notes for Brown's "Reports;" and they applied to Sumner to annotate Vesey, offering two thousand dollars. He was reluctant to enter upon the labor, recommending in his stead Mr. Perkins, who, was however, too much preoccupied to undertake it.

After conferring with Mr. Perkins as to the details and method of such work, he accepted the publishers' terms, and agreed to prepare a volume each fortnight, — the time beginning May 1, and lasting ten months. He entered upon his task April 10, fully persuaded that it would engross his time and tax his powers of endurance. It proved, however, even severer than he anticipated, requiring incessant application, night as well as day, withdrawal from society, and abstinence from exercise and recreation of all kinds.[3] He pleaded with his publishers for a month's delay beyond the time fixed by the contract; but they, insisting that *time* was of the essence of the enterprise as well as of the contract, were inexorable: and so he bent to his task.

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[1] His connection with the case is referred to in Mr. Choate's "Works and Memoir," Vol. I. pp. 74, 75. See "Boston Advertiser," Feb. 22, 1844. The Council Records of Massachusetts, March 31, 1846, with the report of a committee, March 19, give a detailed statement of the services of the several counsel.

[2] Senate Document, 1845, No. 109.

[3] At this time he exchanged offices with Hillard, taking himself the rear one, which the latter had hitherto occupied.

The publication of the American editions of Vesey, Jr.'s, and Brown's Reports belongs to a period when equity jurisdiction was making its way against prejudice and opposition into our system of law. It is difficult at this day, when the drawing of a bill in equity is with the profession almost as commonplace an act as the making of a writ, to understand the mystery which then hung over this province of jurisprudence, or the passionate resistance which was made to its reasonable extension.[1] The American sources of the annotator of English Chancery Reports were then very limited, consisting chiefly of the New York series of reports by Johnson, Paige, and Edwards, a few volumes issued in South Carolina, North Carolina, and Maryland, besides cases in equity heard in other States, which were intermingled in the reports with those decided at law. But the English Chancery Reports published later than Vesey's, and Story's treatise on "Equity Jurisprudence," his greatest work, supplied rich materials. These Sumner faithfully used; and he added — a novel feature in an edition of Reports — biographical notices of judges and lawyers whose names occur in the text.

The extensive annotations of Hovenden, which had been massed in two separate volumes, he distributed and placed with the cases to which they pertained. The edition bore the dedication, "To the Honorable Joseph Story, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, in testimony of gratitude for his friendship and of admiration for his character, this American edition of Reports, in a department of jurisprudence which he has illustrated by his genius and learning, is affectionately inscribed by Charles Sumner."

The Judge wrote to him, May 28: "I am rejoiced to have my name united with yours in this manner, so that the public may know how long and intimate our friendship has been, and that we may swim down the stream of time together." And, in reference to a remark of Sumner which disparaged an editor's labors, he added: "Next to a good reporter I hold a good annotator. What were Saunders now worth but for Williams's notes? What were 'Coke on Littleton' but for Hargrave and Butler?"

The "Law Reporter," in announcing the edition, said:[2] The publishers "have secured the valuable editorial services of Charles Sumner, Esq., whose distinguished professional reputation is a sufficient assurance that the department of the work intrusted to his hands — the addition of the American cases and the recent English decisions — will be performed in a manner worthy of the high character of the original work." After a full review of the editor's method of annotating, it referred to the biographical notices: "For this department of the work Mr. Sumner is peculiarly qualified. They who have read his contributions to the 'American Jurist' and the 'Law Reporter' need not be told that, in what may be called the literature of the law, he has no rival among us."

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[1] In 1846, a prominent member of the Boston bar carried the Massachusetts House of Representatives, of which he was a member, against an extension of equity jurisdiction, by brandishing, in a theatrical way, the voluminous record of an equity case; but success won in this way was short-lived. "Law Reporter," April, 1846, Vol. VIII. pp. 556–558.

[2] May, 1844, Vol. VII. pp. 57, 58.

Among the biographical notices are those of Lords Hardwicke and Eldon, Mr. Justice Buller, Sir John Mitford, Lord Ellenborough, Lord Thurlow, Sir William Alexander, Mr. Fearne, Chief Baron Eyre, Lord Camden, Mr. Hargrave, Sir Samuel Romilly, Lord Loughborough (Wedderburne), — judges and lawyers who were engaged in the courts during the last quarter of the last century and the first quarter of the present. Four examples of these sketches are given: —

LORD HARDWICKE.

"Perhaps this is the greatest name after Lord Bacon in the English Chancery. He was born at Dover, 1690, and was called to the bar, 1715. At the age of twenty-nine, in 1720, he became Solicitor-General; in 1724, Attorney-General; in 1733, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, as successor to Lord Raymond; in 1737, Chancellor, with the title of Baron Hardwicke (his name was Philip Yorke); in 1754 he was created Earl of Hardwicke. He resigned his high office in 1756, and died in 1764. His influence in the House of Lords is said to have been greater than that of any other person in the kingdom. But it is as a great magistrate that he commands the homage of the bar. It is said that, during the twenty years that he presided in Chancery, three only of his judgments were appealed from, and those were afterwards confirmed in the House of Lords. Mr. Charles Buller has given an interesting sketch of his character; and Mr. Justice Story speaks of him with the warm appreciation of a kindred mind."

LORD ELDON.

"This is the first appearance [Waddle *v.* Johnson, 1789] in these Reports of one of the most distinguished characters in the English law. The Solicitor-General at this time was Sir John Scott, destined, under the title of Lord Eldon, for so long a period to hold the Great Seal, and to acquire so great a name in Chancery. He was born at Newcastle, June 4, 1751. William

Scott, afterwards Lord Stowell, was his elder brother. Their father was a dealer in coals in Newcastle; and their career is supposed to illustrate the open avenue to distinction under the British Constitution. Their advantages may have been petty compared with the influences which surround the early life of most of those who acquire conspicuous place in England; but the sons of a coal merchant, grounded at an early age in the classics, and, while still in boyhood, matriculated at Oxford, cannot seem to American observation to have wanted any of those early advantages which justly secure future success. After his course at the University was completed, Mr. John Scott read lectures, as the deputy of Sir Robert Chambers, the Vinerian Professor of Common Law, throughout the years 1774–76. He was called to the bar, Feb. 9, 1776, and it is said that he gave the fruits of the first year of his professional life for pocket-money to his wife. She received half a guinea. But very soon he acquired a large practice and the favor of Lord Thurlow. In June, 1788, he was made Solicitor-General and knighted. In Feb., 1793, on the promotion of Sir Archibald Macdonald to the office of Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Sir John Scott became Attorney-General, and very soon afterwards commenced the important State prosecutions against Hardy and Horne Tooke. On the death of Sir James Eyre, in July, 1799, he was raised to the peerage as Baron Eldon, and appointed to the vacant office of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. In the spring of 1801, on the retirement of Mr. Pitt's administration, he was advanced to the post of Lord High Chancellor. On the accession of the Whigs to power, he resigned the great seal, Feb. 7, 1806, giving place to Lord Erskine. He resumed it, April 1, 1807, from which time he maintained his seat on the woolsack till April 30, 1827, being altogether a period of nearly twenty-five years, — a longer service than was allotted to any of his predecessors. It was so long as to be called in derision by Jeremy Bentham 'the reign of John the Second.' The cases in which he gave judgment occupy upwards of thirty volumes. They abound in learning and in the results of a keen and discriminating mind, directed by industry and conscientiousness. He died Jan. 13, 1838. See 'London Law Magazine,' Vol. XX. pp. 48–87, 342–384; Vol. XXI. pp. 56–87, 344–371; 28 'American Jurist,' 41–92, 281–340. See also *post*, p. 209, Abingdon *v.* Butler, where Lord Thurlow paid Sir John Scott, when Solicitor-General, a striking tribute. 'I remember a case from Ireland,' he said, 'though I cannot give you the name of it, where the Solicitor-General persuaded me, right or wrong, to come to that determination.'"

FRANCIS HARGRAVE.

"Among English lawyers who never arrived at the dignity of the bench, Mr. Hargrave stands conspicuous for profound learning and untiring industry, and ardent love for his profession, though his career was marked by a sensitiveness, at times a querulousness, which would vindicate for him a place with 'the irritable race,' who want the sterner stuff out of which lawyers are made. He was the son of an eminent attorney in London, and was born in 1741. In 1760 he entered Lincoln's Inn, and in 1764 took chambers there, and began practice in Chancery. His name first became familiar to the public in the seventh year of his call to the bar, when he delivered an elaborate argument in behalf of Somerset, a negro, before the King's Bench, in Hilary Term, 1772, to prove that domestic slavery could not be enforced in England.[1] In 1791 he was employed to draw the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, which passed into a law. In 1794 he argued with deep personal feeling the claim of Mr. Myddleton, in the present case [Myddleton *v.* Lord Kenyon], to be freed from a harsh trust-deed into which he had been betrayed by inadvertence. Afterwards, he embarked his learning and sympathies in an unsuccessful attempt to set aside the Tellusson will. See *post*, 4 V. 227. His appearance at the bar seems to have been confined to a few important causes, while the rewards and honors which it offers to its favorites eluded his grasp. In the literature of his profession his success was more distinguished. For eleven years he was engaged in an edition of 'Coke on Littleton,' which declining health compelled him to leave incomplete. The loss to juridical learning on this account would have been irreparable, if the work had fallen into other hands than those of Mr. Butler. In 1813, from a too intense application to this work, in which his soul was engaged, Mr. Hargrave became afflicted with occasional alienations of mind, which led to his retirement from the profession. He died, Aug. 16, 1821, aged eighty, in the full possession of his faculties. He was said to have aided Lord Thurlow in the preparation of several elaborate judgments, which gave him the *sobriquet* in the profession of the 'lion's provider.' Among his publications are a volume of law tracts, two volumes of 'Juridical Arguments and Collections,' and three volumes under the fanciful title of 'Jurisconsult Exercitations.' See 29 'London Law Mag.,' 75–108; also 'Annual Obituary' for 1821."

SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.

"This is the first time [Brodie *v.* St. Paul, 1 Vesey, Jr., 328] we meet the name of Sir Samuel Romilly in these Reports. He was born in 1757, and was, therefore, thirty-four years of age. In the succeeding volumes of Vesey, we shall witness the extent and variety of his professional labors. During the short-lived administration of Mr. Fox in 1806, he was Solicitor-General. He distinguished himself in Parliament by his unwearied efforts for the reform of the law. He died in 1818. The memoir of his life, published by his sons, discloses the character of a model lawyer.[2] In him were blended professional knowledge, graceful scholarship, spotless purity, and a refined benevolence. Perhaps there is no name in the annals of the English law to which the mind offers a more spontaneous tribute of love and admiration. See Roscoe's 'Lives of Eminent Lawyers' (12 American Jurist), 56. He next appears in these Reports in the case of Lord Hampton *v.* Oxendes, 2 V. 261; Bristow *v.* Wade, 2 V. 345; Lord Lonsdale *v.* Littledale, 2 V. 452; and in Higgins *v.* Crawford, 2 V. 571. In this last case, he was sole counsel in opposition to the Attorney-General, Sir John Scott. From this time forward, his name is of more frequent occurrence, till, in some of the succeeding volumes, it diffuses its light over the chief business of the court."

[1] See Works, Vol. III. p. 502.

[2] Works, Vol. II. p. 127.

This toil, which one with Sumner's capacity for higher work ought never to have undertaken, proved too much for him. No labor presses so heavily, or tries body and mind alike so severely as plodding among heaps of law books, condensing the substance of many pages into a single paragraph, adjusting cases to general statements, calling attention to nice distinctions, and guarding against errors of statement or reference which beset the annotator on every side, — a dreary, never-lightening task, which only he knows who has attempted it.

With four volumes completed, his constitution, which had hitherto withstood disease, broke down. As he began his work, he wrote of his "redundant health;" and this until now had been his good fortune, bating an occasional cough or headache. In June he was taken ill with a slow fever, but rallied by the first of July, when he wrote with some difficulty a brief letter to his brother George. On the 15th, the fever continuing, he attempted to write another to his brother, but was obliged to finish it by dictation. The disease then set in with greater vigor, and for the next ten days he was entirely prostrated. Besides the faithful attentions of the eminent physician, Dr. James Jackson, his friend Dr. Fisher came often to see him. Dr. Jackson thought his symptoms alarming, and had but slight hope of his recovery, and so frankly informed his patient, — a communication, however, which did not in the least disturb him. The few friends who were admitted to his bedside shared the physician's fears for the worst. Though these apprehensions were not realized, there was good cause for them. His escape was a narrow one; and his extraordinary vitality, — partly physical, partly spiritual, — alone rescued him from the untimely fate which befell so many of his family.

With Sumner the instinctive love of life was weaker than with most men. He had a dread of living with decayed powers, but never of dying. From his youth to the end, he would have listened to the summons of certain death with perfect serenity, except as the event might have left some task unfinished or some cause undefended. He never knew what fear was, least of all the fear of death. At times he spoke of dying relatives and friends who loved life, and wondered why he, who did not care for it, was left and they taken. This indifference to what instinct has made the dearest possession is to be ascribed, in his case as generally, more to original constitution than to philosophy. It went so far with him that, when recovering from this sickness, which physicians and nearly all his friends thought would prove fatal, he was willing to confess that he had no gratitude for his deliverance. This morbid feeling however passed away, when within a twelvemonth he was contending, not on the written page only but before mankind, as the champion of great causes with which his name will be for ever associated.

Signs of convalescence soon gladdened the anxious circle which had watched the alternations of his disease; and he was touched by the affectionate interest which had been shown in him. Many called at his mother's door whom he was too ill to see. Hillard, Felton, Longfellow, and Prescott were admitted when others were denied. Theophilus Parsons and the brothers Chandler were constant in their inquiries. Bancroft enlivened the sick-chamber with his conversation, always cheery and sparkling. Macready, who knew him as a steadfast friend, sought his bedside. William Whiting offered his services as watcher. J. J. Dixwell sent daily his carriage as soon as he was able to ride. Richard Fletcher sent a basket of grapes; William Story a brace of woodcock; and the family of George B. Emerson remembered him with similar tokens of regard. The Waterstons sent books, and invited him to the Quincy mansion, where the bracing airs of land and sea might hasten recovery. Similar invitations came from John Jay, at Bedford, N. Y.; Theodore Sedgwick, in New York; Samuel Ward, on Staten Island; and Mr. Daveis, at Portland. From England came the tender messages of Ingham and Morpeth, and from Berlin the sympathy of Fay. Crawford, arriving from Europe, sped a letter of gratitude and affection. Let it not be thought unbecoming, that, in the biography of a statesman, what these loving friends did should be told as a memorial of them.

Thus wrote Prescott in his diary, July 21, 1844: —

> "Been to town twice last week, — most uncommon for me; once to see my friend Calderon, returned as Minister from Spain, and once to see my poor friend Sumner, who has had a sentence of death passed on him by the physicians. His sister sat by his side, struck with the same disease. It was an affecting sight to see brother and sister, thus hand in hand, preparing to walk through the dark valley. I shall lose a good friend in Sumner, and one who, though I have known him but a few years, has done me many kind offices."

Mr. Chandler wrote to him, Aug. 1: —

> "I was never more astonished than I now am, to see an actual note from you in your proper handwriting. I also feel a little compunction that I have not seen you for several days; but I was informed that you had hosts of callers, and that it was fatiguing to you to be obliged to converse so much. Moreover, Hillard has kept us all constantly informed of your condition. I knew you would not think my absence any evidence of lukewarmness towards you. Moreover (second), I have called several times without seeing you. You say I gave you up. So did all the faithful for a few days; and Theophilus first sounded the note of alarm. He was very much discouraged about you when he left. But every thing is changed now, and I need not say there is but one feeling in all hearts now that you are out of danger. . . . The truth is, you are a most faithful critic; and, now that I miss your assistance, I begin to feel the truth of your assertion that I have often abused you."[1]

One of Longfellow's friends wrote to the poet, July 26: "Your melancholy account of the condition of our dear friend Sumner gave me infinite sorrow and surprise. I surely fear that your worst apprehensions will be realized. It will, indeed, be a sad blow to us all. God grant him strength to recover and defy the disease. There are so few like him upon earth that I cannot believe God really means to deprive humanity of so noble an example of all that is good and high-minded and pure."

Lord Morpeth wrote from Castle Howard, Aug. 18: —

> "I write a hurried line, in consequence of a note I have received from Madame Calderon, telling me that you are very far from well. I wish intently to receive from your own hands, if it be possible, some definite account of yourself, and also to assure you by mine of the very strong and very tender interest I feel about you. I really do not believe that, beyond my own immediate family circle, there is a person in either hemisphere with whom I feel more manifold sympathies, or the snapping of which would occasion a greater void. Till I hear about yourself, I feel that I cannot touch on any other topics. I hear of Prescott busy upon 'Philip the Second.' Give him my kindest love, if he is within your reach. If the exertion of letting me have a word from yourself would not be judicious, I am sure that either he or Hillard, or else your kind mother, would perform that good office for me. How I wish I could be within reach to take my share in tending you! Let me, at least, commend you to Him who orders all for the best. May his pardon be with you for the offences which a nature even pure, generous, and gentle as your own must have contracted, and his love and blessing for ever!"

From the time when, late in July, the favorable turn came, he recovered rapidly. He seemed to have a new sympathy with Nature, as he saw again the fields and sky. Among the books which he read while confined to his chamber were some Italian poems; the "History" of Thuanus; the "Institutes" of Calvin; and Stanley's "Life of Dr. Arnold." His progress to fulness of strength was slow; and he did not resume professional work till November, — an interval of five months. Late in August, as soon as his physician permitted, he left Boston under Hillard's care, to be the guest of Mr. Nathan Appleton, whose summer home was at Pittsfield. Here he breathed the invigorating air of the Berkshire hills, took frequent rides to Lenox, and occasional excursions beyond to Lanesborough and Williamstown. Among well-known residents of Pittsfield, whose courtesies he received, was George N. Briggs, then Governor of the State. Mr. Newton, a retired merchant, lent him a horse; and, well-mounted, he enjoyed keenly the lovely landscapes of Western Massachusetts. While at Lenox as the guest of Samuel G. Ward, he drove to Stockbridge and passed the day at Charles Sedgwick's,[1] whose sister Catherine, well-known in authorship, was there visiting. At Mr. Sedgwick's he met Mrs. Frances Kemble. He was charmed with her society in horseback rides; here, too, in the parlor of the Sedgwicks, he heard her read "Macbeth" and sing ballads. While here he was gladdened by the arrival of Dr. Howe, who had been in Europe sixteen months, and who came at once to Pittsfield. Leaving Berkshire with strength renewed, he passed a few days in New York, where he met Crawford, — for the first time since their parting in Rome; and late in September became his brother Albert's guest at Newport, — his first visit to that resort. Here, rides on the beach with a fleet horse confirmed returning vigor.[2]

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[1] A reference to friendly banter about peculiarities of thought and action.

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[1] Charles Sedgwick was clerk of the courts of Berkshire. He died in 1856, at the age of sixty-four. His father, Judge Sedgwick, who died in 1813, had three other sons, — Theodore, of Stockbridge, who died in 1839; Robert, of New York, who died in 1841; and Henry D., of New York, who died in 1831; and also a daughter, — Catherine, the author, — who died in 1867. The Judge's son Theodore, whose widow was living at Stockbridge in 1844, was the father of Theodore Sedgwick, who was the friend and correspondent of Sumner, and the author of the "Law of Damages." Charles Sedgwick was remarkable for his friendliness and genial conversation. Among the many good things which he said was one of Sumner. The conversation turning upon the latter's want of humor, and habit of taking all he heard in "dead earnest," Mr. Sedgwick said: "What a capital editor of an American 'Punch' Sumner would make!"

[2] At this time he received a note from Mrs. Montagu, who wrote: "That we should think of you and speak of you almost daily, and yet not tell you so, is an apparent perverseness which nothing can account for or excuse, except severe and unpleasant occupation. . . . I

A sad message abruptly terminated his visit at Newport, — that his sister Mary was near her end. No bereavement before or after ever affected him so deeply as this. Always fragile, with tendencies to consumption which were spread in the family, she had rare charms of nature and person. Charles returned from Europe to find her developed during his absence into beautiful womanhood. To a brother's affection was added a brother's pride in her comeliness. He enjoyed her graces at home, and delighted to be her escort in society. With poignant grief he watched her sure decline. There was never a moment when he would not have gladly given his life for hers. In the spring of 1842 she gave up her studies, on account of ill health. With the beginning of 1843 she had a severe hemorrhage; and in the summer and autumn her increasing weakness and pallor of countenance were evident. In the spring of 1844 she was fading fast. During his own illness, the almost sleepless mother was passing from the bed of one to that of the other. To Dr. Howe he wrote, Sept. 8: "I had a dear letter from my sister Mary, in which she tells me she has been obliged to part with her beautiful hair. It touched me to the soul." His letter to his brother George, Oct. 15, tells the story of her last days.[1]

Prescott wrote to him, as a postscript to a note of Aug. 12, 1844: —

> "Since writing this note, I learn by the papers the melancholy intelligence of your sister's death. Little did I think, when I saw her in the summer, she was so near her end. Most truly do I sympathize with you, dear Sumner, in the loss of so lovely and accomplished a being, and one who stood in such delightful and endearing relations with yourself. Yet her lot, perhaps, cannot be considered as hard. She has passed through the morning

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cannot account for the strange sympathy by which in a moment my heart acknowledges a friend; but with the feeling always of having known him before, I seem to hear a voice not new to me, and to meet looks and expressions of countenance so dear to me, and so responded to by every fibre in my frame, that it is no stranger who stands before me, but a lost friend recovered. I do not attempt to solve this problem, or to say why I sat down with you at once, and could have said frankly any thing that I thought; and why, in the case of ———, of the same country, and of the same extraordinary calibre of mind, I can never be more than a courteous hostess, without the smallest desire to be his *friend:* that is, a friend in my sense, — a heart friend. Coleridge was another instance. I knew him for years, admired his talent, was most confidentially entrusted by him with his inward thoughts, would have been his hostess for months or years, his nurse in illness, or his adviser in common things, where advice was needed; but his friend, after my fashion, never! I loved Robert Burns at once and for ever; and Edward Irving, with all the tenderness of a friend and mother. I dare not tell you of my antipathies, unless you would accept them as proof of corresponding affections."

[1] *Post*, p. 321.

of life with few clouds, probably, to overcast it; and she has gone where sorrow and sickness cannot reach her. Has she not made a good exchange for the numerous ills and infirmities which all flesh is heir to? The loss is for those who remain behind.

"'Alas! for love, if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, oh earth!'"

His sister, Mrs. Hastings, wrote of this period:—

"My sister Mary was in delicate health for two years before her death in 1844; and the last summer of her life my brother Charles was very ill also. It was the first illness he had suffered since he was a child of six. He had worked very hard on Vesey's Reports; and his illness seemed a low, nervous fever. The doctors were puzzled and alarmed, and at one time thought it was a case of galloping consumption. It was a very sad summer in our house, — my mother and I taking turns in nursing my sister and brother. She was out of town most of the summer; and while Charles was very ill, my mother was nursing him at home, while I was with my sister in the country. As he grew better and she grew more feeble, my mother went to her, while I came home to take care of Charles. How I enjoyed seeing him grow stronger, and feeling myself useful! I remember Mr. Hillard coming to drive him out; and I remember the delightful appetite of one recovering from fever. I always carried all his meals to him myself, read to him, and wrote letters at his dictation. That autumn came the bitter grief of my sister's death, before he had fully recovered his strength; though he had been able to leave home, and had recuperated by a visit to Berkshire County."

His first professional work after his recovery was the trial, in the United States Circuit Court, of the friction-match case, with which he became connected soon after his return from Europe, and in which he had been very zealous.[1] The controversy was carried on both by an action of tort and a bill in equity. The pleadings and evidence in the equity suit fill two hundred and sixty-five pages. Sixty-three depositions were taken,—chiefly in the autumn of 1841.. The volume containing them bears, on almost every page, several of Sumner's marks and comments. His client contested the validity of the patent on the usual grounds of previous knowledge and use. The trial of the action of tort began before Judge Story, Nov. 13, and consumed eleven days, — resulting in a verdict for Sumner's client on Nov. 26.[2] Sumner spoke ten hours, — beginning on Thursday, and ending the next day. Franklin Dexter, one of the leaders of the bar, was the counsel on the other side. He filed a motion to set aside the verdict; but before the court passed upon it the case was settled by the parties. Sumner made a formidable brief of the law. Mr. Dexter, in filing one which only stated his points, wrote him that "his junior would ornament it with authorities." Sumner had in December, 1843, argued the equity suit, which Judge Story decided adversely to him.[1] The Judge, who was firmly opposed to his view of the case, and ruled against him on the most important points during the trial of the action at law, was vexed at his persistency.

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[1] *Ante*, Vol. II. p. 149.

[2] Boston Advertiser, Nov. 14 and 27, 1844.

In this prolonged litigation, Sumner showed his power as a lawyer to better advantage than in any legal controversy in which he was ever engaged. It involved labor, research, the massing of testimony, the application of abstruse doctrines of law, and required pertinacity both in contending against the adversary and in endeavoring to persuade the court that he was right; and in all this he showed professional ardor and fidelity.

The printing of the new edition of "Vesey" was not suspended during Sumner's sickness. Mr. Perkins edited the fifth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth, and twelfth volumes; and Mr. Charles B. Goodrich the eleventh. It remained for Sumner to supply notes to the sixth and the volumes succeeding the twelfth. Resuming the work in December, he completed it the following May, — when, with a sense of relief from his burden, he wrote: "The edition (in twenty volumes) is all printed; and that millstone has fallen from my neck."

From Professor Greenleaf he received the following note:

DANE HALL, May 5, 1845.

DEAR SUMNER, — I thank you thrice heartily for your note of Saturday, full of kindness and good things as it is. I congratulate you on the close of your labors on Vesey, — and so successful, too, as they have been, — and look with confidence to a rich return to you of the gratitude of the profession for this valuable contribution to our science. You see I speak somewhat in advance, having examined only the early volumes as yet; but I 'know my man,' and risk nothing in judging of the future by the past. I am glad for your own sake also that you have done this work; because, from its permanent character, it gives greater permanency to your professional fame. I shall be very well satisfied to do for Cruise what you have done for Vesey. Accept also my thanks for your kind mention of my book

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[1] Boston Advertiser, Dec. 23, 1843.

(that publication which frightened me so), and still more for the *corrigenda*. . . . Heaven lend me in perpetuity your ever-gushing fountain of self-denying kindness to friends!

Faithfully yours,

S. Greenleaf.

Phrenology and animal magnetism had at this time an earnest following with many who were, by habit of mind, hospitable to new ideas. In 1832, Spurzheim gave lectures on phrenology in Boston. George Combe followed a few years later; and among those who gave full credence to his intellectual and moral system was Horace Mann. Dr. Howe undertook to test both phrenology and animal magnetism by experiments. At his rooms persons were put into the "magnetic state;" and then the parts of the head to which the several organs were assigned were pressed by the hand, the subject manifesting emotions corresponding to the organ so pressed, — as, for instance, showing fight when that of combativeness was touched, and love of mankind when that of benevolence was tested in the same way. Sumner, who was inclined to think well of theories which Howe warmly espoused, was present when these tests were attempted, and thought them satisfactory proofs of the new doctrines. After witnessing them, he wrote, in 1842: "Is not this wonderful? It proves the two sciences of phrenology and animal magnetism, and shows clearly that our brains are mapped out as the phrenologists have described. We were convinced that there was no collusion here, and that the boy knew nothing of phrenology. I have a plaster cast now before me, and am studying it in right earnest." He kept his faith in phrenology and animal magnetism for some years, and in 1845 took to task Professor Bowen, of the "North American Review," for "intolerance of mind," when the latter assailed them as absurdities. But his interest in these and kindred novelties entirely ceased when he became absorbed in the grave issues of peace and freedom.

No mention of John W. Browne, of Salem, the classmate with whom he was most intimate, has been made since their association as students was referred to, and once only he reappears before Sumner laid a chaplet on his grave. Their correspondence substantially ceased soon after they were called to the bar, each being fully engaged in his own pursuits. Browne, at a later period, in 1838, disconnected himself from his political party and withdrew, as far as is possible for a lawyer to do, from public affairs. His anti-slavery convictions were earnest; and he consorted with Abolitionists of the Garrison school. The two classmates met from time to time,[1] but the old intimacy was not renewed. At one of their meetings, the "Brook Farm Association," then established at West Roxbury, of which George Ripley[2] was the leading spirit, was a topic of contention. Browne was in warm sympathy with these social reformers; but Sumner, although his brother Horace was then with them, was not. He treated their scheme with some sarcasm, which Browne laid to heart, — quoting against them passages in chapters xxxviii. and xxxix. of "Ecclesiasticus," particularly verse 25 of chapter xxxviii. Browne went home, and wrote an elaborate paper of twelve pages, — a sermon in length, — signed only with his initials, beginning abruptly, without date, or any of the usual salutations of a letter, as follows: "I desire to say a few words for a great truth's sake. You will consider them. There is discordance of spirit now with us; you delighting in the scholar and the lawyer, and I seeking only the man, — passing by the scholar and the lawyer. Let us each tread his path." Then follows an argument, regretful and even melancholy in tone, in which he set forth what, as he thought, were Sumner's misconceptions of the "Transcendental" philosophy, as taught and practised at Brook Farm. Both were positive in their views; and neither yielded to the other. With all Sumner's disposition to welcome new ideas promising well for the human race, a bucolic paradise, removed from the friction and heat of great activities, whatever leisure it might offer for self-culture and communion with Nature, did not tempt him. It found no place in his dreams of the "All hail, Hereafter!" In society, rather than apart from men, he saw the best opportunity for individual and social development.

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[1] Browne removed to Boston in 1844.

[2] Some years later, Sumner's relations with Mr. Ripley, who had joined the staff of the "New York Tribune," became intimate. The latter replied in that journal to an unfriendly newspaper criticism of Sumner's Phi Beta Kappa address, delivered at Schenectady, N. Y., in 1849. Mr. Ripley writes: —

"This led to a correspondence, and afterwards an acquaintance of some intimacy, Sumner visiting at my house in New York, and seldom passing through the city without calling. This continued till a short time before his death. I was always struck with some traits, and frequently mentioned them to my friends, for which, I imagine, he did not usually get credit. He was singularly frank and transparent in the expression of his feelings; free from any approach to personal vanity, or egotism; never claiming authority for his opinions: but bearing himself with the graceful modesty of an inconspicuous individual, rather than with the majestic air of the illustrious Senator. In all his ways he was artless and affectionate as a child. I never heard him indulge in censorious criticisms of his political rivals, although I gave him ample opportunity for that recreation; indeed, he never breathed a word in my presence to the disparagement of any human being. I have often noticed that he seemed to find relief in literary inquiries and discussions from the excitement of political debate."

At this period of his life, — just preceding his absorption in public questions, — Sumner felt greatly the need of a home of his own. He had become weary of general society; and when, on account of his sister's illness, he could not be her escort, he withdrew very much from it. In the "Five of Clubs," he was now the only bachelor. He mourned in Cleveland a friend full of tenderness and sympathy. Loving humanity, he had found inspiration and strength in his intercourse with Channing; and, loving art, he had enjoyed his frequent visits to Allston: but these cherished resorts had been closed by death. He was now thirty-three, and saw most of his contemporaries no longer solitary, but set in families. He felt alone; and was unhappy at the thought of his isolation. To his intimate friends he spoke freely of his desire for a wife's affection. Why he did not then marry, — why men like Irving and Macaulay, gifted with pure and lively affections, never married, — the world does not know; very likely they did not themselves know. No one, it is certain, was ever more fitted than Sumner to give and receive happiness in domestic life; and there were periods in his career when no solace would have been to him so helpful and refreshing as that of a noble woman, who could appreciate a nature so full as his of tenderness and devotion, and take a wifely interest in his public toils.

LETTERS.

TO LORD MORPETH.

Boston, Jan. 1, 1844.

My dear Morpeth, — Midnight has just sounded. The last sands of the old year have run out. My first act in the new year is to speed to you the benediction of the season. I wanted to thank you by the last packet for the confidence you have shown in sending me the concluding summary in your Journal. I have read it with great interest and admiration, and have longed to share it with some friends who love you, and in whose breasts all its contents would be safe. I think it without question the most comprehensive, discriminating, and candid picture of my country that I have ever seen.

There are very few matters in it that I should care to qualify. I feel the accuracy of your appreciation of the scenery of America. It is impressive from its vastness and extent, but inferior in its details to that of Europe. In that gem set in the sea, England, I have seen more that was picturesque than I have ever seen in America. In England the scenery is distributed, as it were, in beautiful pictures, which may be framed and enjoyed; in America it is spread over miles of canvas. You have not spoken so censoriously as many of ourselves often have of certain habits and points of manners. You have well remarked the little taste for happiness that appears in the people. I fear the decaying virtue of the rulers is too true. There are many who abhor Slavery not less than you do. With more confidence than you I look to the future. In the benign influence of freedom, in the extension of religious faith, in the great enlightenment of the people, in the happy preservation of peace, I find many auguries of the All-hail Hereafter. Much as I am disturbed by what seems to fill the present, I cannot lose my faith in the institutions of my country. I believe they are destined, at no very distant period, to exercise a powerful influence over the ancient establishments of Europe. I pray that a race of men may be reared among us competent to understand the destinies of the country, to abjure war, and to give extension and influence to our institutions by cultivating the arts of peace, by honesty, and by dignity of life and character.

I wish I could write you with more confidence with regard to Clay's prospects. The Whigs, conservative in doctrine, are weakened by anarchy among themselves. The Democrats, anarchical in their doctrines, are united among themselves. The feud between Clay and Webster cannot be healed. *Delirant reges.* Van Buren's chances are too good. You will see that old Adams, with his iron flail, is still beating at the Twenty-first Rule excluding petitions on Slavery, and that it will probably be abolished by this Congress.[1] We shall then be heard, at least.

We are enjoying Prescott's success. His work[2] has been received with unprecedented favor. It is an exquisite book, more interesting and complete than the other: I am inclined to say a superior work to the other. I long to know the result of those readings at Castle Howard, of which you wrote in your last letter.

Ever and ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

To Dr. Lieber, then in Boston and about embarking for Europe, he wrote, Jan. 29, 1844: —

"You have read Hillard's rich and beautiful article on Prescott in the 'North American.' We rejoice in this second triumph of his pen. Felton is at Cambridge, and has just heard that you are in Boston, and wishes you to come out to Cambridge any evening this week to try some oysters. Will you come? I will join you. . . . You know Choate leaves the Senate, March 1. How Clay's sun is rising! He will be our President!"

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[1] It was abolished at the next session of the same Congress.

[2] Conquest of Mexico.

TO THOMAS CRAWFORD.

Boston, Jan. 30, 1844.

My dear Crawford, — You already know that the "Orpheus" has been most successfully restored. A person whose attention was not particularly directed to the scars would not discern any signs of the accident. I was gratified by the fondness and admiration which Dexter showed for the statue. He was proud of being allowed to work upon it; and, I think, brought to it the fidelity of a labor of love. The statue now stands most beautifully in the room prepared for it. The committee have determined not to exhibit it till spring; for in our very cold winter, and with streets blocked up with ice, people might not be disposed to take the long walk to the Athenæum. In the spring it will be opened; and, I feel sure, will receive unbounded admiration. The few who have been admitted to see it privately have expressed a uniform opinion of the genius and merit which it shows.

I hear through Howe and Charles Perkins of your new work, "Adam and Eve," and congratulate you upon your splendid success. Both write about it in terms of the warmest admiration. So the prophecy is coming to pass! The laurel is suspended over your head. Fame and fortune are becoming your handmaidens.

I have not yet seen the pieces belonging to Jonathan Phillips[1] or John Parker; but hear others, who have seen them, speak of them as I could wish. In my earliest hour of leisure, when I may wander abroad by daylight, I shall call and see them.

You will see much of my friends this winter in Rome. I long to refresh my parched lips at the living fountains of art bursting forth from dead Rome, and should have delight in joining Howe and his lovely group; but I must try to see with their eyes. Greene has given you fresh tidings of American life and of our circle, — your friends here. He must have found us dull and prosaic, and I doubt not hurried back with a most willing heart. Give him my love. He must report his arrival.

Ever very sincerely yours,

Charles Sumner.

TO PROFESSOR MITTERMAIER, HEIDELBERG.

Boston, Feb. 1, 1844.

My dear Friend, — I have now before me your very kind letter of Nov. 17, written in French. You promise that your next favor shall be in

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[1] The "Cupid" of Crawford belonged to Mr. Phillips, and the "Bride of Abydos" and a bas-relief of "Christ blessing Children," to Mr. Parker.

English. I wonder that you have been able to obtain such command of our language, to write it with such fluency and correctness. What is the mystery of this?

The death of poor Wheeler brought great grief to his family and his friends. We can hardly believe that his sunny countenance and his great attainments have been removed from us. The favorable opinion which you expressed with regard to him has helped to console many of his friends.

I have been pained to hear of your illness, and especially that Madame Mittermaier is not so well as when I had the pleasure of seeing her. It gave me great joy to hear of the happiness of the rest of your family.

I have already despatched to you a large parcel containing two works of Judge Story, several numbers of my most amiable and intelligent friend Chandler's law journal; also, the first volume of his "Criminal Trials." Mr. Chandler desires me to present his compliments to you, and to say that he shall have the honor of asking your acceptance of the second volume of his "Criminal Trials" as soon as it shall be published, which will be in the course of a few weeks. You will find in the "Law Reporter" apt notices of new publications in jurisprudence, and a great deal of intelligence with regard to this subject in the United States. You will be astonished to learn that there are at this time no less than *seven* law journals published in the United States. Of these I think the "Law Reporter" is by far the best.

The commission on the codification of the criminal law in Massachusetts has nearly completed its report. As soon as it is printed, I shall have the pleasure of sending you a copy. In the parcel I have already sent, you will find several copies of the last two "Reports of the Prison Discipline Society." I thought that you might be willing to distribute among your friends the copies which you do not desire for your own library. I suppose you have already received Mr. Greenleaf's admirable work on "Evidence." Enclosed is a letter from him which I promised to send with mine.

Give my best regards to Grosch. I was truly grateful for his kindness to my friend, Dr. Howe, — the most truly distinguished American who has ever visited Heidelberg. You have heard of the happiness of Longfellow, who is married to a most beautiful lady possessing every attraction of character and intelligence. My brother George has passed the last summer and autumn in Spain, and I presume is now in Paris. Adieu, my dear friend, make my compliments to all your house, and believe me

Ever most sincerely yours,

Charles Sumner.

TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE, PARIS.

Boston, Feb. 1, 1844.

Dear George, — I owe you many thanks for your long and interesting letters from Spain. They filled me with longing to visit that country, and regrets that I did not embrace it within my travels. Longfellow's reminiscences of Spain conspire with your letters to increase my longings and regrets.

You must have great pleasure in the quiet genius of Irving.[1] I was very much fascinated by him the only time that I ever had the pleasure of seeing him. It was during a pleasant excursion that I made with Prescott. My dear friend, the historian, has been pleased not a little by your thoughtful attentions to him, and has sent me a letter for you, in which he lays on you the burden of his gratitude. He is most amply provided with spoils from the archives which you searched. Most careful eyes have examined the archives of the Indies, and obtained from them all that was thought to illustrate the histories of Mexico and Peru. Prescott's copies of manuscripts amount to many volumes. His accumulations on the subject of Mexico and Peru ceased long ago. He is now making collections for the great work of his life, — the reign of Philip II. In this he was much aided by Sparks, during his last visit; by Edward Everett, at Florence; by Greene, at Rome; but above all by the learned Gayangos, now Professor of Arabic at Madrid (did you see him there?), who is employed specially to assemble all that he can find in the archives and libraries of Spain illustrative of this important reign.

Fame and fortune both descend upon Prescott. Bentley has paid him six hundred and fifty pounds for the "Conquest." He refused fifteen thousand dollars for it from the Harpers. They have paid him in cash seventy-five hundred dollars for the liberty of printing, during the first year, five thousand copies. There have been generous salvos of criticism from all quarters. Perhaps no work was ever saluted so warmly from such numerous points of the country. But he deserves it all. He is simple, warm-hearted, generous, and refined. He is a fastidious gentleman. Indeed, I think — and I have more than once told him so — that, in his "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," the *gentlemanly* element is particularly apparent. You may read the volumes which poor Dr. Dunham has made on the "History of Spain," and you will say that he is learned, sagacious, and inquisitive, — that he is even a good scholar, — but you miss that aroma which comes from refined life, and the sweet tone of the gentleman. He was here not long since. . . . We are all glad to hear that your face is now set homewards. You will find great changes in Boston. The place is much improved since you have seen it; and yet I suspect it will seem to you smaller than it once did. Your European optics will not magnify things among us.

Ever yours, C. S.

TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE.

BOSTON, March 1, 1844.

MY DEAR GEORGE, — I have but one moment for a scrawl to you. We are all stunned this morning by the intelligence of the death of Upshur, Secretary of State, and of Gilmer, Secretary of Navy, by the explosion of a Paixhan-gun on board of the "Princeton." So this engine, formed for war, has killed its friends! I hope it may act to discourage further expenditure and experiment in such things. I would not vote a dollar for any engine of war. One war-steamer costs more than all the endowments of Harvard College.[1] The fable of Æsop continues to do harm; the wild boar sharpened his tusks that he might be prepared for fight; and so nations keep standing armies and Paixhan-guns — sharpen their tusks — that they may be prepared for war. Far better to be always prepared for *peace.*

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[1] Washington Irving was Minister to Spain, 1842–46.

The death of Upshur may make way for Webster, though he had already sold his furniture and let his house for three years to the new British Minister, Mr. Pakenham. Mr. Choate had intended to resign, hoping for Webster as his successor; but it was found, on canvassing the Whigs of the legislature, that they would not send Webster. I think they made a great mistake, for the country needs his services. We are ruled by feeble and bad men. There is a schism, you know doubtless, in the ranks of "Locofocoism" in Boston. Bancroft adheres to Van Buren; all the rest, — Greene, "Post," & Co., — *contra:* but whom they will support I know not. The chances of Clay have brightened; and I hope, for the honor of the land, that he may be chosen, and that we may be ruled again wisely, magnanimously, without selfishness and vulgarity. Wise[2] has made a parting address to his constituents, for which I pardon his past sins, manifold. It is a pathetic appeal in the cause of free schools.

I see by the papers that I have been elected a corresponding member of the New York Historical Society. I believe I wrote you that I had been made a member of the Antiquarian Society,[3] and one of the three on the Publishing Committee. In both cases it was a surprise to me. Hillard was recently chosen to the Massachusetts Historical Society, most unexpectedly. In a year or two they will publish another volume, when your admirable paper — the most interesting ever published — will appear.

Ever thine, CHAS.

TO REV. ROBERT C. WATERSTON.

HANCOCK STREET, Saturday Evening [1844].

MY DEAR WATERSTON, — I have delayed in acknowledging your kindness in sending me your "Thursday Lecture"[4] and address on "Pauperism,"[5] because I wished to enjoy them before returning you my thanks. I have seized some moments of leisure this evening, and have learned how much I am indebted to you. The "Thursday Lecture" is a curious contribution to our early history, written with the antiquarian glow of Dr. Pierce.

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[1] This comparison Sumner afterwards elaborated in his oration on the "True Grandeur of Nations." Works, Vol. I. pp. 80–82.

[2] Henry A. Wise, afterwards Governor of Virginia.

[3] American Antiquarian Society, established at Worcester, Mass.

[4] Mr. Waterston gave in this discourse, delivered Dec. 14, 1843, a history of the "Thursday Lecture."

[5] Delivered Feb. 4, 1844.

You trace it, unlike the Nile, whose sources are still hidden, to its most distant springs, and bring us to stand with you by the side of its gushing waters.

The address on "Pauperism" is a beautiful exposition of a most interesting subject. Your pictures, while they are sketched in perfect taste, are calculated to awaken a lively impression of the melancholy realities which they illustrate. I wish you would tell me whether it is proper, on any occasion, to give alms to a chance beggar or a petitioner who calls at your door. Howe wrote me from Ireland that he had departed from his rule, never to give under these circumstances, in view of the keen misery which was before him; but that he afterwards repented that he did not persevere even there in his stern rule.

I shall come round to see you some evening, very soon. Meanwhile, believe me

Ever very sincerely yours,

Charles Sumner.

To Lord Morpeth he wrote, April 1, 1844: —

"I have been pained to hear of the illness of Lord Carlisle. I trust that this note will find him again restored to health, with all your anxieties at rest. . . . I have been through the debate on Irish affairs. Peel shows great address, and seems to be 'many-sided.' The argument and tone of the discussion are admirably chosen by him, but they are not illumined by a ray of genius or any felicity of expression; for even the peroration, though in higher ether than Peel usually enters, cannot claim these.

"I am glad to say that Clay's prospects brighten daily. He leads in the chances of success at this moment. The weak and wicked machinations of the President to secure the annexation of Texas seem to be discomfited. There is a feeling at the North which proclaims that this act, if successful, shall be considered as a dissolution of the Union.

TO JOHN JAY, NEW YORK.

Boston, April 6, 1844.

My dear Jay, — I thank you very much for your pleasant letter of March 8, and the accompanying volume of "Transactions of the Historical Society." I acknowledged by letter the honor that had been done me in making me a Corresponding Member; but in my heart I rendered all my thanks to you, for it must have been your kind appreciation of me that brought my name before your society. *Tibi largimur honores.*

I thought your articles on the unpleasant church controversy admirable in temper and composition; and, so far as I could judge of a matter so much beyond the pale of my inquiries, unanswerable in argument. The Bishop would have made a worthy adjunct to Pope Hildebrand. My friend, Professor Greenleaf, who takes the deepest interest in the subject, and unites to his great judicial attainments the learning of a divine, expresses the warmest approbation of your labors. After reading them myself, I gave them to the Longfellows. His eyes are gaining strength, and he has recently written several little poems of great beauty. You will admire one in Graham's Magazine for May, — "The Arsenal at Springfield," — an exquisite plea for peace. Another of these poems is suggested by a passage in Thierry, in which this eloquent historian describes the pangs of conscience which overtook the northern barons for the servitude in which they had detained their humbler brethren.

Hillard sends his regards to you. My sister wishes me to thank you for the kind recollection of her. Let me offer my compliments to Mrs. Jay, and believe me

Ever sincerely yours, CHARLES SUMNER.

The April number of the "Law Reporter" contains a fantastic discussion of mine on the number "seven."

To J. C. Perkins he wrote, April 9, 1844: —

"I hope to commence my labors[1] to-morrow, and already begin to tremble. There are fifty-seven printers whose 'devilish' maws are to be kept filled. If you come to Boston soon, I trust you will let me see you, as I shall desire to confer with you. Your notes are so thorough and full as to raise the standard of my labors and make me despair."

TO CHARLEMAGNE TOWER, WATERVILLE, N. Y.

APRIL 10, 1844.

MY DEAR TOWER. — . . . I wish you would offer your brother my congratulations on his success in giving to the world so valuable a work.[2] I am always very happy to know of any one, in the swift currents of American life, who checks for a while the contagious desire for wealth, and devotes some of his hours to science, to literature, to truth; to labors, in short, which elevate the mind and character.

I trust that I shall find time to notice the "Illustrations" in the next "North American Review;" but I have already entered into engagements which threaten to absorb all my minutes. I have undertaken to edit Vesey's Reports in twenty volumes, preparing a volume each fortnight, beginning with May 1. I am, by means of annotations, to bring the law down to our day, and to refer to the decisions of the various American courts. I begin to tremble under the burden which I have assumed. *Dabit Deus his quoque finem.* In ten months the end will come.

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[1] His edition of "Vesey's Reports." Mr. Perkins had been editing "Brown's Chancery Reports."

[2] Illustrations of the Croton Aqueduct.

I like your brother Marion very much, and hear pleasant tidings of him in various quarters. I observe that he has read very little in history and *belles lettres*, which has induced me to advise him to withdraw from music as much as possible, that he may find more time for these important branches. I do not undervalue a musical taste, nor the beautiful accomplishment which he enjoys so much; but I would have him *possess* them, not *be possessed* by them. I hope he will continue to let me see him at my office familiarly. Let me assure you of the pleasure I have derived from your kind appreciation of the slender labors of mine which had fallen under your eye. I have sent you since a short article on a curiosity in jurisprudence,[1] — the effusion of a couple of evenings, — which I trust may amuse you.

I join with you in esteeming Wise's farewell address. It shows the want in his own case of some of that culture which he commends; but it is able, clear, and novel in its mode of presenting the important subject. For that address I pardon all his past transgressions, and commence anew with him. Perhaps in the future he may further atone for the much evil he has caused to the country by his recklessness, vulgarity, and insubordination.

Ever sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO THOMAS CRAWFORD, ROME.

BOSTON, April 30, 1844.

MY DEAR CRAWFORD, — . . . The "Orpheus" has been kept in a locked apartment all winter, waiting for genial spring, when the world should be invited to visit it. In our frozen region spring comes tardily, and it is only now that we feel that the time is arrived for the exhibition. The walls were colored last week. My desire was to have the porphyry red, but our colorist could not produce this in water colors. His nearest aproximation — with which we have been content — is a sort of mahogany brown. I have purchased to-day a carpet for the floor, — which is nearly red, — and I shall have a thin curtain of pink or crimson gauze to let down over the window. A few chairs and settees will complete the appointments of the room; and in a few days the good-natured public will be invited to come and see.

I am confident that you will reap a harvest of fame. The committee of the Athenæum all admire it most heartily; so do all who have seen it. None as yet have seen it except critics and *connoisseurs* with eyes trained by observation; but all express the warmest admiration. Even Mr. Franklin Dexter, the distinguished lawyer and devoted lover of art, having a little studio in his house, fastidious by nature and censorious by habit, *he* confessed that it was "a remarkable work." Mr. Henry Dexter, the artist who restored it, told me to-day that it was one of the most important events of his life, his being employed upon your statue. Let me say that I am entirely satisfied with the manner in which it is restored. Only a very curious observer would know that it had ever been broken. . . .

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[1] The Number Seven.

Howe's soul is instinct with benevolence; he does good, and blushes to find it fame. If he has ambition, it is of that noble kind which has no regard to self, except indirectly. His desire is for that fame which follows, not which is followed after. I know that his sympathies are keenly aroused by the thought of human distress, and he devotes his best energies to its solace. He is a noble character, and will leave a name in the history of his country and of his race. I hope he sat to you for his bust.

Ever sincerely yours, CHARLES SUMNER.

TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE.

BOSTON, May 1, 1844.

MY DEAR GEORGE, — Poor Mary has gone away from these unkindly winds. She is fading fast. Her cheeks have lost their freshness and fulness. She longs to enjoy the opening blossoms of spring, but I hardly venture to hope that she will see them pass into the fruits of autumn. I wish you were at home to warm her by your presence. She enjoys life. I wish I could pour into her veins some of my redundant health. . . .

You will read of the atrocious immorality of John Tyler in seeking to absorb Texas, and the disgusting vindication of Slavery by Mr. Calhoun in his correspondence with Pakenham. If I were not heavily laden with labors, I would write a reply to Calhoun.

Hillard has just completed the memorials of Cleveland. It is a beautiful little volume, and there are few men in our country who have left behind the materials for so interesting a collection, wherein there is so much elevation of sentiment, so much richness of style, and the display of such various literary treasures. Few can be so fortunate in a biographer, for Hillard's memoir is an exquisite production.

What are you about in Paris? Are you writing? You will read Milnes' article on Custine in the "Edinburgh," and Lockhart's in the "Quarterly." What say you to Custine?[1] . . .

Pray write long and cheerful letters to Mary.

Ever yours, CHAS.

TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE.

BOSTON, May 15, 1844.

DEAR GEORGE, — Mary is at Springfield, and near pleasant friends; enjoys the alleys green and drives down to the river. But we are long without news of her; and from silence I infer what is melancholy. She is fading like a flower which will never bloom again, except in Paradise.

We have agreeable letters from Horace, written from the top of the mountains in New Hampshire. All has gone well. I am glad that he has been at the "Community;" that he has seen the superiority of the spiritual and intellectual over the merely physical; that he has felt the warmth of genial kindness and friendship; that he has had a year or more of happiness; and that, finally, in the exercise of his own judgment, without undue influence from any quarter, he has deliberately elected the farm in New Hampshire. Perhaps you will join with me in thinking that all has been for the best. . . .

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[1] "The Marquis de Custine's Russia," April, 1844.

Bancroft's "History of the Revolution" goes to press in June. He has asked me to read it before it is published. And this reminds me to suggest to you, if you are writing for the public, to submit what you write to one or more discreet, careful, and scholarly characters before the printer touches a line. I know no writer whose pen is so accurate, or whose judgment is so unerring, as not to be benefited by the counsels of a friend. All of the circle in which I am familiar count upon the kindness in this respect from friends; and very recently Hillard read his memoir of Cleveland, written originally with great care, to our little club, — Felton, Longfellow, and myself (Howe is absent). We suggested emendations for every page, and afterwards I did the same in proof. The memoir makes an exquisite little volume. I know no person in our community who could leave a more beautiful memorial of a beautiful life.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES.

TO DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE.

BOSTON, May 31, 1844.

DEAR HOWE, — This will find you returned from Greece. I am glad that you have been there, if it were merely for the *souvenirs* and dreams of youth; but I doubt not that, in the present posture of affairs in Greece, you have been able to be of essential service there. Do tell me fully how Greece appeared. What do you think of the people, of their prospects for advancement in civilization, of their rulers, and of their King? I wonder that I did not visit Greece. I thought that I had not time enough. A month from my sojourn in Rome would have sufficed. But how pleasant is the memory of my Roman life! — the happiest days I have ever passed. I rose early, — six o'clock; studied Italian, — Dante, Tasso, and Macchiavelli; studied all works on art, — Lanzi, Vasari, De Quincy, &c.; visited galleries and churches; mused in the Forum; and, in the shadows of summer evenings, sat on the stones of the Colosseum. Art, literature, antiquity, and the friendship of Greene and Crawford, warm and instructive, shed choice influences; while, at the close of each day, I could discern a certain progress in the knowledge of things which I was happy to know. Such another summer would make me forget much unhappiness.

To descend to our American strife of politics, you will be surprised by the nomination of Polk for the Presidency by the "Loco" Convention. This was the result of the feud between the supporters of Cass and Van Buren, neither of whom could command the vote of two-thirds requisite to a nomination. The Whigs are in high hopes: I have never known their prospects so bright. They have exorcised the demons of discord and confusion, which have entered into the other party. The junction between Clay and Webster strengthens the Whig cause. I cannot doubt that Clay will be elected. Tyler's weakness has become wickedness. He is governed by prejudice, selfishness, and vanity, — playing with the great powers of the State, confided to him in sacred trust for the good of all, with a view only to what he supposes his individual interest, and sacrificing men and measures as if they were pawns. Oh! when will vulgar selfishness be cast down and trodden under foot, and when shall we find rulers whose eyes shall be placed singly on the good of humanity? The Texas treaty will be rejected by the Senate.

——— has attacked Mann again; and Mann has pulverized him. His reply is admirable in truth, argument, and composition. We propose to have a tract, containing the whole controversy, published and distributed throughout the State. Let us put an iron heel upon the serpent of religious bigotry, trying to hug our schools in its insidious coil. My sister Mary has returned from Springfield. She is more delicate and feeble; but her cheerful heart sees in the future pleasant visions — summer, autumn, winter, all open before her — in the illusions of hope. She looks like an angel. I am going this morning with her to see Allston's "Belshazzar," which is a great though unfinished creation of genius. I walked with Fisher last evening. He is well; and every thing goes on well. Lieber, you know, is in Europe. My brother George is in Paris: he hopes to see you. You will find him sagacious, learned, humane, interested in all the institutions which are the fruit and token of civilization in the true sense of that word.

Ever affectionately thine, C. S.

To J. C. Perkins he wrote, May 27, 1844: —

"Your dedication[1] cannot fail to give great pleasure to Mr. Choate. It is a beautiful, and I think a well deserved, tribute from a former pupil. It is with hesitation that I venture to touch rudely what is chiselled so carefully. But as a general rule, it seems to me that one cannot be too abstemious of adjectives in an inscription which should be close and lapidary in its character. . . .

TO THOMAS CRAWFORD.

Boston, June 1, 1844.

My dear Crawford, —[2] . . . The Exhibition has established your name as a great artist. I say this in sincerity and gladness. All whose judgments you would most value admire your genius. Mr. S. A. Eliot, an extremely cultivated person, was *entrainè* with admiration. I have placed my bust among the others. I felt that, in keeping it back, I was thinking more of myself than of you, — which I trust is not the case. . . . I give you most warmly my congratulations.[1] But I trust that the happiness which now gilds your life will not interfere with the exercise of your genius as an artist, or your sympathy with life and all that is human. I rejoice very much in your happiness, my dear Crawford; and particularly because I foresee for you new opportunities of cultivating those ennobling tastes and studies, which will add new charms to the highest genius.

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[1] Of the American edition of "Brown's Chancery Reports."

[2] In the omitted part of the letter, Sumner forwards a commission on behalf of a Boston merchant.

Ever sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE.

BOSTON, June 1, 1844.

MY DEAR GEORGE, — Enclosed are two missives, — one from each of the girls. Mary has returned, — pallid, delicate, fading, looking sweetly, and like an angel. At times she seems to me so well that I think the dark cloud may turn again to us its bright folds. But I feel too strongly that there is an iron hand on her, which cannot be unloosed. I hope you will find time to write her a long letter, full of details that may charm her. . . .

The article on "Architecture"[2] is very clever. It is by Gilman, — a young man of twenty-seven, who first studied theology, then law; but during these grave studies his heart was on Architecture, — for which he seems to me to have a decided genius.

At the meeting of our Antiquarian Society last week, we voted to publish a volume to contain the early record of the General Court of Massachusetts. As I am Chairman of the Committee on Publication, the labor falls upon me; though I have now more than I can do of other things.

Ever affectionately yours, CHARLES.

TO JOHN JAY, NEW YORK.

BOSTON, June 5, 1844.

MY DEAR JAY, — I will not allow another moment to pass without letting you know the pleasure I received from your admirable letter in vindication of the blacks. It is clear, cogent, calm, and eloquent. I did not see how it could be done better; and I envy you not a little the joy of having struck so timely a blow for our unfortunate brethren, guilty of a skin not colored like our own.

Your father's letter from the Pyramids and Malta is of deep interest. I rejoice that he has found new incentives to exertion in a cause to which he has already contributed invaluable aid. The leisure with which he is blessed will ripen with fruits of transcendent good.

I hope you have enjoyed Longfellow's two poems, — "The Arsenal at Springfield" (noble in truth, and some verses exquisite in execution), and "Nuremberg" (perhaps unequalled in rhythm and artistic merit by any thing from his pen). My sister, for whom you have kindly inquired, is failing fast in health and strength.

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[1] Reference to his engagement to Miss Louisa Ward.

[2] North American Review, April, 1844; Vol. LVIII. p. 436.

Believe me ever most sincerely yours,

Charles Sumner.

TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE.

Boston, July 1, 1844.

This is the first moment I have taken my seat at my desk for several days. I have been under Dr. Jackson's care, — the victim of a slow fever. I was glad to receive by the last packet Joinville's pamphlet, and the old "Life" of Philip, which I shall send to Prescott, — though, as he does one thing at a time, he has very little attention to spare from "Peru." His materials for the "Life" of Philip are accumulating on his hands, and already are very rich. He has just returned from a pleasant trip to Niagara, with his daughter. . . . Mary and Julia are at Waltham; and Mary seems to gain in strength, or at least to hold her own, — so as for the time to banish the gloomy anxieties which I entertained six weeks ago. She walks and drives daily, and is near beautiful places and kind friends.

You will rejoice in the rejection of the infamous attempt to annex Texas, by a violation of the Constitution, and the laws of nations, and the principles of good morals and fellowship. The cause of the Whigs has never, to my eyes, looked more auspicious; though Bancroft assures me he has no doubt that Polk will be elected, and that his party look with confidence to a triumph. I do not feel strong enough for a long letter. Good-by!

Ever affectionately yours, Chas.

TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE.

Boston, July 31, 1844.

My dear George, — As I cannot yet hold a pen in my feverish fingers, I take advantage of Julia's kindness to send you from my bed a word of greeting. Since I last wrote you (July 15), I have been seriously ill, — more so than ever before in my life; and I understand that for several days Dr. Jackson and several others entertained but faint hopes for my recovery. I do not think, however, that they comprehended my case. I consider my disease to have been a slow, nervous fever, brought on by sitting and studying at my desk, till after the clock struck two at night. During the last four days I have gained in strength wonderfully. I have driven out for four successive days; and it seems to me as if I shall falsify the gloomy anticipations of the physicians. I feel, indeed, that I am on the road to recovery. It has been with inexpressible delight that during my drives I have looked on the green trees, and the sky, and the beauties of Nature, — from which, for several weeks, I have been quite shut out. My drive is the great event of the day; but I will not weary you with the details of a sick man.

I cannot forbear alluding, however, to the great kindness, interest, and sympathy which I have received from quarters from whence I had little occasion to expect them. Blessed be the kindly charities of life! They sweeten existence, and come with healing even to the suffering invalid. Better than before I know now the affection and tenderness which grace the lives of many, from whom I did not expect to such an extent these soft virtues. Let me extract from my illness a moral: It may not be unprofitable, if it serves to elevate humanity in my mind, and to inspire love and attachment for my fellow-men.

Let me rise from the details about myself to other things of different interest. I do not know what interest you take in the politics of the country; but I think you must join in execrating the Texas treaty,[1] which was entered into in fraud of the rights of Mexico, and in defiance of the principles of the laws of nations. The Locofoco party, in adopting the measure of annexation, have assumed a burden which it will be difficult for them to bear with united shoulders. I personally know several in New York, warm in their attachment to Mr. Van Buren and to the general principles of the party, who view the nomination of Polk, under all the circumstances, with indignation. Still, Bancroft, who is the leader of his faction in New England, and in the event of its success will be Minister to London or Paris, tells me that his party is united; that it was never more so; and that without doubt it will carry the Presidential election. To me Mr. Clay's prospects seem almost absolutely certain. Never, indeed, within my recollection of party politics from the earliest day have the prospects of the Whigs seemed so fair, — not even in the autumn preceding Harrison's election.

Turn we to other topics. Bancroft's "History of the American Revolution" has gone to press; and Prescott is engaged in the preliminary studies for his "History of Peru." Longfellow is publishing an important work, — one of the most so, indeed, in American literary history. It is a collection of translations[2] from Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, Swedish, Danish, German, Dutch, French, Italian, and Spanish. . . .

But I weary Julia's hand; and my own weakness admonishes me to seek my bed for the night. I believe Howe will return in a sailing packet; so I shall not see him so soon as I had expected. I long to see him, and to hear from his affectionate lips the narrative of his travels; and more than that, to receive the sympathy of his ardent soul. He will be startled to find me ill, and clasping the pillows of a sick bed.

Pardon me, if I allude to the "Gallophobia," which you observed in our friend Lieber. Did you not see a reflection of your Anglophobia? I think both you and he proceed on a wrong principle. Man is properly formed to love his fellow-man, and not to dislike him. I have always detested the saying of Dr. Johnson, that "he loved a good hater." Let me rather say, "I love a good lover." From the kindly appreciation of the character and condition of nations and individuals what good influences may arise! Peace and good will shall then prevail, and jealousies cease. But I will stop my sermon, and sign with my own hand

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[1] The treaty for the annexation of Texas, concluded April 12, 1844, failed of confirmation in the Senate, not receiving the necessary two-thirds vote; but the scheme was afterwards consummated by joint resolutions of Congress, approved by President Tyler, March 2, 1845.

[2] The Poets and Poetry of Europe, with Introductions and Biographical Notices, — published in 1845.

Your affectionate brother, Chas.

To Henry W. Longfellow, he wrote: —

"I am as weak as a girl, but only want strength. You will hear of poor Gossler's death.[1] For him life had a zest and a sparkle; and fortune had already lighted on his crest. Why was he selected who was reluctant to go, and another left who has little pleasure in staying?"

TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE.

Boston, Aug. 15, 1844.

My dear George, — You see that I still use the handwriting of Julia; for the fever still pertinaciously occupies my hands. I have been slowly gaining in strength since my letter by the last steamer, and have driven some nine or ten miles each day, stopping at the house of some friend, where I have reposed. Still, I am very weak, and have not yet walked out. I also continue to take my meals in my own room, and in many other respects find it necessary to treat myself like a sick man. I have succeeded, however, in getting from woodcocks, plovers, and other birds upon the common fare of chickens, beef-steaks, and mutton-chops, — a great change, in which I rejoice not a little. I am troubled in the night with perspirations; and this is now the most serious ailment which lingers about me, — unless I except the fever itself, which, like an evil spirit, will not be exorcised. But I have said enough about myself. . . .

Yesterday, the Locos nominated Bancroft as their candidate for Governor. He has made me a very agreeable visit this evening, and left me a few moments ago. We talked of books, and as he was going I introduced politics. He told me he did not wish to be a candidate; but it was forced upon him by his party, and offered to appoint me one of his aides-de-camp!

I will subscribe this letter with my still trembling hand. It is now half-past eight o'clock, — my bed-time. Charles.

TO DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE.

Boston, Aug. 16, 1844.

Dearest Howe, — You will find me a wreck. When I wrote you, July 1, I seemed nearly well; but in a few days the ship was struck again, and the bolt it was said had pierced the hull.

I became very weak after passing through the various stages of a fever.

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[1] Gustavus Gossler, a German merchant living in Boston.

During the season of my strength I raged about my room for half the nights, invoking sleep (which once descended upon me so gently) in every way. One of those nights I was filled with the idea that I had a long interview with you, and I inquired in the morning if you had not been at the house the night before. As my strength wasted, I kept to my bed. It was only afterwards that I knew that, at this time, all my friends (except Longfellow) abandoned all hope of my recovery. Even Hillard, who held out long, confessed that, when he saw me bereft of strength and almost speechless, he went away thinking with all others that my end was at hand. Meanwhile I knew nothing of this anxiety. Felton laughed jollily each day by my bedside, and Hillard and Longfellow, the only other persons I saw, said nothing to excite my observation. But the strength of my constitution *conquered;* though the very day on which I felt within me the instinct of recovery, Dr. Jackson solemnly told me that my case was incurable, and that if I should live I never should be able to do any thing. To this I replied that I did not shrink from the idea of death; but to pass through life doing nothing, performing no duty, perhaps "a driveller and a show," — this was more than I could bear. He replied, "Perhaps the vigor of your constitution will conquer all." Since then I have been gaining strength slowly, but each day. I am driven out nine or ten miles daily. As I meet friends, I observe the astonishment with which they regard me, apparently as one risen from the dead. Ben. Peirce said to me, in his artless manner, "Well! I never expected to see you again."

For such a signal recovery another person would feel unbounded gratitude. I am going to say what will offend you; but what I trust God will pardon. Since my convalescence I have thought much and often whether I have any just feeling of gratitude that my disease was arrested. Let me confess to you that I cannot find it in my bosom. . . . Why was I spared? For me there is no future either of usefulness or happiness. Why have I said so much of myself? I intended this letter as a *welcome home* to you and your dear wife on landing. You will deem it, I fear, a sad welcome. I shall leave Boston, probably for Berkshire, as soon as my strength will permit. I long for a change of air and to taste the health of the country; but I do not count upon getting away before the 22d. If you are true to your promises, you will be here long before then. Farewell.

Ever affectionately yours, C. S.

TO MRS. ROBERT C. WATERSTON.

HANCOCK STREET, Aug. 24, 1844.

MY DEAR MRS. WATERSTON, — I have delayed thus long in acknowledging your most valued note of kindness and hospitality, that I might express to you, with my own hand, still trembling with fever, the pleasure and gratitude which it awakened. I have not been, and am not yet, in a condition to leave home; and, I assure you, in the imprisonment of my chamber I have panted for the green meadows and ancestral trees which surround your mansion. Dr. Jackson thinks I may leave town next Wednesday, when I propose to take the railway by short stages for Berkshire, where I have several friends. Mrs. Appleton,[1] who is passing the summer at Pittsfield, has kindly invited me to her house; and I have in my mind pleasing visions of jolting excursions to Lenox and Stockbridge. Anxious for a change of air, I hurry on this expedition without taking advantage of your kind invitation. The season, too, wanes; and unless I am able to put myself on the wing very soon, I shall be deprived of the pleasure — on which I have been dwelling during my whole illness — of a journey bringing with it variety of scene and air. From Berkshire my present intention is to go, by the way of the North River and New York, to Newport, where I shall breathe still another atmosphere, unlike that which enfolds the woody hills of Berkshire.

Believe me, dear Mrs. Waterston, though this note comes so tardily, truly grateful for your kindness, and most sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

To Mr. Waterston he wrote, Aug. 25, 1844: —

"Your books have been a rich mine, in which I have been working with ardor. I have read several volumes, which I had never met before. I hope to send with this the volumes of autographs, which gratified my sister as well as myself. I think I have at my office a pleasant note from Rogers, received during the last year, which is at your service. You have his likeness, but I believe no good autograph of his.

"Grateful for your kindness, and particularly your friendly thoughts of me in my illness, believe me sincerely yours."

TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE.

BOSTON, Monday Evening, Aug. 26, 1844.

MY DEAR GEORGE, — You will see that I still use the kind hand of another. I continue to gain strength daily; but am nevertheless very weak, and my pulse was to-day a hundred and four. I hope, day after to-morrow, Wednesday, to be able to leave these pent-up streets, and to escape into the country, there to taste the fresh air, to look upon the beautiful trees, and to enjoy — what I have not here — uninterrupted opportunities for exercise. At this moment it would be with difficulty that I should walk to the head of Hancock Street. I shall go to Berkshire, where the atmosphere is particularly kindly and favorable to broken-down characters like myself. After a stay of a week or more among its breezy mountains, I count upon a visit to Albert at Newport, which I shall reach by the way of the North River and New York. Thus I shall try the two best airs of the land and of the sea. But this is enough, and perhaps too much about myself.

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[1] A kinswoman of Sumner, *ante*, Vol. I. p. 2, note.

You inquire what I think of the Philadelphia riots. My reply is easy. I am disgusted with the imbecility of a police which should suffer an outrage of such an aggravated character. I am disgusted with the imbecility of the police throughout our whole country. In my opinion this should be strengthened, so that law and order everywhere may prevail, and every citizen recognize with respect the Government of his country. To sustain such a police were far better than to build Fort George at the mouth of Boston Harbor.

The necessity for external military defences in all countries, particularly in our country, has passed by; and the stones which Colonel Thayer has skilfully piled up, the arches which he has builded, and the cunning defences that he has contrived, are all useless labors. Better far if the money which has been drained from the treasury for this purpose had been devoted to institutions of benevolence and learning, to colleges, academies, and hospitals. Then should our State — all whose endowments for purposes of learning, including even those of Harvard College, do not equal the money so idly wasted in the brick and mortar of George's Island — blossom like a rose.

The age of war among civilized nations has passed, and each year of peace is an additional testimony to this truth. Thus far in history nations have been towards each other as individuals in the earlier ages, when the trial by battle was a common mode of determining disputes. If a question arose with regard to the title to a piece of land, it was determined, not by a judicial tribunal as in our days of civilization, but by wager of battle, the forms of which are minutely described by Blackstone as a part of the early English law.[1] As the folly and injustice of this proceeding became apparent, men resorted to courts and listened to the judgments of judges. So is the progress of nations. The trial by battle begins to be recognized as unnatural, barbarous, inconclusive, and unjust; and nations, as individuals, seek the judgments of tribunals or authorities properly constituted to determine the matters between them. You are aware that, in all the threatenings of war which have lowered during the last ten years, the intervention of some friendly power, promoting peace, has actually taken place or been in contemplation. Thus, even in the extremity of our affair with France with regard to the twenty-five millions of francs, it is matter of private history that King William was prepared to intervene with his mediation in the event of an actual rupture.

I cannot but think that you regard with the complacency of another age the immense military establishments and fortifications by which you are surrounded. What a boon to France, if her half million of soldiery were devoted to the building of railways and other internal improvements, instead of passing the day in carrying superfluous muskets! What a boon to Paris, if the immense sums absorbed in her fortifications were devoted to institutions of benevolence! She has more to fear from the poverty and wretchedness of her people than from any foreign foe; nor do I set much value upon any defence that can be made against any invading force that has once seen the smoke of the Capital. . . . The principles of free trade, now so generally favored, are antagonists to war. They teach, and when adopted cause, the mutual dependence of nation upon nation. They, in short, carry out among nations the great principle of division of labor which obtains among individuals. It was a common and earnest desire among our statesmen, after the last war, to render our country *independent* for its manufactures and fabrics of all kinds of foreign nations. Far better would it be, and more in harmony with God's Providence, if we were dependent upon all nations. Then would war be impossible. As civilization advances, the state of national dependence is promoted; and even England, at this moment, can hardly call herself independent of the United States.

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[1] He discussed the "Trial by Battle" at length in his oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations." Works, Vol. I. pp. 36–45.

Your affectionate brother, CHAS.

TO DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE.

BOSTON, Aug. 27, 1844.

DEAREST HOWE, — My first letter, of an earlier date, was written to greet you on your vaunt that you should be in New York on the sixteenth of August. Would that you had been! I leave this pent-up place to-morrow. I feel like a sinner, dearest Howe, and untrue to your valued friendship for me, and my strong desire to seal it again by personal intercourse, while I run away as you are coming. But all my friends and physicians speed me; and the first desire of my soul is *health*, — not life, for of that I am careless, — which I must seek among green fields and in pure air. . . .

Dr. Jackson still insists that my condition is "very serious," and urges me to great care. I cannot but regard his view as much exaggerated. I begin to feel, however, — such is the pressure of his opinion, — that I have a shattered constitution, and that health has flown from me, perhaps for ever. You will find me, I fear, but half a man. It is with an ill grace that I assume the character of an invalid, watch the winds and skies, wrap up my throat, provide myself with superfluous garments, abide the imprisonment of the house when the weather frowns, take medicines, and listen to the vacillating opinions of my physicians.

Fisher has kindly called to see me repeatedly; and we have talked of you and the career of usefulness and happiness before you. You have earned it, dear Howe; and it now stretches beautifully in a well-defined vista. Love has crowned you with its choicest myrtle, and the regard of the public offers a chaplet higher than the laurel.

WEDNESDAY FORENOON, Aug. 28.

Dr. Jackson has called this morning and given me some parting advice. After he had gone came the gentle Fisher, who desired to make an examination of me, that he might satisfy himself and you. The result of his examination has restored my confidence in myself. He thought that no physician could be confident that there was any thing on my lungs; if there was any thing it was very slight, and said he should not have suspected it if some of my family were not afflicted with poor lungs. He said he was most pleasantly disappointed by the result of the examination, and that his anxiety was removed. So when you see me, invigorated by the breezes of Berkshire and the balmy breaths of Newport, expect to find me in my pristine strength, rejoicing in your return, looking with joy upon all the signs of your happiness.

I am vexed that I have filled this letter with so much about myself. It is a perpetual *ego*. When I read your arrival in the newspaper, I shall send you a note of my health and whereabouts. Perhaps then you will find time to cheer me with a letter.

My sister Mary still lingers at Waltham, enjoying occasional drives, but fading gradually. Adieu, with my welcome to your wife and sisters.

Ever affectionately thine, C. S.

P. S. The weather is not unpropitious, and I commence my journey this afternoon, going as far as Worcester, where Kinnicut has engaged rooms. How unlike that bridal journey, when we talked away the space between Boston and New York, going by the way of Worcester!

TO HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Hancock Street, Aug. 28, 1844.

My dear Henry, — You were wafted away so suddenly last evening by Macready and Felton, that I had not a moment of grace to converse with you.

Do you remember that Dryden in his fables has translated several of the tales of Boccaccio?[1] Of these Wordsworth says, in a letter to Scott, "I think his translations from Boccaccio are the best, at least the most poetical, of his poems." He has altered Boccaccio's names. One that is particularly admired as a "noble poem," by Wordsworth, is "Theodore and Honoria." You will find their character considered by Scott in his "Life of Dryden." I cannot tell whether these ought to find a place in your translations.

The sun shines cheerily upon my going. I depart in search of *health*. To this I have descended. Dr. Jackson still insists that my condition is "very serious," and commends me to great care of myself. Perhaps he is right, and my future life to be that of a halting invalid. At the thought of this — not at the idea of death, for of this I am careless — shadows and thick darkness descend upon me. Remember me ever to F.

Affectionately thine,

Charles Sumner.

TO DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE, BOSTON.

Pittsfield, Sept. 1, 1844.

My dear Howe, — This sheet will reach Boston Tuesday morning, about as you are entering your home, bearing the welcome which I cannot give in person.

Hillard is with me here, and my situation is made most agreeable by the kindest hospitality. We took a drive the first day to Lenox, where the Sedgwicks received me most warmly, — somewhat as one risen from the dead. The next day we made an excursion to Lanesborough, enjoying much the meadows, green fields, rich country, and beautiful scenery. I shall linger here still another week (Hillard will return on Wednesday or Thursday), so that if you have a moment to spare from the welcome of friends and the pressure of affairs, bestow it upon me. Care of Mr. Appleton, Pittsfield.

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[1] Sigismonda and Guiscardo, — Theodore and Honoria, — and Cymon and Iphigenia.

God bless you, dearest Howe, and welcome home!

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE.

PITTSFIELD, Sept. 8, 1844.

MY DEAR HOWE, — Since you were here, I have waxed in strength most visibly. To-day I rode two hours, as the escort of two damsels of the place, — one the Governor's daughter. To-day I go to Lenox, perhaps in the saddle, perhaps in a wagon.

Dr. Campbell, a most respectable physician of the place, called here a few evenings since. It was before you came. He found my pulse one hundred and twelve, and said that its derangement was difficult to explain. He has met me since in the street, and volunteered to say to me that he had thought a great deal of my case, and that he was convinced that the derangement of my pulse was not to be referred to any organic disease, but to some affection of the nerves; which is precisely my version of my case.

I am doing so well here, making such palpable progress, and friends are so kind, that I shall linger in Pittsfield or Lenox the greater part, perhaps all, of next week, when I shall be very strong. If you can, write. Your short letter was better than any medicine. Adieu, and God bless you.

Affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. I have had a dear letter from my sister Mary, in which she tells me she has been obliged to part with her beautiful hair. It touched me to the soul. Felton writes right pleasantly, and I have a most affectionate, anxious letter from Morpeth. He has heard of my illness. C. S.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

PITTSFIELD, Tuesday Evening, Sept. 10, 1844.

MY DEAR HILLARD, — . . . On Saturday, Edward Austin drove me in an open buggy to Lenox, where we dined with Sam. Ward. He jolted us in his wagon to view the farms, — one of which he covets; afterwards, we looked on while, in a field not far off, the girls and others engaged in the sport of archery: Mrs. Butler[1] hit the target in the golden middle. The next day was Sunday, and I was perplexed whether or no to use Mr. Newton's horse, as I presumed the master never used him on Sunday. But my scruples gave way before my longing for the best of exercises. I left Pittsfield as the first bell was tolling to church, and arrived at Lenox some time before the second bell. I sat in Miss Sedgwick's room; time passed on. Mrs. Butler joined us; and time again passed on. Mrs. Butler proposed to accompany me back to Pittsfield on horseback. I stayed to the cold dinner, making it a lunch; time again passed on, from the delay in saddling the horses. We rode the longest way, and I enjoyed my companion very much. I did not reach home till four and a half o'clock. Meanwhile the whole house had been filled with anxiety on my account. I had never been on horseback more than two hours. It was supposed that I had fallen from my horse on some obscure byway; and my hosts had determined, if I did not appear at five o'clock, to send horsemen on all the roads from Pittsfield in search of me. My appearance was the signal of an earnest examination with regard to my spending the day. I did wrong to absent myself so long when I had not given notice beforehand.

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[1] Mrs. Frances A. Kemble.

On Monday, Mr. Appleton, Edward Austin, and myself, in a carriage hired in the town, with two respectable horses and a good driver, went to Williamstown by a beautiful road through Lanesborough, then to North Adams, where we passed the night.

The Governor was run away with this morning in his wagon, and his life endangered. I called on him this afternoon, and had a long conversation about Cushing.[1] I expressed my opinions at length and with warmth. Rockwell[2] was present. This evening the Governor called at Mr. A.'s himself and renewed the subject. I feel confident that he will nominate Cushing. Tell him so.

My hosts, who remember your visit with evident pleasure, leave Pittsfield on Friday morning. I shall go to Lenox, where Mrs. Ward welcomes me, and Mrs. Butler promises to read to me and ride with me; then to Stockbridge, back to Lenox, then to Newport. Write me and send me letters to Lenox. Tell Felton to write me another of his clever letters; and I wish a line from Longfellow. Howe will write, I trust. Don't think of postages.

Ever thine, C. S.

TO DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE.

PITTSFIELD, Wednesday Evening, Sept. 11, 1844.

MY DEAR HOWE, — The clock is now resounding eight in the evening; and I take a few moments to send you tidings of my progress. Since my last, until to-day, I have gone through too much exercise. . . . To-day I have contented myself with calling on some fair acquaintances, a short walk about town, and a drive of eight miles with my hosts. I feel increasing strength; my pulse to-night is eighty-eight!

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[1] Luther S. Cushing, who shortly after received the appointment of Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

[2] Julius Rockwell.

To-morrow I move to Lenox, where I sojourn with Ward,[1] and count much upon the readings of Shakspeare, the conversation and society of Fanny Kemble, who has promised to ride with me, and introduce me to the beautiful lanes and wild paths of these mountains. She seems a noble woman, — peculiar, bold, masculine, and unaccommodating, but with a burning sympathy with all that is high, true, and humane. I shall linger in Lenox another week, so that I may hear from you there.

I am very sorry that the pedagogues of Boston have assailed Mann, and wish I could have joined in your counsels for his defence. To you and to Mann I should say, *Moderation!* I honor, almost revere, the zeal of the latter, and the ability by which it is sustained; but I sometimes doubt his judgment and taste.

You are now at home, with your dear wife by your side, under your own roof. I long to see you both in those rooms where we have talked and mused so many nights. If I pass through New York in a week, shall I find L——— and A——— there? If so, what number on Bond Street? Crawford will be with his mother, or happy in Bond Street. Have you seen all your friends; and how do things appear? My hosts return to town on Friday, Sept. 13; and Miss Sedgwick, one of your warmest friends and admirers, goes on the 15th. Adieu!

Ever thine, C. S.

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

PITTSFIELD, Sept. 12, 1844.

DEAR HILLARD, — . . . I hope for a long letter from Felton, in his most amusing manner. Remember me affectionately to my friends. The interest they have expressed in my health fills me with gratitude. I wish you were still here. Your presence would help me bear the weight of Fanny Kemble's conversation; for, much as I admire her, I confess to a certain awe and a sense of her superiority, which makes me at times anxious to subside into my own inferiority and leave the conversation to be sustained by other minds.[2] . . .

Show this to Peleg Chandler; and tell him to write me at Newport a gossipy letter, containing such matters as he can enliven by his pen.

Ever affectionately thine, C. S.

From Lenox he wrote to Dr. Howe, Sept. 13, 1844: —

"Here I am, the guest of Sam Ward, enjoying very much the devoted love that graces this house, and the kindness about me. Last evening, at the Sedgwicks', I heard Fanny Kemble read the First Act of 'Macbeth,' and sing a ballad. To-day, drove with Miss Sedgwick and Miss R. S. to Stockbridge, where I passed the day."

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[1] Samuel G. Ward, of the house of Baring Brothers.

[2] The omitted part of the letter relates to the appointment of Luther S. Cushing to the bench of the Common Pleas, in which he took great interest.

To Dr. Howe he wrote from Newport, Sept. 30: —

"Most tardily I return to you. I had hoped to write you immediately after my arrival here last Thursday; but riding, exercise, and sleeping, and the returning and receiving a few calls, have absorbed my hours and minutes. I have an admirable horse, and scamper like the wind over the beach and the country near. I wish you were here to keep me company. I fear that our rides together, scouring the roads about Boston, are all in the wallet of the past. I long to see you, and to sit in the shade of your roof-tree, while your wife is near. I am so well that I begin to tire of my intellectual inactivity, and yearn to plunge again into my affairs. I shall be with you at the beginning of next week, well mended. I hear sad tidings from my dear sister Mary. She has now retired to her chamber, which she will never quit, except on her upward flight to Heaven. Adieu! You may write me one letter more."

TO GEORGE S. HILLARD.

NEWPORT, Tuesday, Oct. 1, 1844.

MY DEAR HILLARD, — Your little missive greeted my coming here; and to-day I am gladdened by your more copious sheet of Sept. 29, and mortified, too, by the thought of my heavy debt to you. Sleep, — of which I take an abundance, — exercise, receiving and returning a few calls have consumed my hours and minutes. I have a noble horse, whose hoofs, resounding on the beach, fill me with daily exhilaration; and I do not fail in gentle companions in my exercise. Miss Harper is not fond enough of rapid motion. With the young Caroline Bayard (fair daughter of a more beautiful mother!) I ride this evening; and we shall devour the way with no mean amble or more energetic trot, but with a swift gallop. Miss Harper is said to have drawn after her, in her journey of life, a large train of admirers. She is amiable and good, and I doubt not possesses a judgment as fine as her character; but she does not seem endowed with the magical grace which has introduced into her family three titles from the English peerage. I like her frankness and simplicity, and her sympathy with things high and true. I have been more pleased with the Middletons than I expected to be. The sons are bred thoroughly in the conventions of life; and their voices and kindly manners indicate refinement. Their days seem to pass in inaction. In such a life I should soon droop. The mind requires some serious study or labor as a staff on which to lean, — without which it falls to the earth. I begin already, happy as I have been in my period of convalescence, to pant for my former life, and hope to be with you at the beginning of next week.

I am sad at the thought of Mary, with a disease, like stern destiny, preying upon her: and yet she has been spared longer than I had once ventured to hope. A letter from Julia yesterday mentioned that Mary had withdrawn to her chamber, which she will never leave, except for Paradise. I hope that you and your wife will find a few moments to see her. I do not know how much society is consistent with her present condition; but I am sure of the interest she always had in seeing you and your wife.

Macready had a plan of giving, as a farewell to his friends, a private reading in a large hall, and a supper afterwards. I doubt the expediency of the supper. Such an entertainment for the benefit of the stomachs of several hundred persons will hardly serve any pleasant purpose of hospitality that shall be at all commensurate with the necessary expense. I can imagine, too, that it might be an unfortunate failure. Pray call Felton's attention to this matter, — as I believe he is stage manager.

Mr. Calvert is here, whose name has a slight odor of literature. We have talked about Longfellow, whose friend he is. His admiration of James Lowell, whom he knows not, seems unbounded. He said he was very indignant with the "North American Review" for its want of appreciation of Lowell. I was pleased to hear such earnest praise from lips uninfluenced by friendship or the bonds of a *coterie*. I hope you will find time to write me once more. If any thing comes from Europe that will be interesting, send it to me, after you have first read it yourself. Many thanks to Peleg Chandler, for his kind and interesting letter. Adieu! Give my love to all the Club.

Ever thine, C. S.

TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE.

Boston, Oct. 15, 1844.

My dear George, — You were perhaps prepared, by the beautiful adieu of our dear Mary, which was speeded to you by the last packet, for the sad tidings of her death. Before her few words could have reached you, we placed her mortal remains in the tomb. She died at nine o'clock in the morning of Friday, Oct. 11, and was buried on Sunday afternoon, Oct. 13. A few days before her death, she expressed a wish that Mr. Gannett should read at her funeral the service of our church, — adding to this whatever his own judgment or feelings might suggest. In the performance of this wish, I asked his kind presence and prayers on that occasion. In the touching and beautiful prayer which he offered there was an allusion to "the brother who, in the providence of God, had been separated for many years from the beloved sister," and a hope "that he might be strengthened to bear this sorrow with resignation."

I was recalled from Newport, where I was passing my time in exercise in the open air, by the tidings of the progress of Mary's disease. I found her weak, very weak, — almost voiceless. Her beautiful countenance was sunken; and the sharp angles of death had appeared even before the breath had departed. She still lingered on, however, — sometimes in considerable pain, — and we feared with each protracted day new suffering. She herself wished to die; and I believe that we all became anxious at last that the Angel should descend to bear her aloft. From the beautiful flower of her life the leaves had all gently fallen to the earth; and there remained but little for the hand of Death to pluck. During the night preceding the morning on which she left us, she slept like a child; and within a short time of her death, when asked if she were in pain, she said: "No: angels are taking care of me!"

You, my dear George, do not know the beauty and loveliness of the dear sister you have lost; for she was a child when you left home. Her features were regular and classical. I have often thought that she resembled the heads of Minerva; but she was truly feminine in her expression and manner. In mien and bearing there was a rare blending of dignity and modesty. But better far than beauty of person was the character which shone transparent in the countenance, and the conscience which sat ruler of all thoughts and acts. . . .

Ever affectionately thine, C. S.

TO CHARLEMAGNE TOWER.

Boston, Dec. 4, 1844.

My dear Tower, — Your kind, very kind letter, of Aug. 19, did not reach me till last Saturday, — only three days since, — when I saw your brother Marion[1] for the first time after the lapse of several months. A huge cantle has been cut from the period of my active life. As long ago as last June, I was unexpectedly prostrated by illness, — probably arising from habits of late hours, little exercise, and much work. For some time my physicians deemed my case hopeless; but, contrary to their prognostications, I have advanced gradually in strength, so that I now find myself with abundant energies. I returned to my labors three weeks ago; when I undertook, as the first and crucial trial of my recovery, the conduct of a patent cause, which occupied *eleven* days before the jury, — in closing which I spoke *ten* hours! Mr. Dexter was my opponent.

You please me, more than I can tell, in attributing to any word of mine the possibility of influencing the progress of a youth like your brother. Tell him to come and see me freely. I shall always be frank with him, and if occupied shall not hesitate to let him know it; but, if at leisure, I shall have true pleasure in conversing with him. I am particularly fond of the young, and believe much in the importance of arousing their interest in what is good and true and useful. To render their labors effective, their aims should be high. I remember that Macchiavelli, in the "Prince," illustrates this by a piquant comparison. "The good archer," he says, "anxious to hit the mark, always aims his arrow much above it; if only directed at the mark, the arrow will certainly fall below it." I do not forget your high and honorable aims while we were together in college; and I cannot doubt that your shafts will yet quiver in the desired point. Your brother cannot do better than follow your example.

For five months I have done nothing, beyond some reading in literature, and toying with Italian poetry; though I may confess to forming some acquaintance wlth so substantial a work as the great history of "Thuanus;" and also with a very different work, — the "*Institutiones*" of John Calvin. One of the most interesting works of late years is the "Life and Correspondence of Dr. Arnold," which I have just read with unbounded delight. He was an admirable scholar, and a good and earnest man. The "Life of Lord Eldon" is clever and entertaining, but is hardly calculated to temper with new virtue the character of the reader. With kindest regards,

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[1] Then in college at Cambridge.

Ever sincerely yours, CHARLES SUMNER.

TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE.

BOSTON, Dec. 31, 1844.

MY DEAR GEORGE, — It is now almost midnight, — an hour after the time when my physicians *sentenced* me to bed. In truth, however, I am not very regardful of their injunctions. These late hours — the crown of the night — are the choicest of the twenty-four for labor, for reading, and thought; and I feel guilty of a wasteful excess, when I sacrifice them to sleep.

Let me say, dear George, how truly happy I have been in the cordial friendship which you have inspired in the Howes. He always speaks of you with very great regard and gratitude. His wife, who is chary of praise, gives it to you most cordially.

You will read of the death of Judge Prescott, — aged eighty-two. He passed away most tranquilly. He had dressed for the day and was in his library, when he was seized with a weakness which in twenty minutes closed in death. His fortune is one of the largest ever left by a lawyer in our part of the world. It is said to be three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

At last, the Historical Society propose to publish a volume of "Transactions." Your article[1] will appear.

Dr. Bell, the head of the McLean Asylum for the Insane, goes to Europe, at the request of the Committee in Providence, who are about to establish an asylum there. I think you may promote his views; and I have accordingly asked him to call on you. He has the confidence of the best people here, and is reputed to have peculiar skill in the treatment of the insane.

I lead a very quiet life this winter, avoiding assemblies of people. Last week I dined out twice, — once with Mr. Webster, to enjoy a turbot (a tribute to him from England), and again to meet him at Mrs. Paige's sumptuous table.

It is now past midnight; and the New Year has let fall its first footsteps on the snow. May it have for you an abundant store of blessings!

Ever affectionately thine, C. S.

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[1] Memoirs of the Pilgrims at Leyden. Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Vol. XXXIX. pp. 42–74.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SERVICES FOR EDUCATION. — PRISON DISCIPLINE. — CORRESPONDENCE. — JANUARY TO JULY, 1845. — AGE, 34.

EDUCATION, both in colleges and common schools, commanded Sumner's earnest attention at this period. While abroad, he felt keenly the imperfection of his own training as compared with that acquired in European universities; and in a letter besought Judge Story, then a member of the corporation of Harvard University, to attempt what he thought a much-needed reform.[1] He urged more exacting terms for admission, and a severe examination for degrees, approving President Quincy's efforts in this direction;[2] and conferred in person and by letter with Dr. Francis Wayland,[3] of Brown University, who devoted many years to studying and testing plans for the improvement of college education.

In the promotion of popular education he took an active interest. He seconded Horace Mann's labors in this cause,[4] and supported him in his controversy with the Boston schoolmasters upon points of school discipline. He was one of the group of friends whom Mr. Mann called together for counsel, and in these conferences favored moderation in dealing with opponents.[5] He reviewed at length, in the "Advertiser,"[6] Mr. Mann's report on European systems of education, warmly commending it, with a gentle criticism of an implied depreciation of classical studies which it seemed to contain. With a view of sustaining the cause, he accepted the nomination of a Whig caucus, in Dec. 1844, as one of the two members of the School Committee to which

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[1] *Ante*, Vol. II. pp. 98, 135.

[2] *Ante*, Vol. II. p. 173.

[3] He wrote at length to Dr. Wayland on the subject in September, 1842.

[4] *Ante*, Vol. II. pp. 196, 316. See letter of Mr. Mann to Sumner relative to a bequest for a charity. Mann's "Life," p. 246.

[5] At one of these meetings, held in Sept. 1844, Dr. Howe, Hillard, Edward G. Loring, George B. Emerson, and Dr. Fisher were present. One of them wrote to Sumner, who was then in Berkshire, that his "cool judgment and warm sympathy were missed."

[6] March 12 and 21, 1844.

Ward Four, where he lived, was entitled. In this ward, at this municipal election, the Whigs led the Native Americans by one hundred votes, leaving the Democrats third in the canvass. Although his Whig colleague, A. D. Parker, was chosen, Sumner himself lost his election, being defeated by Rev. H. A. Graves — a Baptist clergyman and one of the Native American candidates — who, living in East Boston, then a part of the ward, succeeded in combining with his party vote the local vote of his neighborhood. It may be mentioned that, among members of the School Committee chosen in other wards at this election, were Sidney Bartlett, Theophilus Parsons, and Dr. Howe. This is the only instance in which Sumner was ever a candidate for the direct votes of the people, except when, in 1852, the town of Marshfield, to his regret, elected him a member of the State Constitutional Convention.

Several friends of Mr. Mann met, in the winter of 1844–45, with the view of expressing their sympathy with him in his recent controversy, and their gratitude for his perseverance and devotion in the cause of popular education. At their request, Sumner prepared the draft of a formal letter, which, signed by twenty-four gentlemen, was sent to Mr. Mann. The latter was greatly cheered by this tribute, and replied in a note which showed how deeply he was touched by it. Mrs. Mann, at the same time, wrote a personal note to Sumner, expressing a deep sense of obligation for his "most beautiful and touching letter to her husband." A part of the letter is as follows: —

BOSTON, Jan. 13, 1845.

. . . We have learned from you the priceless value of the *common schools.* You have taught us most especially that the conservation of republican institutions depends on the knowledge and virtue of the people. You have taught us, by most interesting details and considerations, that the wealth of the country is augmented, and that the arm of its industry is nerved, in proportion to the diffusion of knowledge; so that each humble schoolhouse is to be regarded not only as a nursery of souls, but a mine of riches.

We have learned through you to appreciate those genial modes of instruction by which the pupil is won and not driven into the paths of knowledge; by which he is induced to recognize the sweets of learning, and to pursue it for its own sake.

While we have learned from you to abate somewhat of our confidence in the comparative merits of our own system of public education, we have been filled with the desire to import from other States and nations whatever of improvement or light they may be able to furnish; in short, to naturalize in our own country the virtues of foreign lands.

As you have given new importance to the subject of education, so you have elevated the position and character of our schoolmasters; vindicating for them the esteem and consideration which are properly due to those into whose hands, as precious hostages for the future, are committed the children of the Commonwealth.

By means of your labors you have contributed essentially to the happiness and prosperity of the Commonwealth, and also to its fame in other States. Your name helps to make the name of Massachusetts respectable throughout our own country and in distant lands.

If it be true, as has been said, that he is a benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, how much more is he a benefactor who infuses new energies into a whole people, doubling in ten thousand souls the capacities for usefulness and happiness!

In the contemplation of the successful results of your labors, you must find springs of encouragement to which little can be added by any words of ours. Such words would be drowned in the voice of all the good you have done, speaking from the past, and bidding you to be of good cheer for the future. Let hope elevate and joy brighten your countenance!

But we cannot dissemble from you what you discern so much more clearly than ourselves, that, although much has been done, much more remains to be done. In the warfare with ignorance there is neither peace nor neutrality. The enemy is always among us, in extensive encampment, wakeful, hardly so much as sleeping on his arms, ready for the contest. In this warfare you are our leader. Our services and sympathies will be always at your command. We would join with you on all possible occasions and in all possible ways to advance the cause in which you are engaged.

May God continue to you strength for your labors, and may the happiness which you have diffused among your fellow-men be reflected into your own fireside!

A personal testimonial to Mr. Mann was at first contemplated; but as this was found not agreeable to him, a plan was adopted for raising by private subscriptions five thousand dollars, to aid in the erection of new buildings for the Normal Schools at Westfield and Bridgewater, those in use having been condemned as unsuitable.[1] The amount was to be paid on condition of an appropriation of an equal amount by the State. Sumner took the lead in raising the money, and was chairman of the committee which presented the memorial to the Legislature[2] in favor of the enterprise. In this generous service he encountered rebuffs and misconceptions of his purposes, which grieved him; but his perseverance was rewarded with success.[1] An appropriation of five thousand dollars was voted, on condition that a like sum should be contributed by the petitioners.[2] In furtherance of the object, Sumner appeared at different times before the Board of Education.[3] He solicited subscriptions, and co-operated with other members of the committee and with Theodore Lyman, who was always ready to aid this or any good cause. The towns of Westfield, Bridgewater, and Northampton each offered one thousand dollars if itself was selected as the site of the new buildings. Sumner, fearing that delay would imperil the enterprise, undertook a pecuniary responsibility beyond his means. Relying upon amounts which had been pledged, he made, July 2, 1845, a formal offer in writing to the Board of Education of the five thousand dollars which were to be raised by the memorialists, giving his personal note for that amount, which another friend of the enterprise discounted. On the 17th, he came before the Board and paid the money.[4] The work on the new schoolhouses went forward, and the next year both were opened for use by proper ceremonies, — the one at Bridgewater, Aug. 19, and the other at Westfield, Sept. 19. Sumner, who was unable to attend on either occasion, received, in addition to a cordial invitation from the principal, Mr. Tillinghast, the following note from Mr. Mann:[1]

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[1] See Remarks of Rev. R. C. Waterston at the dedication of the Normal Schoolhouse at Bridgewater. "Common School Journal," Sept. 15, 1846; Vol. VIII. p. 287, note.

[2] Senate Document, 1845, No. 24.

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[1] Dr. Howe wrote to him at this time: "I know not where you may be, or what you may be about; but I know what you are *not* about. You are *not* seeking your own pleasure, or striving to advance your own interests: you are, I warrant me, on some errand of kindness, — some work for a friend, or for the public. You say that every thing has gone wrong, and that you have met nothing but rebuffs during the last fortnight. But, dear Sumner, there is not one of the rebuffs which you have met that I would not welcome for the value of the consciousness which you must have, that you have been following generous and kind impulses, and that your only motives were those of friendship and philanthropy. You ought to be the happiest man alive, — or, at least, of my acquaintance; for you are the most generous and disinterested. No matter what motives may be ascribed to you; no matter if your best friends do not duly appreciate them, you have secured what fate cannot take from you, — self-approval. You will think it strange, perhaps, but I must say I envy you for what you have been *trying* to do; and would that I had been employed for two weeks as you have been! I love you, Sumner, and am only vexed with you because you will not love yourself a little more. And now, good-night; and to-morrow, after you have coolly made those men at the State House see how great is the difference between generosity and selfishness, you must come and pass the night with us."

[2] House Document, 1845, No. 17. Report made by Peleg W. Chandler. Resolve approved March 20, 1845. Chap. 100, p. 623.

[3] Records of the Board of Education, March 25 and May 28, 1845.

[4] The raising of the five thousand dollars by subscription is referred to in the ninth (1846) and tenth (1847) Annual Reports of the Board of Education. Sumner, while engaged in promoting it, was writing his oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations."

WRENTHAM, Aug. 6, 1846.

MY DEAR SUMNER, — The new Normal Schoolhouse at Bridgewater is to be dedicated on Wednesday, the 19th inst. Address by Hon. William G. Bates. The active and leading agency you have had in executing measures which have led to this beneficial result would make your absence on that occasion a matter of great regret. I know it will console you for your troubles in relation to the subject to be present on the day of jubilee, to gratify so many persons, and to participate in a joy which will be common and comprehensive. Let me assure you that, however it may seem beforehand, you will not be sorry afterwards for having made some exertion, and even some sacrifice, to be there. Probably there will be three hundred graduates of the school, who will feel deeply disappointed if you are not present. Do go! Do go!

Ever and truly yours, &c.

HORACE MANN.

The enterprise, though successful, subjected Sumner afterwards to vexation and pecuniary inconvenience. Failing to receive some of the promised contributions, he found himself, more than a year after the buildings had been completed, without funds to meet his note at maturity, the payment of which was pressed by the gentleman who had discounted it. To Mr. Waterston, whose active interest in raising the required sum had not been imitated by other members of the committee, he wrote, three years afterwards: —

"It seems to me rather hard that I should be thus left in the lurch by our committee, and particularly by individuals on it who have never contributed their full quota, and who are themselves rich, too. I have so far neglected my worldly affairs during these latter years, and have been called upon so frequently for contributions, that I am less able than any member of the committee to pay this deficiency out of my own pocket. Nor do I think it just that ———, ———, ———, all of whom were originally responsible with me, and who have not contributed their full share, should let this be cast upon me. I have had the labor and responsibility of carrying the matter through, as far as it has gone, and secured contributions much beyond my portion. It seems to me, therefore, that I may properly devolve upon the members of the committee above named the duty of meeting this deficit. Upon you there is no claim, for you have already supplied more than your share; but I submit the account to you, and ask your advice as to the course to be pursued."

What a contrast between those former days and these! Now States and municipalities vote cheerfully, lavishly even, appropriations for costly school buildings; whereas then a few men like Sumner, gifted with public spirit but not with fortune, could persuade the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, which was already in advance of sister States in her zeal for popular education, to grant for two institutions where her teachers were to be taught a sum which would now be deemed hardly sufficient for a country schoolhouse, — only upon condition that the memorialists should bring an equal amount to the treasury!

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[1] Mann's Life, pp. 249, 250.

In 1845 he took an active interest in determining the plans for the Boston Athenæum, which was about to be removed from Pearl Street to a new site, — that on Beacon Street being finally selected. At a meeting of the proprietors in May he moved a committee of ten, who were to select plans to be reported with estimates of expense to the proprietors; and he was appointed to serve on the committee. He was "anxious to secure a large, generous, hospitable vestibule, hall, and stairway;" and wrote to his brother for the details of the best European libraries, and particularly for those of Bernini's stairs, leading to the Vatican on the right of St. Peter's. His brother replied, July 1, recommending the imitation of an Italian palace for the exterior, — the architecture of Vicenza, — and giving as the best models for the interior the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg and the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, and for the stairway a modification of Bernini's, covering less ground in proportion to the height.[1]

Prison discipline was then a subject which excited great interest, and there was a controversy, which took a personal direction, between the supporters of the Pennsylvania or separate system and those of the Auburn or congregate system. The annual meeting of the Boston Prison Discipline Society was held at Park-Street Church on the morning of May 27, with its President, Rev. Dr. Francis Wayland, in the chair. The society's annual report offered by the Secretary, Louis Dwight, in treating of the rival systems dealt unfairly with the Pennsylvania system, as its friends thought. Dr. Howe, who had taken for some time an earnest interest in penitentiary questions, held this view, and attacked the proposed report. Sumner joined also in the debate; and, without espousing either system, condemned, in a few unstudied remarks, the report as unfair to the supporters of the separate system. He then moved a select committee, to whom the report should be referred with instructions to inquire whether it should not be modified before publication, and with power to visit Philadelphia and ascertain the character of the system which Mr. Dwight had assailed. Dr. Wayland warmly commended his remarks at the time, and on the evening of the same day wrote him a letter of thanks, which Sumner incorporated in a speech at a later stage of the controversy.[1] The committee appointed were Dr. Howe, Sumner, Samuel A. Eliot, Horace Mann, Dr. Walter Channing, Rev. Louis Dwight, George T. Bigelow, and John W. Edmonds, of New York. Sumner's few remarks at the meeting in May are the first he ever made before a popular audience. Up to this time he had delivered no oration or address, nor participated in any public discussion.[2]

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[1] The plan of Mr. E. C. Cabot, following the Italian Renaissance style, was finally adopted.

During the years 1840–45, as always, Sumner gave a considerable portion of his time to correspondence. Besides writing to his English and other foreign friends and to his brother George, he wrote to many American friends, — Dr. Lieber, Theodore Sedgwick, Benjamin D. Silliman, John Jay, Jacob Harvey, Samuel Ward, George Gibbs, Charles S. Daveis, George W. Greene, Thomas Crawford, Edward Everett (then Minister to England), Theodore S. Fay, Rufus Choate (while in the Senate), — and to his intimate friends, Cleveland, Longfellow, Hillard, and Howe, when they were travelling. Then as always a friend's handwriting gave him the keenest enjoyment. No day was to him complete, whose morning mail did not bring him a packet of letters; and all who are familiar with his daily life will recall the zest with which he opened and read them. He was always interested in the literary projects of his friends, and answered readily calls for help in obtaining materials,[3] revising manuscripts and proofs, and in securing the attention of publishers. He was a good critic, and was never weary in serving authors whose works merited a place in libraries.

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[1] Works, Vol. I. pp. 491–493.

[2] The few didactic lectures on law topics read before Lyceums do not seem to call for a qualification of this statement. *Ante*, Vol. I. pp. 153, 154.

[3] George Gibbs sought his intervention for the purpose of procuring original papers for the "Memoirs of the Administrations of Washington and John Adams."

LETTERS.

TO JUDGE STORY, WASHINGTON, D. C.

BOSTON, Feb. 5, 1845.

MY DEAR JUDGE, — In my last letter, I referred to the terms which a Senator[1] had made with his friends, before he consented to be chosen. They were fifty thousand dollars to be subscribed in Boston, and the same sum in New York, to be settled on his life and that of his wife. The subscription in Boston has labored; though, when I last heard of it, the Boston sum had been subscribed, — except about twelve thousand dollars. This treaty has become very generally known, as it was found necessary to impart its conditions to all the persons to whom the application was made. The manufacturing companies have subscribed one thousand dollars each. Of course, the case was submitted to the directors of these companies. None of the L's subscribed, though the A's have.[2] It is understood that the New York portion is to be made up by larger sums. It is needless to say that the Legislature could have had no suspicions of any such arrangement; and our good Secretary of State[3] says that, if he were a member of the House, he would move for power to send for persons and papers.

You will read Mr. Webster's "Address to the People of the United States," promulgated by the anti-Texas Convention. It is an able paper, which will lift our public sentiment to a new platform of Anti-slavery. The debates in the Convention were most interesting. I never heard Garrison before. He spoke with natural eloquence. Hillard spoke exquisitely. His words descended in a golden shower; but Garrison's fell in fiery rain. It seemed doubtful, at one time, if the Abolitionists would not succeed in carrying the Convention. Their proposals were voted down; though a very respectable number of the Convention were in favor of a dissolution of the Union, in the event of the annexation of Texas.

We have this winter a very good Legislature, — better-toned than usual. Chandler exercises no little influence there. He is always listened to with great attention. His frankness and honesty of purpose are sustained by considerable natural eloquence, and by faithful study of the matters he takes in hand.

Crawford is already in Washington. Perhaps he will call on you. I know that you can spare time for at least a cheering word to a man of genius. He has gone with his model of an equestrian statue of Washington. I fear that Persico may obtain this order. It would be discreditable to Congress, if they neglected their more worthy countryman to lavish this important patronage on a foreigner. I am so anxious that Senators should rightly understand this that I shall be tempted to address you a letter on the subject, which you may read to Mr. Berrien, Mr. Crittenden, or any others you may think it not improper to approach in this way. Hillard has already written to Mr. Bates; so has Mr. Lawrence to Mr. Crittenden. Mr. Dix, the new Senator from New York, I am told, is a gentleman of taste in art and letters. He is a warm friend of Crawford.

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[1] Mr. Webster.

[2] The Appletons and Lawrences.

[3] Dr. John G. Palfrey.

Will Texas be admitted? We hear to-day that the chances are against the present resolutions.

If Mr. Peters is still in Washington, remember me to him.

Ever affectionately yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

To Charlemagne Tower he wrote, March 30, 1845: —

"At this moment, our City Government is imbecile, — being the miserable offspring of Native Americanism. It has so little of the confidence of the people that it cannot do much under the new Act;[1] and it is probable that no important steps will be taken till a new government is organized.

"I heard, through a friend in Prussia, that Baron Humboldt had been reading with the King of Prussia a description of the Croton Works. It must be your brother's book.

"My 'Vesey' will be completed in a fortnight, — thus much to be stored in the wallet of the past."

TO THOMAS CRAWFORD, NEW YORK.

BOSTON, April 17, 1845.

MY DEAR CRAWFORD, — Have you heard that the students of Harvard College have voted to request you to execute a bust of President Quincy?[2] The President, after a brilliant administration of sixteen years, at the age of seventy-three resigns his important duties. Early in life he was a distinguished member of Congress. It was at first proposed, I believe, that the students should ask his acceptance of a piece of plate as a parting token of regard; but this gave place to the idea of a bust by your classical chisel, to be placed in the Library or large hall of the University. I have seen your "Mercury" with delight and pride. Every body looks on it with the same feelings. It is, dear Crawford, most exquisite. When shall we possess other works of like beauty from your genius?

The plans for the new Athenæum are now on exhibition, — fourteen in all. There is no single plan that satisfies me. Perhaps a new plan might be composed by adopting features from all. In one I was pleased with the *façade;*

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[1] An Act authorizing the building of an aqueduct for the introduction of water into the city of Boston.

[2] The bust was executed by Crawford, and has recently been removed from the College Library to Memorial Hall. President Quincy lived to the age of ninety-two, maintaining to the last his interest in public affairs, and in whatever concerned the welfare of mankind.

in another, with the entrance hall and stairway; and in another with the arrangement of the rooms. When shall you be among us, that we may have the advantage of your knowledge?

I dine *en famille* with the Howes to-day. You have heard of poor Felton's loss. The blow, long expected, has fallen with stunning effect.

Ever thine,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO W. C MACREADY, LONDON.

BOSTON, May 1, 1845.

MY DEAR MACREADY, — It is now the eleventh hour (literally eleven o'clock); and the long letter I had hoped to write you is still unwritten. Three days ago, the action Rodney *v.* Macready was dismissed. . . . Thus closes your experience of American law.

The last scene has closed with Felton's poor wife. She died at last suddenly, — unconscious herself that her end was at hand, surrounded by every thing to soothe her, while the sympathy of friends has helped to sustain her husband. He has been much stunned by the blow, though it was so long expected. His elastic nature, his social feelings, and his universal heart, I trust, will soon find quiet. I wish he could visit Europe, — leaving home July 1; but his duties to his two orphan children may interfere.

God bless you! We rejoice in your success and happiness.

Ever thine,

CHARLES SUMNER.

P. S. Hillard sends his love, and longs to write you, which he will do. He has not thanked you for your portrait.

TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE.

BOSTON, May 1, 1845.

DEAR GEORGE, — It is nearly two o'clock at night. I am sorry to find that I have only these lees of time for you. I wished to write a long letter in thanksgiving for your last interesting budget.

The letter on Cushing's treaty was well-turned. Knowing, as I do, something of the secret history of that negotiation, it is less marvellous in my sight than in yours. Ke-ying is described by those who know him as a remarkable statesman,— more than a match for Pottinger, Cushing, and Lagrenée. Cushing has made a grammar of the Manchu language, which he proposes to publish, — whether in English or Latin he had not determined. You know he studied diligently the old Tartar dialect, that he might salute the Emperor in his court language. Fletcher Webster is preparing a book on China.

What is thought of Cousin and his philosophy? Is the first volume of his edition of Plato published? How is Guizot's name pronounced? Is the *Gui* as in "Guido" in Italian, or as in "guillotine" in French? I detest the war spirit in Thiers's book. It is but little in advance of the cannibalism of New Zealand. What do you think of phrenology, and of animal magnetism? "Eothen" is a vivid, picturesque book, by a man of genius.

What are you doing? When do you set your face Westward? I suppose Wheaton will be recalled; and I was told yesterday that Irving would be also, in all probability. . . .

Ever thine, CHAS.

TO THOMAS CRAWFORD.

BOSTON, May 10, 1845.

MY DEAR CRAWFORD, — I suppose you have not yet received the letter from the students. I believe they postponed it till you are known to be in Boston. They confine their order to the limits of their pockets, and propose a bust only. I propose a *statue.* Quincy will make an admirable statue in his robes as President of the College; and the Library of the College is a beautiful hall. He should preside in marble to distant ages in that hall. Is there any tribute between a bust and a statue, — something above a bust, and below a statue, — that you can devise?

There are some difficulties in our plan, because the students will not join with us; and a bust and a statue together will not be required. I shall see Judge Story, and be advised by him. On your return to Boston, I shall desire your counsel.

Remember me to L——, whose "counterfeit presentment," Miss W——, is now in Boston.

Ever thine, CHARLES SUMNER.

TO HIS BROTHER GEORGE.

BOSTON, Sunday Morning, June 1, 1845.

DEAR GEORGE, — I am on a committee for determining the plan of our new Athenæum, — a building which is to contain a library of one hundred thousand volumes, a picture gallery, a sculpture gallery, and a reading-room. I wish you to send me any suggestions that occur to you with regard to such a building. I am anxious to secure a large, generous, hospitable vestibule, hall, and stairway. I remember the stairs (by Bernini, I think) which lead to the Vatican on the right of St. Peter's. Can you send me the measurements of these, — width, height, breadth? They were stairs of such exquisite proportions that you seemed to be borne aloft on wings. Pray send me every thing that occurs to you about the Athenæum.

At the last meeting of our Prison Discipline Society, when the Secretary had made his annual report abusing the Philadelphia system, as is his wont, I came forward (in Park-Street Church) and answered him, — moving the reference of the report to a select committee. Of course, I am on that committee. We shall make a thorough report on the two systems. What is your opinion about the two? What is the opinion in Europe? Write me every thing you know on the subject.

Mrs. Lieber, with her three boys, has arrived from Hamburg; and all are nestled under Howe's roof. The Crawfords and A——— are there also. Crawford is making a bust of President Quincy, at the request of the students of Harvard College. We hope to give him an order for a full-length statue of the President, to be placed in the College Library.

I have given Dr. Ray a letter to you. He is the author of a work on "The Law of Insanity," which has done more for a correct understanding of this subject than all other works. He has revolutionized the law on the subject. His work was cited in the trial of McNaughten in England. He goes abroad, like Dr. Bell, to observe the Lunatic Asylums, previous to taking charge of that which is to be built in Rhode Island.

Felton has lost his wife, — a woman of rare self-forgetfulness and simplicity of character.

All well but Hillard, whose exquisite soul frets its feeble body.

Ever thine, CHAS.

TO DR. FRANCIS LIEBER.

BOSTON, June 3, 1845.

DEAR LIEBER, — We have your dear wife and the three boys among us. I am glad to see them, and have already enjoyed two pleasant drives with her, — one in order to find a pleasant home for the summer. We looked through Brookline, but that is the retreat of fashion; and a patch of earth there should be covered with gold, in order to pay its rent. . . .

Oscar is a man, almost. What shall he be? I hope he will come and see me, that I may talk with him. He has a German look; but Hamilton particularly is one of Tacitus's Germans. The youngest has no nationality. I can now enter into your feelings as a father. I know how anxious you must be for their education and happiness, and how their future must fill your soul. They are continuations of *yourself*. Believe, my dear Lieber, that I take a true interest in their welfare, and long to be of service to them. But what can I do for any body? I have finished my labors on "Vesey." The edition (in twenty volumes) is all printed; and that millstone has fallen from my neck.

Howe has written you of the bombshell we threw into Dwight's camp. We came forward at the meeting of the Prison Discipline Society and opposed his report, — vindicating the Philadelphia prison. A committee has been appointed, to whom his report has been referred, with authority to visit the prison at Philadelphia. Dwight has been to see me repeatedly, and seems very anxious. It is the first interference with his absolute sway that has occurred in the history of the Society.

Adieu! We shall see much of you this summer.

Ever yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

To Horace Mann he wrote, June 5, 1845: —

"Mr. Lyman has this moment parted from me. He has left with me a subscription list for one thousand dollars, to be paid to the Treasurer of the Board of Education; also, a vote of the town of Northampton for another one thousand dollars.

"If you should place the school at Northampton, and accept these sums as part of our five thousand dollars, there would be one thousand and fifty dollars for us to obtain hereabouts. This can be easily done, — I will not say, as Mr. Brooks said, in *five minutes*, but by a little exertion.

"Can you express to me any opinion with regard to the probability of the school being placed at Northampton? When will the Board meet again, and when should we be in condition to close our accounts?"

TO HORACE MANN.

Boston, June 23, 1845.

My dear Mann, — I have this moment received yours of the 21st. I am ready to do what you think proper under all the circumstances.

. . . Still, if you think proper, I am ready to take advantage of M———'s offer, and advance the Board the five thousand dollars on condition and with the express understanding that the sums now offered by the towns where the schools are to be placed shall be paid to us, to be applied to indemnify the above advance. I anticipate some difficulty in this course. I do not think the Governor or the people of Northampton have appreciated our motives in this matter. When we commenced this movement, we did not contemplate being made responsible for the whole sum; and it does not seem to me just or generous to attempt to crowd this responsibility upon us. I agree with you that something should be done immediately; but I do feel that the first step is the determination of the place of the school. Then we shall be able naturally to make our collections, and redeem our pledge according to the spirit in which it was given. But I refer the whole to your better judgment. You know the facts; and you can determine whether, under the circumstances, such an advance might not be precipitate and entail upon us a responsibility beyond our calculations.

Ever yours,

Charles Sumner.

P. S. My oration will not come out Minerva-like; for it will have no *armor*.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CITY ORATION, — "THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS." — AN ARGUMENT AGAINST WAR. — JULY 4, 1845. — AGE 34.

IN civic pride Boston has been conspicuous among cities. This distinction, now modified by expanded territory and miscellaneous population, she inherited from the earliest times. She came out of the Revolution with a history worthy of perpetual record. The British ministry and the American people alike singled her out as foremost in that struggle. The memorials of her devotion were left in halls where Liberty was born, and in graveyards where patriots slept. In the years which followed she bore a good repute for commerce, education, and public spirit. Her citizens rejoiced in her prosperity and fame, and regarded her with an affection almost personal. In thought and aspiration they identified themselves with her as individuals and political bodies have rarely been identified. She has been called — sometimes in irony — the American Athens; but whatever may be her title to that name, in this at least she may claim kindred with the leader of Greece, — that her citizens have with singular unity of spirit made her honor and well-being their own. In all her festal days, — the welcome of statesmen, the honors accorded to illustrious visitors, the burial of benefactors, the commemoration of historic events, — conducted with grace, decorum, and a common sentiment, — many a stranger has remarked how well sustained is her civic life, how abiding among her people is the thought of her history and of their duty to serve her. Among the influences which kept warm and vigorous this feeling of identity, the continuous celebration of our National Independence on the Fourth of July, during a period when there were fewer patriotic anniversaries than now, is entitled to a place. Her population in 1845 had reached 115,000; and, although then ranking in numbers as the fourth city in the United States, she was still strongly marked by the individuality which had been the growth of her history, — often described by visitors as very much like an English town.

The annual oration was at first commemorative of the "Boston Massacre," — an encounter between the British troops and the populace, March 5, 1770, resulting in the death of five of the inhabitants, to whom their fellow-citizens accorded the honors of martyrdom. On the first and on each succeeding anniversary the people met to listen to some orator of their choice. With the achievement of Independence in 1783, the day of the annual celebration was changed by a resolve of the citizens in town meeting at Faneuil Hall;[1] which, after reciting that "it has been found to be of eminent advantage to the cause of America in disseminating the principles of virtue and patriotism among her citizens," declared "that the celebration of the fifth of March from henceforwards shall cease, and that instead thereof the anniversary of the 4th day of July, A. D. 1776 — a day ever memorable in the annals of this country for the Declaration of our Independence — shall be constantly celebrated by the delivery of a public oration in such place as the town shall determine to be most convenient for the purpose; in which the orator shall consider the feelings, manners, and principles which led to this great national event, as well as the important and happy effects, whether general or domestic, which already have, and will for ever continue, to flow from this auspicious epoch."

From that time to the present the orations have been delivered in unbroken succession, — in the Old South Church and Faneuil Hall, or, during recent years, in more convenient resorts, as the Tremont Temple, Music Hall, and Boston Theatre. The mayor and aldermen, common council and other city officers, have marched in procession with music and military escort to the appointed place, attended by a concourse of citizens who have filled the seats and aisles. The list of orators includes some who have left an enduring memory; but conspicuous for their absence from it are the names of Webster and Choate. Sometimes a veteran orator has been summoned from his retirement, as Mr. Everett in 1860, and Mr. Winthrop in 1876, — each speaking with undiminished vigor, and adding another to his many triumphs. But generally, from the early period to the present, young men under thirty or thirty-five have been selected for the service. John Adams wrote in 1816 of these orations[1]: —

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[1] James Otis was Moderator of the meeting at which the resolve was offered.

> "The town of Boston instituted an annual oration in commemoration of this catastrophe ['the battle of King Street, on the 5th of March, 1770'], 'upon the danger of standing armies stationed in populous cities in time of peace,' and among the first orators were such names as Hancock, Warren, and Lovell. These orations were read, I had almost said by every body that could read, and scarcely ever with dry eyes. They have now been continued for forty-five years. Will you read them all? They were not long continued in their original design, but other gentlemen with other views had influence enough to obtain a change from 'standing armies' to 'feelings which produced the Revolution.' Of these forty-five orations I have read as many as I have seen. They have varied with all the changes of our politics. They have been made the engine of bringing forward to public notice young men of promising genius, whose convictions and sentiments were conformable to the prevailing opinions of the moment. There is juvenile ingenuity in all that I have read. There are few men of consequence among us who did not commence their career by an oration on the 5th of March. I have read these orations with a mixture of grief, pleasure, and pity. Young men of genius describing scenes they never saw, and descanting on feelings they never felt, and which great pains had been taken that they never should feel. When will these orations end? And when will they cease to be monuments of the fluctuations of public opinion and general feeling in Boston, Massachusetts, New England, and the United States? They are infinitely more indicative of the feelings of the moment, than of the feelings that produced the Revolution."

The ex-President's criticism of the orations which preceded the year in which he wrote applies equally to many which followed. Those which belong to the quarter of a century immediately succeeding the Revolution are, as a class, vapid, elegiac in tone, and delighting most in tributes to Greek and Roman heroism. The historian who seeks in them materials for illustrating our own heroic period — the sifting of traditions, the fixing of sites where deeds worthy of note were done, and narrations of what individuals and communities did for the common cause — will find his search unrewarded. This was too prosaic a task for young orators who were revelling in the first ecstasies of patriotic eloquence, and has been reserved for their successors, who have well performed it on recent centennial anniversaries.

When the generation which shared in the Revolution had passed away, there was no considerable improvement in the substance of the orations. There were well-rounded periods on the self-sacrifice of the Fathers, the beneficence of diffused knowledge, the conscientious exercise of the right of suffrage, the dangers of innovation, of party spirit, and of extended territory. While the anniversary itself helped to maintain the sentiment of nationality, he whose place it was to express its significance contented himself too often with mere commonplaces of patriotism. What was said was not vigorous or pointed enough to stimulate citizens to earnest reflection and good deeds. During the decade preceding 1845, the orators themselves, in opening sentences, sometimes confessed a decline of public interest in the festival; and they strove to revive it by the selection of a more impressive theme. The three city orators who immediately preceded Sumner were Peleg W. Chandler in 1844, Charles Francis Adams in 1843, and Horace Mann in 1842. They each spoke with earnestness and power; the first two on historical subjects, and the last on popular education, to which he was then devoting himself with extraordinary industry and enthusiasm. But among the orations which were delivered during three quarters of a century, Sumner's was the first which attacked a custom and opinions approved by popular judgment and sanctioned by venerable traditions. The others, even when speaking well for the country or summoning to some important duty, never jarred on popular thought and sentiment, but were, as John Adams described them, "conformable to the prevailing opinions of the moment."

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[1] Letter to Dr. J. Morse, 5 January, 1816. Works of John Adams, Vol. X. pp. 203, 204.

The committee of the city government, charged in 1845 with the duty of selecting the orator, — of which the Mayor, Thomas A. Davis, was chairman, — formally notified Sumner of his appointment on April 24. By whose nomination he was chosen is not now known; but it appears from his correspondence that he undertook the service reluctantly, and only after considerable pressure. While his name had very rarely been mentioned in the newspapers, and he had made no mark as a public speaker, he was well known among leading citizens for his learning and accomplishments. The theme he chose grew out of convictions held for some years, and dwelt upon in his private correspondence. The substantial doctrines of his oration are briefly developed in letters written in 1839 and 1843–44, already printed in these pages;[1] and while in Europe, and after his return, he wrote earnestly against any war between the two kindred nations, England and the United States.[1]

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[1] *Ante*, Vol. II. pp. 82, 263, 264, 275, 297, 298, 311, 312.

He delayed the preparation of his oration; and Felton, who took as much interest in his success as if the occasion were to be his own, urged him more than once to set himself diligently to it. "Do not," he wrote, "let one day pass without laying at least one course in the immortal edifice." And again: "And now don't fail to begin the great discourse. You are to have a numerous and distinguished audience, and it will not do to postpone it." Sumner wrote the oration mainly in June, although probably keeping the subject in view most of the time after his acceptance. But his mind was full of matter, and by habit he rarely completed a popular address until the day of its delivery.

The Fourth of July, 1845, was a day of sunshine and clear air. Sunrise was announced, as was the custom, by the firing of cannon. In the early morning the children of the Warren-Street Chapel, eight hundred in number, bearing bouquets, wreaths, and evergreens, took their usual march around the Common to a pavilion on the Public Garden, then but a waste instead of the beautiful parterre which it now is. The Common was filled with a throng of people, largely visitors from the country, with booths, soldiers on parade, and thousands of boys enjoying their sports.[2] The American colors waved over the public buildings. The United States ship "Ohio" lay in the harbor decked in flags from top-mast to water's edge. Joyous patriotism shone in the faces of the inhabitants.

About ten and a half in the forenoon, the city authorities, under the escort of the Washington Light Guard, walked in procession, led by the Mayor and orator of the day, from the City Hall to Tremont Temple.[3] The latter was quickly filled with an audience of two thousand people. On the platform behind the orator was a choir of one hundred girls, selected from the public schools, clad in white, who were to sing the national anthems. Below it, at his left, sat the Washington Light Guard, with their officers in front; and at his right, in the front rows of seats, in full uniform, were the superior officers of the State militia, and the officers of the United States army and navy who had come from the forts in the harbor or the naval station at Charlestown. In previous years there had been no equal military display during the commemorative exercises. The national army and navy service, it was thought, had been neglected before in the festivities of the day, and their presence on this occasion had been specially sought. Altogether the military guests numbered at least one hundred. In the audience, which was one of general intelligence, were many of superior education and position. The whole spectacle was one fitted to inspire a speaker whose heart was full of a great theme.

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[1] *Ante*, Vol. II. pp. 71, 81, 82, 87, 141, 177, 179, 187.

[2] The writer of this Memoir, a youth of sixteen from the country, was one of these. He went twice to the Temple, and heard parts of the oration, some of the earlier and some of the later passages. He had not even heard the orator's name before that day. Their friendship began four years later, while the writer was a college student. Twenty years ago Sumner gave him the manuscript of the oration, which is still in his possession.

[3] This building, converted some years before from a theatre into a place of public worship, was burned in 1852. Another of a similar plan and of the same name now occupies its site.

Mr. Chandler writes: "It was a remarkable occasion. The audience was large; expectation was high: there was an apprehension of something remarkable, which was fully justified by the event. Sumner's appearance, style, and manner were very fine indeed. I remember him as if it were but yesterday." After the prayer, the reading of the Declaration of Independence, and music from the choir, the mayor introduced the orator. Sumner's presence, as he came forward, drew undivided attention. The prominent citizens in the audience had met him in society or in the routine of his profession, and others had noted him on the street; but probably the greater number of his hearers now saw him for the first time. He was then the impersonation of manly beauty and power: of commanding stature, his figure no longer slender as in student days, but well developed; his features finely cut, his dark hair hanging in masses over his left brow, his face lighting with the smile which always won him friends at first sight. He wore a dress-coat with gilt buttons, — a fancy of lawyers at that period, — and white waistcoat and trousers. His gestures were unstudied and followed no rules; the most frequent one was the swinging of the arm above the head. His voice was clear and strong, resounding through the hall, but at times falling in cadences mellow and pathetic. Seldom has there been seen on the platform a more attractive presence than his, as now, at the age of thirty-four, he stood for the first time before the people assembled to hear him. His oration was fully in his memory, and he spoke for two hours without referring to notes except for statistics.

First invoking in grave periods the memory of the Fathers, and stating his purpose "to inquire what, in our age, are the true objects of national ambition, — what is truly national glory, national honor, — what is the true grandeur of nations," he at once denounced the recent annexation of Texas as the occasion of a probable war with Mexico, and the assertion, in a warlike tone, of our title to disputed territory in Oregon claimed both by the United States and England. This reference to pending questions provoked an open but faint disapproval from a few friends of President Polk's administration. Without further preface he propounded his main thesis: "In our age, there can be no peace that is not honorable; there can be no war that is not dishonorable." [1]

Although confined to "our age," this proposition was sufficiently novel to arrest attention. Sermons on peace had been often heard from pulpits; peace societies were conspicuous in the calendar of "Anniversary Week;" treatises on moral philosophy stated strongly the ethical and religious argument against war of any kind; [2] particular wars were freely denounced as inexpedient or unjust: but no orator on a municipal occasion, before officers and soldiers participating in it, had ever assailed war itself on fundamental grounds. The oration had not proceeded far before all recognized its extraordinary character. It was a radical departure from usage, free from commonplaces, from the reiteration of truths confessed by all, and stereotyped praises of the past. The boldness, the audacity of the orator in assailing popular traditions and opinions, with no prestige of personal influence or acquired fame, struck every listener. The spirit of military organization has never in time of peace been stronger than it was then, as well from a sincere and strong conviction of its utility with some, as from delight in the pageant with others. To the interest of novelty and the respect which courage always commands, was added the charm of classic eloquence and profound earnestness; and, however unwelcome were his views with a portion of the audience, Sumner was heard with courteous attention to the end. He carried many along with him, winning their entire assent and sometimes open applause; while others, who were far from being peace men, responded heartily to his noble sentiments and his lofty ideal of national grandeur.

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[1] This is put interrogatively in his Works, Vol. I. p. 9: "Can there be in our age?" &c.

[2] Dr. Francis Wayland's "Moral Science," of whose teachings on war Sumner was not aware when he was writing his oration, went quite as far as the oration in denying the rightfulness of all war, without provoking excitement; and it was the text-book of moral philosophy then generally used in colleges and schools.

Defining war to be "a public armed contest between nations in order to establish justice between them, as for instance to determine a disputed boundary line or the title to a territory,"[1] he illustrated its character first by the surnames taken from beasts and applied to its heroes in ancient poetry, and then by sketches of sieges and battles, chiefly in French history; showed how rarely it effected any practical benefit, leaving the question at issue, as in our war with England in 1812, unsettled; referred to the uncertainty of its results, often determined by mere chance; set forth the analogy between war and the trial by battle or judicial combat, which, resorted to in early modern history for determining private disputes, passed away as civilization succeeded barbarism; denied to States rights under the moral law which do not belong to individuals; rebuked the sanctions which the practice of nations, the Christian Church, the code of honor, and mistaken patriotism had given to war; and then dwelt at length on the enormous waste of military preparations, particularly fortifications and standing armies, which he compared with the cost of institutions of justice and education; maintained that such preparations provoke rather than prevent hostilities, whereas a pacific policy, like kindness in the intercourse of men, calls out the generous sentiments of other nations, — according honor to St. Louis of France, William Penn, and other benefactors of mankind who had tested with success this law of human nature; and concluded with an inspiring description of the moral triumphs in which consists the true greatness of nations.

The oration abounded in illustrations drawn from history and literature. It was everywhere rich in the fruits of culture and in a noble enthusiasm. Often it glowed with pathos, as in one of its later passages where he spoke of "the flowers of gentleness, of kindliness, of fidelity, of humanity," which receive unwonted admiration when discerned in war, and paid a tribute to Sir Philip Sidney for his self-forgetful sacrifice on the battlefield.[2]

The passage which was most striking at the time, according to the testimony of hearers still living, was the one where, treating of the immense waste of war defences, he compared the cost of the "Ohio"—a ship-of-the-line lying in the harbor, and, on account of its decorations, a marked spectacle of the day — with that of Harvard College. There was a reference to the military escort which excited comment. "Respectable citizens volunteer to look like soldiers, and to affect in dress, in arms, and deportment what is called 'the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.' The ear-piercing fife has to-day filled our streets, and we have come together on this anniversary by the thump of drum and the sound of martial music."[1]

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[1] Some of Sumner's friends, particularly Horace Mann and P. W. Chandler, took issue with this definition.

[2] Works, Vol. I. p. 125.

One passage, mentioned in General Oliver's reminiscences, and supposed to refer to the uniform of the Boston Light Infantry, naturally attracted the attention of their officers, some of whom were present.[2] Another was pointed at Rev. Dr. A. H. Vinton, who, in a recent sermon before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, had defended war with Christian texts.[3] The comparison of a nation making preparations for war to "the wild boar in the fable, who whetted his tusks on the tree of the forest when no enemy was near," is still remembered for its effect.[4]

Henry K. Oliver, then Adjutant-General of the State, who was present in uniform as a guest, writes: —

> "We sat well up the hall of the Tremont Temple, where the oration was given, on the right of the speaker, seeing and hearing him clearly, and clearly seen by him. I do not think we lost a word of the address, — the clearness of utterance by 'his big, manly voice,' his decision of expression, his earnest, impressive, and eloquent declamation, and the evident sincerity of his opinions, all aiding to win and retain our attention. He spoke, I think, without notes, his wonderful memory never failing him, and his manner and elocution being intensely earnest and impressive. With a single exception, I cannot recall that we were interested by any one part more than by any other of this splendid oration, with its richness of classical allusions, its fertility

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[1] Works, Vol. I. p. 11. "All eyes, at this remark, were turned in the direction of the Washington Light Guard, who occupied seats at the left of the orator." — *Boston Post.*

[2] Works, Vol. I. p. 91.

[3] Works, Vol. I. p. 55, 56, where the allusion is justified in a note. To the original editions of the oration Sumner added a long note of his own upon this sermon, and also a critical examination of its use of Scriptural texts, by another hand. The appendix of the city edition contained a letter of his, dated July 6, to Mr. Winthrop (the name of the party to whom it was addressed being left blank), which related to the Revolutionary War, and to Dr. Vinton's sermon. Other editions printed a part of the letter, omitting so much as referred to the sermon.

[4] Works, Vol. I. p. 115. The same comparison appears in his earlier correspondence. *Ante*, Vol. II. p. 278.

of illustration, its affluent exhibit of historic study and reminiscence, and the winning witchery of its rendering.

"The exception alluded to are the passages well into the second half of the address, where the questions are uttered, 'What is the use of the Standing Army?' — 'What is the use of the Navy?' — 'What is the use of the fortifications?' — 'What is the use of the Militia of the United States?' Then came after the latter inquiry the phrases, 'farcical[1] discipline,' — 'shouldering arms, and carrying arms,' — 'men closely dressed in padded and well-buttoned coats of blue besmeared with gold, surmounted by a huge mountain-cap of shaggy bearskin, with a barbarous device typical of brute force, a tiger painted on oilskin, tied with leather to their backs, — Christians recognizing the example of beasts as worthy of imitation by man.' The speaker, I suppose, here alluded to the knapsacks of the old Boston Light Infantry, some of whose past and present officers were present. The device on the knapsacks of this corps was a teeth-showing tiger's-head, and the hurrahs of the men were always wound up by a growl, — whence spread the fashion, now so common, of the so-called *tiger-growl* after similar hurrahing.

"After Mr. Sumner had uttered these sentences, and during a short pause which he made, an officer of high rank in our State Militia came along the alley up to my seat, not far from the platform, and said that he and many other officers, feeling officially assailed by the speaker as well as personally insulted, had decided to leave the hall in a body, and desired me to lead in the exit. Reflecting a moment, I replied that I thought it would not be well to do so, and would be neither wise nor courageous, — not in good taste nor grateful as guests of the city; adding, in a playful way, that if we could not stand the speaker's oral pellets, it might be argued that we might show small pluck should we happen to be in more perilous times exposed to weightier assaults by leaden bullets. My suggestions prevailing, we heroically faced all the rest of the attack."

The following are extracts[2] from the oration taken from the contemporaneous edition, by a comparison of which with the latest edition included in his Works his changes of style may be traced[3]: —

"It is in obedience to an uninterrupted usage in our community that, on this Sabbath of the Nation, we have all put aside the common cares of life, and seized a respite from the never-ending toils of labor, to meet in gladness and congratulation, mindful of the blessings transmitted from the past, mindful also, I trust, of the duties to the present and the future. May he who now addresses you be enabled so to direct your minds, that you shall not seem to have lost a day!

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[1] The word "farcical" is changed to "painful" in the Works, Vol. I. p. 91.

[2] The notes to the extracts are Mr. Sumner's.

[3] In the edition of "Orations and Speeches" published in November, 1850, the variations from the original editions of the oration are chiefly verbal; but in the edition of the Works published in 1870 there are, beside frequent changes in style, other changes softening expressions which gave offence at the time, and showing some modification of opinions.

"All hearts first turn to the Fathers of the Republic. Their venerable forms rise before us, and we seem to behold them in the procession of successive generations. They come from the frozen rock of Plymouth, from the wasted bands of Raleigh, from the heavenly companionship of William Penn, from the anxious councils of the Revolution, and from all those fields of sacrifice, on which, in obedience to the Spirit of their Age, they sealed their devotion to duty with their blood. They seem to speak to us, their children: 'Cease to vaunt yourselves of what you do, and of what has been done for you. Learn to walk humbly, and to think meekly of yourselves. Cultivate habits of self-sacrifice and of devotion to duty. May our words be always in your minds; never aim at aught which is not RIGHT, persuaded that, without this, every possession and all knowledge will become an evil and a shame. Strive to increase the inheritance which we have bequeathed; know, that, if we excel you in virtue, such a victory will be to us a mortification, while defeat will bring happiness. It is in this way that you may conquer us. Nothing is more shameful for a man, than to found his title to esteem, not on his own merits, but on the fame of his ancestors. The glory of the Fathers is doubtless to their children a most precious treasure; but to enjoy it without transmitting it to the next generation, and without adding to it yourselves, this is the height of imbecility. Following these counsels, when your days shall be finished on earth, you will come to join us, and we shall receive you as friends receive friends; but, if you neglect our words, expect no happy greeting then from us.'[1]

"Honor to the memory of our Fathers! May the turf lie gently on their sacred graves! But let us not in words only, but in deeds also, testify our reverence for their name. Let us imitate what in them was lofty, pure, and good; let us from them learn to bear hardship and privation. Let us, who now reap in strength what they sowed in weakness, study to enhance the inheritance we have received. To do this we must not fold our hands in slumber, nor abide content with the past. To each generation is committed its peculiar task; nor does the heart, which responds to the call of duty, find rest except in the world to come.

"Be ours, then, the task which, in the order of Providence, has been cast upon us! And what is this task? How shall we best perform the part assigned to us? What can we do to make our coming welcome to our Fathers in the skies, and to draw to our memory hereafter the homage of a grateful posterity? How can we add to the inheritance we have received? The answer to these questions cannot fail to interest all minds, particularly on this Anniversary of the birthday of our country. Nay, more; it becomes us on this occasion, as patriots and citizens, to turn our thoughts inward, as the good man dedicates his birthday to the consideration of his character, and the mode in which its vices may be corrected and its virtues strengthened. Avoiding, then, all exultation in the prosperity that has enriched our land, and in the extending influence of the blessings of freedom, let us consider what we can do to elevate our character, to add to the happiness of all, and to attain to that righteousness which exalteth a nation. In this spirit, I propose to inquire *What, in our age, are the true objects of national ambition; what is truly national glory, national honor;* WHAT IS THE TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS? I hope to rescue these terms, so powerful over the minds of men, from the mistaken objects to which they are applied, — from deeds of war and the extension of empire, — that henceforward they may be attached only to acts of Justice and Humanity. . . .

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[1] "The chief of this is borrowed almost literally from the words attributed by Plato to the Fathers of Athens, in the beautiful Funeral Discourse of the Menexenus."

"Far be from our country and our age the sin and shame of contests hateful in the sight of God and all good men, having their origin in no righteous though mistaken sentiment, in no true love of country, in no generous thirst for fame, — that last infirmity of noble minds, — but springing in both cases from an ignorant and ignoble passion for new territories; strengthened, in one case, by an unnatural desire in this land of boasted freedom to fasten by new links the chains which promise soon to fall from the limbs of the unhappy slave! In such contests, God has no attribute which can join with us. Who believes that the *national honor* will be promoted by a war with Mexico or England? What just man would sacrifice a single human life, to bring under our rule both Texas and Oregon? It was an ancient Roman — touched, perhaps, by a transient gleam of Christian truth — who said, when he turned aside from a career of Asiatic conquest, that he would rather save the life of a single citizen than become master of all the dominions of Mithridates. A war with Mexico would be mean and cowardly; but with England it would be at least bold, though parricidal. . . .

"In our age there can be no peace that is not honorable; there can be no war that is not dishonorable. The true honor of a nation is to be found only in deeds of justice and in the happiness of its people, all of which are inconsistent with war. In the clear eye of Christian judgment vain are its victories, infamous are its spoils. He is the true benefactor and alone worthy of honor who brings comfort where before was wretchedness; who dries the tear of sorrow; who pours oil into the wounds of the unfortunate; who feeds the hungry and clothes the naked; who unlooses the fetters of the slave; who does justice; who enlightens the ignorant; who enlivens and exalts, by his virtuous genius, in art, in literature, in science, the hours of life; who, by words or actions, inspires a love for God and for man. This is the Christian hero; this is the man of honor in a Christian land. He is no benefactor, nor deserving of honor, whatever may be his worldly renown, whose life is passed in acts of force; who renounces the great law of Christian brotherhood; whose vocation is blood; who triumphs in battle over his fellow-men. Well may old Sir Thomas Browne exclaim, 'The world does not know its greatest men;' for thus far it has chiefly discerned the violent brood of battle, the armed men springing up from the dragon's teeth sown by Hate, and cared little for the truly good men, children of Love, guiltless of their country's blood, whose steps on earth have been as noiseless as an angel's wing.

"It is not to be disguised that these views differ from the generally received opinions of the world down to this day. The voice of man has been given mostly to the praise of military chieftains, and the honors of victory have been chanted even by the lips of woman. The mother, while rocking her infant on her knees, has stamped on his tender mind — at that age more impressible than wax — the images of war; she has nursed his slumbers with its melodies; she has pleased his waking hours with its stories, and selected for his playthings the plume and the sword. The child is father to the man; and who can weigh the influence of these early impressions on the opinions of later years? The mind which trains the child is like the hand which commands the end of a long lever: a gentle effort at that time suffices to heave the enormous weight of succeeding years. As the boy advances to youth he is fed, like Achilles, not only on honey and milk, but on bear's flesh and lion's marrow. He draws the nutriment of his soul from a literature whose beautiful fields have been moistened by human blood. Fain would I offer my tribute to the Father of Poetry, standing, with harp of immortal melody, on the misty mountain-top of distant antiquity; to all those stories of courage and sacrifice which emblazon the annals of Greece and Rome; to the fulminations of Demosthenes and the splendors of Tully; to the sweet verse of Virgil and the poetic prose of Livy. Fain would I offer my tribute to the new literature which shot up in modern times as a vigorous forest from the burned site of ancient woods; to the passionate song of the Troubadour of France, and the Minnesinger of Germany; to the thrilling ballads of Spain, and the delicate music of the Italian lyre. But from all these has breathed the breath of war, that has swept the heart-strings of innumerable generations of men! . . .

"But are we aware that this monstrous and impious usage [the trial by battle], which our enlightened reason so justly condemns in the cases of individuals, is openly avowed by our own country, and by the other countries of the earth, as a proper mode of determining justice between them? Be upon our heads and upon our age the judgment of barbarism, which we pronounce upon those that have gone before! At this moment, in this period of light, when the noon-day sun of civilization seems, to the contented souls of many, to be standing still in the heavens, as upon Gibeon, the relations between nations are governed by the same rules of barbarous, brutal force which once prevailed between individuals. The dark ages have not passed away; Erebus and black Night, born of Chaos, still brood over the earth; nor shall we hail the clear day, until the mighty hearts of the nations shall be touched as those of children, and the whole earth, individuals and nations alike, shall acknowledge *one and the same rule of Right*. . . .

"Within a short distance of this city stands an institution of learning, which was one of the earliest cares of the early forefathers of the country, the conscientious Puritans. Favored child of an age of trial and struggle, carefully nursed through a period of hardship and anxiety, endowed at that time by the oblations of men like Harvard, sustained from its first foundation by the paternal arm of the Commonwealth, by a constant succession of munificent bequests, and by the prayers of all good men, the University at Cambridge now invites our homage as the most ancient, the most interesting, and the most important seat of learning in the land, — possessing the oldest and most valuable library; one of the largest museums of mineralogy and natural history; a school of Law, which annually receives into its bosom more than one hundred and fifty sons from all parts of the Union, where they listen to instruction from professors whose names have become among the most valuable possessions of the land; a school of Divinity, the nurse of true learning and piety; one of the largest and most flourishing schools of Medicine in the country. Besides these, a general body of teachers, twenty-seven in number, many of whose names help to keep the name of the country respectable in every part of the globe where science, learning, and taste are cherished, — the whole presided over at this moment by a gentleman early distinguished in public life by his unconquerable energies and his masculine eloquence, at a later period by the unsurpassed ability with which he administered the affairs of our city; now, in a green old age, full of years and honors, preparing to lay down his present high trust.[1] Such is Harvard University; and as one of the humblest of her children, happy in the recollection of a youth nurtured in her classic retreats, I cannot allude to her without an expression of filial affection and respect.

"It appears from the last Report of the Treasurer that the whole available property of the University, the various accumulations of more than two centuries of generosity, amounts to $703,175.

"There now swings idly at her moorings in this harbor a ship-of-the-line, the 'Ohio,' carrying ninety guns, finished as late as 1836 for $547,888; repaired only two years afterwards, in 1838, for $223,012; with an armament which has cost $53,945; making an amount of $834,845 as the actual cost at this moment of that single ship, — more than $100,000 beyond all the available accumulations of the richest and most ancient seat of learning in the land! Choose ye, my fellow-citizens of a Christian State, between the two caskets, — that wherein is the loveliness of knowledge and truth, or that which contains the carrion death!

"Let us pursue the comparison still further. The account of the expenditures of the University during the last year, for the general purposes of the College, the instruction of the undergraduates, and for the schools of Law and Divinity, amounts to $46,949. The cost of the 'Ohio' for one year in service, in salaries, wages, and provisions is $220,000; being $175,000 more than the annual expenditures of the University, — more than *four times* as much! In other words, for the annual sum which is lavished on one ship-of-the-line, *four* institutions like Harvard University might be sustained throughout the country! . . .

"But let us not confine ourselves to barren words in recognition of virtue. While we see the right and approve it too, let us dare to pursue it. Let us now, in this age of civilization, surrounded by Christian nations, be willing to follow the successful example of William Penn, surrounded by savages. Let us, while we recognize those transcendent ordinances of God, the *Law of Right* and the *Law of Love*, — the double suns which illumine the moral universe, — aspire to the true glory, and what is higher than glory, the great good, of taking the lead in the disarming of the nations. Let us abandon the system of preparation for war in time of peace as irrational, unchristian, vainly prodigal of expense, and having a direct tendency to excite the very evil against which it professes to guard. Let the enormous means thus released from iron hands be devoted to labors of beneficence. Our battlements shall be schools, hospitals, colleges, and churches; our arsenals shall be libraries; our navy shall be peaceful ships, on errands of perpetual commerce; our army shall be the teachers of youth and the ministers of religion. This is, indeed, the cheap defence of nations. In such intrenchments what Christian soul can be touched with fear? Angels of the Lord shall throw over the land an invisible but impenetrable panoply, —

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[1] "Hon. Josiah Quincy."

> "'Or if virtue feeble were
> Heaven itself would stoop to her.'[1]

"At the thought of such a change in policy, the imagination loses itself in the vain effort to follow the various streams of happiness which gush forth as from a thousand hills. Then shall the naked be clothed and the hungry fed. Institutions of science and learning shall crown every hill-top; hospitals for the sick, and other retreats for the unfortunate children of the world, for all who suffer in any way in mind, body, or estate, shall nestle in every valley; while the spires of new churches shall leap exulting to the skies. The whole land shall bear witness to the change; art shall confess it in the new inspiration of the canvas and the marble; the harp of the poet shall proclaim it in a loftier rhyme. Above all, the heart of man shall bear witness to it, in the elevation of his sentiments, in the expansion of his affections, in his devotion to the highest truth, in his appreciation of true greatness. The eagle of our country, without the terror of his beak, and dropping the forceful thunderbolt from his pounces, shall soar with the olive of Peace into untried realms of ether, nearer to the sun. . . .

"And now, if it be asked why, on this National Anniversary, in the consideration of the TRUE GRANDEUR OF NATIONS, I have thus dwelt singly and exclusively on war, it is because war is utterly and irreconcilably inconsistent with true greatness. Thus far mankind has worshipped in military glory an idol, compared with which the colossal images of ancient Babylon or modern Hindostan are but toys; and we, in this blessed day of light, in this blessed land of freedom, are among the idolaters. The heaven-descended injunction, '*Know thyself*,' still speaks to an ignorant world from the distant letters of gold at Delphi. *Know thyself;* know that the moral nature is the most noble part of man, — transcending far that part which is the seat of passion, strife, and war, — nobler than the intellect itself. Suppose war to be decided by *force*, — where is the glory? Suppose it to be decided by *chance*, — where is the glory? No: true greatness consists in imitating as near as is possible for finite man the perfections of an Infinite Creator; above all, in cultivating those highest perfections, Justice and Love, — Justice which like that of St. Louis shall not swerve to the right hand or to the left; Love, which like that of William Penn shall regard all mankind of kin. 'God is angry,' says Plato, 'when any one censures a man like himself, or praises a man of an opposite character. And the godlike man is the good man.' And again, in another of those lovely dialogues, vocal with immortal truth: 'Nothing resembles God more than that man among us who has arrived at the highest degree of justice.' The true greatness of nations is in those qualities which constitute the greatness of the individual. It is not to be found in extent of territory, nor in vastness of population, nor in wealth; not in fortifications, or armies, or navies; not in the phosphorescent glare of fields of battle; not in Golgothas, though covered by monuments that kiss the clouds: for all these are the creatures and representatives of those qualities in our nature which are unlike any thing in God's nature. . . .

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[1] "These are the concluding words of that most exquisite creation of early genius, the 'Comus.' I have seen them in Milton's own handwriting, inscribed by himself during his travels in Italy, as a motto in an Album, thus showing that they were regarded by him as expressing an important moral truth." [Mr. Sumner became afterwards the owner of this Album. *Ante*, Vol. II. p. 124, note; Works, Vol. I. p. 120, note. — E. L. P.]

"The true greatness of a nation cannot be in triumphs of the intellect alone. Literature and art may widen the sphere of its influence; they may adorn it; but they are in their nature but accessories. *The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened, and decorated by the intellect of man.* The truest tokens of this grandeur in a State are the diffusion of the greatest happiness among the greatest number, and that passionless godlike Justice which controls the relations of the State to other States, and to all the people who are committed to its charge.

"But war crushes with bloody heel all justice, all happiness, all that is godlike in man. 'It is,' says the eloquent Robert Hall, 'the temporary repeal of all the principles of virtue.' True, it cannot be disguised that there are passages in its dreary annals cheered by deeds of generosity and sacrifice. But the virtues which shed their charm over its horrors are all borrowed of Peace; they are emanations of the spirit of love, which is so strong in the heart of man that it survives the rudest assaults. The flowers of gentleness, of kindliness, of fidelity, of humanity, which flourish in unregarded luxuriance in the rich meadows of Peace, receive unwonted admiration when we discern them in war, — like violets shedding their perfume on the perilous edges of the precipice, beyond the smiling borders of civilization. God be praised for all the examples of magnanimous virtue which he has vouchsafed to mankind! God be praised that the Roman Emperor, about to start on a distant expedition of war, encompassed by squadrons of cavalry and by golden eagles which moved in the winds, stooped from his saddle to listen to the prayer of the humble widow, demanding justice for the death of her son! God be praised that Sidney, on the field of battle, gave with dying hand the cup of cold water to the dying soldier! That single act of self-forgetful sacrifice has consecrated the fenny field of Zutphen far, oh! far beyond its battle; it has consecrated thy name, gallant Sidney, beyond any feat of thy sword, beyond any triumph of thy pen! But there are hands outstretched elsewhere than on fields of blood for so little as a cup of cold water. The world is full of opportunities for deeds of kindness. Let me not be told, then, of the virtues of war. Let not the acts of generosity and sacrifice which have triumphed on its fields be invoked in its defence. In the words of Oriental imagery, the poisonous tree, though watered by nectar, can produce only the fruit of death!

"As we cast our eyes over the history of nations we discern with horror the succession of murderous slaughters by which their progress has been marked. As the hunter traces the wild beast, when pursued to his lair by the drops of blood on the earth, so we follow man, faint, weary, staggering with wounds, through the Black Forest of the past, which he has reddened with his gore. Oh, let it not be in the future ages as in those which we now contemplate! Let the grandeur of man be discerned in the blessings which he has secured, in the good he has accomplished, in the triumphs of benevolence and justice, in the establishment of perpetual peace! . . .

"And peace has its own peculiar victories, in comparison with which Marathon and Bannockburn and Bunker Hill — fields held sacred in the history of human freedom — shall lose their lustre. Our own Washington rises to a truly heavenly stature, not when we follow him over the ice of the Delaware to the capture of Trenton, not when we behold him victorious over Cornwallis at Yorktown, but when we regard him, in noble deference to justice, refusing the kingly crown which a faithless soldiery proffered, and at a later day upholding the peaceful neutrality of the country, while he received unmoved the clamor of the people wickedly crying for war. What glory of battle in England's annals will not fade by the side of that great act of Justice, by which her Legislature, at a cost of one hundred million dollars, gave freedom to eight hundred thousand slaves! And when the day shall come (may these eyes be gladdened by its beams!) that shall witness an act of greater justice still,— the peaceful emancipation of three millions of our fellow-men, 'guilty of a skin not colored as our own,' now held in gloomy bondage under the Constitution of our country, — then shall there be a victory, in comparison with which that of Bunker Hill shall be as a farthing-candle held up to the sun. That victory shall need no monument of stone. It shall be written on the grateful hearts of uncounted multitudes, that shall proclaim it to the latest generation. It shall be one of the great land-marks of civilization; nay more, it shall be one of the links in the golden chain by which humanity shall connect itself with the throne of God. . . .

"Far be from us, fellow-citizens, on this Anniversary, the illusions of national freedom in which we are too prone to indulge. We have but half done, when we have made ourselves free. Let not the scornful taunt be directed at us, 'They wish to be *free*, but know not how to be *just*.' Freedom is not an end in itself, but a means only; a means of securing justice and happiness, — the real end and aim of States, as of every human heart. It becomes us to inquire earnestly if there is not much to be done by which these can be promoted. If I have succeeded in impressing on your minds the truths which I have upheld to-day, you will be ready to join in efforts for the abolition of war, and of all preparation for war, as indispensable to the true grandeur of our country.

"To this great work let me summon you. That future which filled the lofty visions of the sages and bards of Greece and Rome, which was foretold by the prophets and heralded by the evangelists, — when man in Happy Isles, or in a new Paradise, shall confess the loveliness of peace, — may be secured by your care, if not for yourselves, at least for your children. Believe that you can do it, and you can do it. The true golden age is before you, not behind you. . . .

"Let it not be said that the age does not demand this work. The mighty conquerors of the Past from their fiery sepulchres demand it; the blood of millions unjustly shed in war crying from the ground demands it; the voices of all good men demand it; the conscience even of the soldier whispers 'Peace.' There are considerations springing from our situation and condition which fervently invite us to take the lead in this great work. To this should bend the patriotic ardor of the land, the ambition of the statesman, the efforts of the scholar, the pervasive influence of the press, the mild persuasion of the sanctuary, the early teachings of the school. Here, in ampler ether and diviner air, are untried fields for exalted triumphs more truly worthy the American name than any snatched from rivers of blood. War is known as the last reason of kings. Let it be no reason of our republic. Let us renounce and throw off for ever the yoke of a tyranny more oppressive than any in the annals of the world. As those standing on the mountain-tops first discern the coming beams of morning, let us, from the vantage ground of liberal institutions, first recognize the ascending sun of a new era! Lift high the gates, and let the King of Glory in: the King of true Glory — of Peace. I catch the last words of music from the lips of innocence and beauty,[1] —

"'And let the whole earth be filled with his glory!'

"It is a beautiful picture in Grecian story, that there was at least one spot — the small island of Delos — dedicated to the gods, and kept at all times sacred from war, where the citizens of hostile countries met and united in a common worship. So let us dedicate our broad country! The Temple of Honor shall be surrounded by the Temple of Concord, so that the former can be entered only through the portals of the latter; the horn of Abundance shall overflow at its gates; the angel of Religion shall be the guide over its steps of flashing adamant; while within Justice, returned to the earth from her long exile in the skies, shall rear her serene and majestic front. And the future chiefs of the Republic, destined to uphold the glories of a new era, unspotted by human blood, shall be 'the first in PEACE, and the first in the hearts of their countrymen.'

"But while we seek these blissful glories for ourselves, let us strive to extend them to other lands. Let the bugles sound the Truce of God to the whole world for ever. Let the selfish boast of the Spartan women become the grand chorus of mankind, that they have never seen the smoke of an enemy's camp. Let the iron belt of martial music which now encompasses the earth be exchanged for the golden cestus of Peace, clothing all with celestial beauty. History dwells with fondness on the reverent homage that was bestowed by massacring soldiers on the spot occupied by the Sepulchre of the Lord. Vain man! to restrain his regard to a few feet of sacred mould! The whole earth is the Sepulchre of the Lord; nor can any righteous man profane any part thereof. Let us recognize this truth; and now, on this Sabbath of our country, lay a new stone in the grand Temple of Universal Peace, whose dome shall be as lofty as the firmament of Heaven, as broad and comprehensive as the earth itself."

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[1] "The services of the choir at the Church where the oration was delivered were performed by the youthful daughters of the public schools of Boston."

Immediately after the oration, the customary dinner was served at Faneuil Hall to the members of the city government and invited guests. It is remembered that the officers of the navy, who had taken offence at what had been said of the inutility of their branch of the service, hesitated to attend; but being assured that their hosts, who were not advised of the tenor of the oration, could not properly be held responsible for it, they took their place in the procession. A banquet was spread at the hall, the floor of which was covered with tables, and the seats were filled. The Mayor, then suffering from a disease which proved fatal a few months later, retired before the dinner was fully served. Speeches followed, giving the freest opportunity for the criticism of the oration, for which many were waiting. Peleg W. Chandler, the President of the Common Council, occupying the chair at the Mayor's request, and wishing to protect Sumner as far as possible, recognized the strong feeling of displeasure hitherto suppressed, and gave it full vent as the best way to avoid an unseemly explosion, — meeting it at the same time with the humor of which he was always master. Dr. John G. Palfrey, who answered to a toast in honor of the Commonwealth, of which he was then the Secretary, was the first to speak. He said that "the good old ship Massachusetts" had brought down from the past a rich freight of military glory, and he could not on the Fourth of July forget that she sent one soldier for every three to the army of the Revolution; and that he was not prepared to sustain fully the doctrines of the oration, believing war to be sometimes necessary, — though admitting Peace to have her greater victories.[1] Mr. Winthrop, then member of Congress, sitting by Sumner's side, followed. While making no issue with the oration, the general direction of his remarks showed clearly that he was no convert to its peculiar doctrines. At the close he referred to the annexation of Texas, as probably to be on that day finally consummated by her act; and gave a toast which became famous in politics, being interpreted, in view of an existing controversy in the Whig party, as announcing his acquiescence in the measure as a foregone conclusion, and his purpose to discountenance any further contention concerning it: "Our country, bounded by the St. John's and the Sabine, or however otherwise bounded or described; and be the measurements more or less, still *our* country, to be cherished in all our hearts, to be defended by all our hands." [1]

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[1] After the dinner, one of Sumner's friends took Dr. Palfrey to task for leading off the assault on the oration; but he insisted that he took, in his measured and partial dissent, the safest course for Sumner's friends to pursue, with the view to prevent an unpleasant scene. Dr. Palfrey had an incisive style and manner, and probably his dissent seemed at the time more marked than it now appears in the brief record of the daily journals.

The next speech differed very much in style from the two preceding. Major John C. Park, a member of the bar, then a State Senator, who had been long associated with the militia, followed. He had taken affront at the oration, regarding it as an indignity to the military guests. He spoke in a clear, ringing voice, and with the vigorous manner which carries an audience tempered like the one before him. According to contemporary records he was coarse and personal in his references to Sumner, condemning with severity his perversion of a festive occasion; and ending with the remark that Boston was a city of notions, but the strangest notion of all was the orator's. More than any speaker, Mr. Park expressed the sentiment of the hour; and he received loud applause, particularly from the military guests. Then came a succession of speakers, — officers of the navy and of the militia, a judge of the Police Court, and others, — all of whom treated the oration with censure, ridicule, or some kind of criticism. One gave as a toast: "The millennium! When the nations shall learn war no more, and when our swords shall be turned into ploughshares and pruning-hooks, the principles of the orator of the day will be susceptible of practical application."

General Oliver, who had listened to the orator with more equanimity than the rest of his brethren in uniform, while no less emphatic than they in his dissent from some of the positions taken in the oration concerning the profession of arms, expressed the hope that the day might not be distant when its theory would be applicable to the condition of the world; and closed with a tribute to the Revolution, as creating "a nation wherein freedom has taken a whole century's stride, permitting to each man the right to act and speak whatever he lawfully may, he himself being the best and only judge of the fitness of time, place, and presence."

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[1] Wilson's "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America," Vol. I. 638. Sumner's Works, Vol. I. p. 327.

During the speeches Sumner sat placidly, betraying no sensitiveness or even surprise at what was said. If he was at all disturbed, it was by the speech of Dr. Palfrey, from whom, on account of kindred studies and friendly associations, he may have expected support; but both as to him and all others, including Major Park, the occasion left with him no personal grief.

At length, when full vent had been given, Mr. Chandler smoothed the troubled waters with some broad humor, which soon spread a laugh through the hall; saying that the chief trouble with his friend was that he was a bachelor, knowing nothing of domestic broils, and therefore nothing of war, and ended with the toast: "The Orator of the day! However much we may differ from his sentiments, let us admire the simplicity, manliness, and ability with which he has expressed them." Sumner replied, saying pleasantly that he would not follow with a single word the apple of discord which he seemed to have thrown into the day, but would only call attention to that part of the performances at the Temple with regard to which there could be no difference of opinion; closing with the toast: "The youthful choristers of the day! May their future lives be filled with happiness, as they have to-day filled our hearts with the delight of their music." The tranquil spirit with which he bore himself, showing no resentment, nor striving for the last word, left a favorable impression even on his harshest critics.

General Oliver, after describing the toasts and speeches made at Faneuil Hall, writes: —

> "Mr. Sumner stood all these fusilades with the most quiet good nature, and even with good-humored smiles. No man could have behaved with more exact and refined courtesy.
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> "I had, from our first acquaintance, been on terms of friendship with him, — thinking all the better of myself that he gave me that privilege. He said soon after in a conversation with me, that of wars of defence he entertained the general opinion, and protection by force would be a necessity in case of an attack by force, other means failing. But he added that he objected to the keeping up of armed bodies of men in times of peace;

believing it to be more a provocation than a means of allaying the war-like sentiment and propensity to violent measures, which in all ages had characterized the policy of nations, — their true grandeur and surer prosperity lying in a different direction. He earnestly disowned personal allusion, knowing and esteeming many gentlemen in the military and naval service; his allusions in the address were to principles, and not to men."

The orator's right, as a matter of good taste and propriety, to select a topic and conduct an argument offensive to any class of citizens, particularly to invited guests, was strongly questioned at the time, both at Faneuil Hall and in the published criticisms of the oration. Samuel A. Eliot, a leading citizen and former mayor, contended, in a correspondence with Sumner, that he had, by his choice of topic and method of treating it, perverted the occasion from its proper uses. There are, indeed, passages in the oration — for instance, the allusion to the military escort — which were not necessary to the argument, and were calculated to touch the sensibilities of persons in uniform, who believed that they were doing their duty. These, although spoken with no intention to wound feelings, cannot well be justified; but to limit an orator's right to the statement of views agreeable to all would take from his office all value and significance.

The newspapers did not print the oration; and only one — the "Boston Post" — gave any sketch of its argument. While nearly all dissented from it seriously or in satire, they recognized its eloquence and power, as well as the orator's courage. The "Post" said: "It fell like an avalanche upon the military portion of the invited guests, who represented the army, navy, and militia, and occupied the first line of seats at the orator's feet." The "Transcript" said: "The oration produced quite an excitement, — particularly so among the military and the friends of that right arm of our defence, on account of its freedom and boldness. It is admitted to have been a production of a high order of talent, eloquently written, and abounding with original thought and powerful expression. He attacked Slavery, the military, and other institutions like a gladiator. . . . Many of the officers of the army, navy, and militia of the State — guests of the city — were present, and sat bravely under the infliction." The "Mail," while bearing witness to its eloquence, original thought, and power of expression, called it "an extraordinary discourse," with "absurd ultraisms" and "the true Garrison style;" and said: "He struck out into a new path, and left all the threadbare themes of his predecessors undisturbed in their glorious repose." The "Advertiser" described it as "an able and ingenious discourse," such "as was anticipated from the eminent acquirements of the orator;" but "not received with universal approbation, and meeting at the dinner with some severity of criticism." The "Journal" said: "It was a bold, independent, and original production, evincing talent and thought; but some of the positions and principles which he advocated were contrary to the views of many of the audience, and created quite a sensation which will not very soon subside." A correspondent of the "Salem Register" said: "It was listened to with undiminished interest from beginning to end, and pronounced by all to be a masterly production." The "Christian Register," a Unitarian weekly, spoke of it as being, by common report, "a bold, eloquent, and masterly performance, — going unreservedly against all war whatever." The "Liberator," — Mr. Garrison's paper, — alone among the journals, gave at once a complete approval, saying: "It was distinguished for its chastened eloquence and the spirit of peace and good-will to mankind. It has excited an immense sensation in the military, political, and religious circles, and drawn down upon the orator the denunciations of those whose praise, and not their censure, is to be feared. He has done a good deed; and it will give him true renown."

Before the oration was published, it drew out strong expressions of approval from some who had heard it, or knew its character from report.

Professor Francis Bowen, the editor of the "North American Review," who had heard the oration, wrote the same afternoon a note, in which, referring to some differences of opinion which had occurred between them,[1] and regretting only that Sumner had not more distinctly disclaimed "non-resistance principles," he gave generous praise. He said: —

> "You have fully proved that Peace, at any rate, hath her *orators*, more eloquent than those of war. Thank you, both for the substance and the manner of your discourse, — for sound and Christian doctrines, uttered in more inspiring tones than were ever shouted on the battlefield, and for the firmness and gallantry with which you proclaimed them amid all the pomp and paraphernalia (wrong word, that!) of the men-at-arms, just beneath you. Two or three of those bronzed old epauletted sea-dogs eyed you very grimly,

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[1] *Ante*, Vol. II. p. 294.

as you began to broach your heretical doctrines in their ears; but their countenances gradually relaxed, as you went on. . . . You have enlivened and quickened even the hackneyed topic of peace; you have made figures and statistics eloquent; you have shamed the pomp and circumstance of war, even on its own favorite gala-day; and you entirely carried that great audience with you in your enthusiasm. May the advocates of Peace be proud of their champion!"[1]

Dr. Howe wrote, July 5:—

"I could never love you more than I did yesterday morning, and yet at night I was far more proud of your friendship than ever before. To say you have done yourself honor is to say but little; but you have done a noble work, even though ridicule and sarcasm should follow you through life. You have struck a blow at the false gods which the people worship."

John Tappan, who was present at the exercises in Tremont Temple, then advanced in years, but spared for nearly a generation longer, wrote the next day, assuring Sumner of the gratitude of thousands, and adding:—

"You will be assailed by many, but truth is on your side, and you will rejoice on your dying day that you have uttered it boldly. You have said no more than Channing and Worcester have said before you; though considering the time, place, and audience, it was a high effort of moral courage,—for which I thank you."

Rev. R. C. Waterston, another hearer, referred to the oration in his sermon on the Sunday following, and said: "Happy will be that day, when the Christian spirit which breathed through that testimony shall become universal among mankind;" and in a note to Sumner, written on Monday, said:—

"Your views are no doubt in advance of the time, but there are good men who feel that they are based upon eternal truth, and are in strict accordance with the principles of Christ. I do not know when I have had such high pleasure as I experienced in listening to your eloquent exposition of Gospel truth. I thank you for so publicly and so fearlessly expressing your views. That oration will live. It will be a text-book for hundreds. Should you never do any thing else than you have now done, you will not have lived in vain. It must be printed and circulated through the whole land. There is great work for it to do."

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[1] A year later, Professor Bowen, replying to a note of Sumner, who took exception to the strictures of the "Review" upon some defects in the style of the oration, said: "In fine, my dear Sumner, you should be content with having published the most popular and remarkable Fourth of July oration that was ever written. Republish it, then, as it is: verbal alterations would only impair its symmetry, and lessen its strength. No one has more heartily rejoiced in its astonishing success than your sincere friend."

Wendell Phillips, passing the summer in Natick, wrote: —

> "Finding that the 'Post' is aggressive, and the 'respectable Daily'[1] fearful, I know you did well; and I thank you for the good word you've spoken, though I've not seen nor heard it. Doubtless, it was right-aimed and hit the mark, since the birds flutter. How did the old 'gray fathers' look at hearing the first time since *our* fathers' days a word up to the times? Startled? I dare say. Thanks for having at last redeemed our city oration from being, as usual, a farce!"

George C. Beckwith wrote, July 5, from the office of the American Peace Society in Cornhill Street, referring to the criticisms and misrepresentations of his "eloquent and noble oration," in the Boston newspapers, and desiring to print an edition, of which a thousand copies were to be sent to editors whose names were on the Society's list.

S. E. Coues, the President of the Society, wrote from Portsmouth, N. H., July 9, warmly congratulating Sumner on "the full and triumphant success of the oration which had been reported from various sources," — "its strength and eloquence taking captive the audience," although "encountering deep and long-seated prejudices, and delivered before the military;" mentioning the eagerness with which the newspaper reports were read in his town, and urging the immediate publication of a large edition, to be circulated in this country and in Europe.

Rev. John Pierpont, — preacher, poet, and always an aggressive reformer, — wrote from Niagara Falls, July 17: —

> "Permit me to congratulate you upon your success, — if I hear aright, your *great* success; to congratulate you upon your opportunity; to congratulate you upon your courage. You will live to regard the Fourth of July, 1845, as *the* red-letter day in the calendar of your life. Don't be disquieted at the jeers, or discouraged at the dark looks, or pushed out of your *high*-way by the cold shoulders that you may encounter."

Rev. John T. Sargent wrote, July 10, regretting that he was obliged to be absent from the city, so as not to hear "your celebrated oration, of which the wisest speak so well;" and hoping for an immediate edition of his "eloquent and bold address, delivered too in the face of an armed audience." He added: —

> "The men are few, allow me to say, — the men are few, even of those who avow the most earnest sympathy with the great matters touched upon by it, who could stand up and say boldly and without flinching just what

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[1] The "Advertiser."

they thought in such a presence. I rejoice that in you, sir, the city of Boston, and still more the cause of humanity, had an advocate and an orator so superior to all temporizing motives."

In the same spirit Rev. Samuel J. May wrote from Syracuse, N. Y., July 22, expressing gratitude that Sumner, "according to report, had improved his opportunity so well;" and the hope "that he would not be disconcerted by the expressions of displeasure from pseudo-patriots and spurious Christians."

Mrs. Eliza Lee Follen, — widow of the German patriot, Charles Follen, herself an American lady, devoted like her husband to the anti-slavery cause, — wrote, July 15, expressing the joy of one "who had watched him with a hopeful heart for many years," and now saw him "disdaining to flatter the people, and speaking to them as an honest, courageous man rebuking their sins;" thus "redeeming the generous promise of his youth, and acting from the faith that 'fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil.'"

Sumner revised the manuscript of the oration, adding several notes of considerable length. While engaged in preparing it for the printer and correcting proofs, he passed much of his time at Cambridge, with Felton, whose house gave ready access to the College library, and who assisted in verifying the classical references. The latter wrote playfully to Longfellow: —

> "You have no idea what an arsenal of peace my house has become; Lives of William Penn, sermons on war, tracts of the American Peace Society, journals, anti-every thing, Scriptural arguments, estimates of the cost of navies and armies, besides a great many smaller arms, — the pistols, hand-grenades, cutlasses, and so forth of the Peace Establishment, — are arranged in every part of the house, upstairs, downstairs, in the attics and in the cellars;" to which Sumner added a postscript, that Felton had a "vivid imagination and great play of style."

The first city edition was published, August 9.[1] The newspapers of the country widely copied extracts from the oration, often filling one or two columns. The mercantile and conservative journals treated it with indifference; but those of a religious or anti-slavery type spoke of it with respect, and sometimes with warm approval. The "New York Tribune," Aug. 16, introduced liberal extracts from it with these words: "The avowal and vindication of such lofty, vital, and long-neglected truths from such a position, on such an occasion, is really a cheering, an encouraging sign of the times."

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[1] Though unusually large, this edition was quickly exhausted, and followed by another of three thousand copies, which was also soon distributed. The booksellers, William D. Ticknor & Co., published another of two thousand copies, using the types of the city edition. The American Peace Society, Boston, printed four thousand copies, issuing three editions. The Society's types were also used with the Philadelphia imprint of Henry Longstreth. A year later it issued an abridgment, and in 1869 printed the oration in a small volume. In 1847 another edition was published in Philadelphia, with notes by Charles D. Cleveland. This was stereotyped, and sold at the low rate of two dollars a thousand to secure the widest possible circulation. "The League of Universal Brotherhood," at Worcester, also put their imprint on this edition.

The "Christian Register" said, Aug. 23:—

> "It is a noble performance. Seldom has a subject been more exhaustingly treated in a single discourse or in volumes. . . . It is sustained and illustrated by a vast variety of references and allusions from every department of literature. All ages are gleaned to contribute to its enrichment, and the mind of its author is so highly charged with his subject as to draw up, with elective attraction, from a field of reading and study of a width which few have traversed, whatever is apposite to it. So interesting is the manner in which he treats his great theme, that no one who begins this oration can fail to read it to the end. The mind is at once exhilarated by the splendor of the style, the boldness of the sentiments, and the variety of the illustrations, and oppressed by the load of arguments and evidences by which he maintains his positions."

Of the magazines, the "Christian Review" (Baptist),[1] and the "Christian Examiner" (Unitarian),[2] praised without stint the oration,—its eloquence, noble morality, vigor of argument, and richness of illustration, and warmly commended it to public attention. The "North American"[3] was friendly in purpose, but more critical. Its notice, written by Professor Torrey, withheld assent from the sweeping propositions of the oration, suggesting the limitations which they seemed to require; but reserved its chief criticism for the license the orator had taken in matters of style. It bestowed, however, a generous measure of praise, of which this grave magazine was usually chary. After assigning it a high place among the new class of addresses—those more earnest and treating of civic duties—which had distinguished our patriotic festival in later years, it said:—

> "It is full of honest, manly, and Christian sentiment, uttered with a frank disdain of concealment or compromise. Even where our judgment halts a little, it takes our sympathies captive. . . . There is abundant evidence of

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[1] Dec. 1845, Vol. X. pp. 629–631. The article states that the Mayor was reported to have said at the conclusion of the oration: "I would rather be the author of that performance than of all the Fourth of July orations I ever heard or read."

[2] Nov. 1845, Vol. XXXIX. pp. 407–417,—by Professor Felton.

[3] Oct. 1845, Vol. LXI. pp. 518–523.

the ability of the author to distinguish himself as a rhetorician and orator. There are glowing passages which thrill the very soul. There is here and there a pomp of language, a procession of gorgeous periods, that hurries the reader irresistibly and willingly along. . . . But these blemishes are but specks; and we gladly take leave of the orator, with the honest hope that we may often hear his free and fearless voice in the defence of struggling truth, and in the assault upon established errors."

For several months succeeding the publication of the oration, Sumner received many letters concerning it, various in praise, criticism, or dissent, generally written in acknowledgment of copies received from him. Of those who wrote warmly in approval — besides correspondents from whose letters extracts are given — were William H. Furness, O. W. Peabody, and Hubbard Winslow, among clergymen; Professor Thomas C. Upham, of Bowdoin College, a writer upon morals; J. Miller McKim, the Philadelphia Abolitionist; Edward Kent, of Maine, long conspicuous in public life; Henry C. Carey, the political economist; Brantz Mayer, of Baltimore, known in literature; John Jay, of New York, already earnest in the anti-slavery cause, and since distinguished in a diplomatic career; P. H. Taylor, of Andover, the accomplished teacher of the classics; Dr. Edward Jarvis, versed in statistics and medical science; James Russell Lowell, of Cambridge, and Jacob Harvey, of New York. The greater number, however, while commending its elevated sentiments, full scholarship, and ability, questioned its logical results; to wit, the disarming of nations and the abandonment of fortifications and all war preparations. Among those who wrote thus, either briefly stating their doubt, or treating more at length the use of force between nations — in addition to others whose letters are more particularly referred to — were Rev. Dr. Andrews Norton, Rev. Dr. N. L. Frothingham, Peleg W. Chandler, Alexander H. Everett, Theodore Sedgwick, and Henry T. Tuckerman. The most thoughtful treatment of his discourse was contained in the letters of Dr. Norton, Richard H. Dana, Jr., and T. Flower Ellis, whose suggestions independently given are in singular accord.

Of those who approved the oration without stating any qualification, very few were non-resistants or distinctively peace men; most of them simply believed the *war spirit* inhuman and unchristian: but they were not disposed to insist that a statement of the argument against it should be encumbered with limitations and exceptions, recognizing it as most important that the lofty ideal of the oration should be kept in view.

Wendell Phillips wrote, Aug. 17 : —

"I have just got your oration, and read it immediately, of course, — glad all along that the thing had been done, and with an undertone of rejoicing that you had done it. As I closed the last page I could not help thinking how far ahead you had strode of the C. S. of '32 and '33, and wondering, at the same time, whether I had been all that time playing with pebbles. I hope not. 'Tis a good thing, nobly done, and will make your name dear to many whom you will never hear of. Probably you know this already, as its high position will have attracted to you many a kindly eye which never greeted you before. I went with you in almost every thing, — here and there margining a 'de hoc quære,' which, should we ever be thrown together on a desolate island or in a postchaise, I might get time to talk to you about."

Richard H. Dana, Jr., who was some years younger than Sumner, wrote, Aug. 22 : —

"I have allowed some time to elapse since you did me the kindness to send me your oration, because I did not want my note to fall upon your table, one among the hundreds every day which you have had, congratulatory, expostulatory, condemnatory, and laudatory. I have not only read it with great interest, but taken a great deal of pleasure in watching its effect as shown by the Cerberus of the press. It is a fair subject for congratulation whenever a man is made, or makes himself, to feel that he is exerting influence upon his fellow-men for that he thinks to be good. How it breaks up *ennui*, and gives spirit and purpose to life ! Surely you have accumulated the horrors of war in a way that no one can escape being affected by them. . . . It is not for me to speak of the ability of your performance. You will hear of that from better judges. But I may say that I was struck with the manifest earnestness, sincerity, and humaneness of feeling. Nor can I help alluding to the picturesque effect produced."

After expressing the wish to have "the whole subject of force under Christianity taken up together," and suggesting that "war is an act of the State, punishing strangers for a violation of a generally recognized law of nations, just as it punishes its own citizens for violating its own municipal law," Mr. Dana added : "I am truly glad that you have given yourself to such a subject, and with such success. Let me join my congratulations to the host of those you are receiving."

Rev. Howard Malcom, President of Georgetown College, Ky., wrote, Aug. 30 : —

"I cannot restrain myself from offering you my humble but most hearty thanks for your late Fourth of July oration. Familiar as I am with the subject, every page interested me as though it was all new. So lucid, so calm, so startling, so unquestionable, it must work mightily in this grand reformation. I praise God for raising up such champions. May you live many years to lift your voice for Peace!"

Mrs. Lydia Maria Child wrote, March 3, 1846: —

"How I *did* thank you for your noble and eloquent attack upon the absurd barbarism of war! It was worth living for to have done that, if you never do any thing more. But the soul that could do that *will* do more."

Rev. Theodore Parker wrote, Aug. 17, 1845, from West Roxbury, his first letter to Sumner, — the beginning of their friendship: —

"I hope you will excuse one so nearly a stranger to you as myself for addressing you this note; but I cannot forbear writing. I have just read your oration on 'The True Grandeur of Nations,' for the second time, and write to express to you my sense of the great value of that work, and my gratitude to you for delivering it on such an occasion. Boston is a queer little city; the Public is a desperate tyrant there, and it is seldom that one dares disobey the commands of public opinion. I know the reproaches you have already received from your friends, who will now perhaps become your foes. I have heard all sorts of ill motives attributed to you, and know that you must suffer attack from men of low morals, who can only swear by their party and live only in public opinion. The Church and State are both ready to engage in war, however unjust, if a little territory can be added to the national domain thereby. The great maxims of Christianity — the very words of Christ — are almost wholly forgotten. Few dare move an inch in advance of public opinion. I thank you with all my heart for so nobly exposing the evils of war, its worthlessness and its waste. The noises made about you show plainly that you have hit the nail on the head. I am glad the 'Park[1] of artillery' got let off against you. '*Laudari* a viro laudato' is thought of some value, and so it is no small praise to be censured by some men. I hope you will find a rich reward in the certainty that you have done a duty and a service to mankind. I wish a cheap edition might be printed, for I want to scatter abroad fifty or one hundred copies. Would it be possible to print a cheap edition like that of Mr. Mann's noble oration? I beg you to excuse me for writing you this letter, and believe me," &c.

John A. Andrew, then a young lawyer of Boston, afterwards Governor of Massachusetts during the Civil War, wrote: —

"You will allow me to say, I hope, that I have read the oration with a satisfaction only equalled by that with which I heard you on the 4th July. And while I thank you a thousand times for the choice you made of a topic, as well as for the fidelity and brilliant ability which you brought to its illustration (both, to my mind, defying the most carping criticism), I cannot help expressing also my gratitude to Providence, that here, in our city of Boston, one has at last stepped forward to consecrate to celestial hopes the day — the great day — which Americans have at best heretofore held sacred only to memory."

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[1] A reference to Mr. Park, who had censured the oration at the dinner.

To no one did the oration give greater satisfaction than to William Jay, who was the ablest advocate the cause of Peace ever had in this country, and from whose writings Sumner had largely drawn his material. Judge Jay read the oration with its notes the same evening he received it, reading all at one sitting. Thanking Sumner for its reference to himself, he wrote from Bedford, N. Y., Aug. 22: —

"But far other than personal considerations lead me to rejoice in this address. The high moral courage you have exhibited, the elevated principles you have advanced, the important facts you have spread before the community, your powerful arguments expressed in strong and beautiful language, together with the wide and salutary influence your effort will exert, — all combine to swell the debt of gratitude which you have earned from your fellow-citizens. That debt, I well know, will be repudiated by many, and very partially paid by others; but you will find a rich reward in your consciousness of well-doing, in the esteem of men whose esteem is valuable, and, above all, in the approbation of Him whose favor is better than life."

Rev. Charles T. Brooks wrote, Sept 14, from Newport, expressing himself not satisfied of the duty to abandon military preparations, but saying: "I have read nothing of modern production which has moved me so much for some years. It provokes one to love and good works greatly."

Daniel Lord, an eminent lawyer of New York, wrote, Sept. 27, expressing a doubt, suggested by the oration, whether the law had gained or literature lost most by its author having embraced the former; concurred with his sentiments and feelings, while not able to adopt entirely his view of the unlawfulness of war, — considering it "to embrace the wider and more general question of the right to use force in the demand or defence of right, as well in civil government as among nations."

Thomas Hopkinson, the college classmate whose name was familiar to the earlier pages of this Memoir, wrote from Lowell, Sept. 8, stating his conviction that the doctrines of the oration were not adapted to human nature; but saying: "As a literary composition, I read it with unqualified satisfaction. I see the old style, the old hand and mind. But it is ripened, condensed, filled up with flowers and fruit, ripe scholarship grafted on a thoughtful mind. Many of its passages rise into eloquence of high order."

Mr. Prescott wrote[1] from Pepperell, Aug. 15: —

"Thank you for your Discourse, which I have read — notes and all — with great pleasure and great instruction. You have amassed a heap of valuable and often recondite illustrations in support of a noble cause. And who can refuse sympathy with the spirit of philanthropy which has given rise to such a charming ideal? — but a little too unqualified.

"'There can be no war that is not dishonorable.' I can't go along with this. No! by all those who fell at Marathon; by those who fought at Morgarten and Bannockburn; by those who fought and bled at Bunker's Hill; in the war of the Low Countries against Philip the Second, — in all those wars which have had, which are *yet* to have, freedom for their object, — I can't acquiesce in your sweeping denunciation, my good friend.

"I admire your moral courage in delivering your sentiments so plainly in the face of that thick array of 'well-padded and well-buttoned coats of blue, besmeared with gold,' which must have surrounded the rostrum of the orator on this day. I may one day see you on a crusade to persuade the great Autocrat to disband his million of fighting-men, and little Queen Vic to lay up her steamships in lavender! You have scattered right and left the seeds of a sound and ennobling morality, which may spring up in a bountiful harvest, I trust, — in the millennium; but I doubt.

"I shall be in town in a few days, when I shall hope to see you."

Chancellor Kent wrote, Aug. 21: —

"Permit me to return you my thanks for your oration on 'The True Grandeur of Nations.' It took me quite by surprise, for I had not anticipated that you thought and felt so intensely on the very grave and momentous subject. I think your doctrine is well sustained by principle and the precepts of the Gospel. I agree with you on all essential points, though not with the same fervor and force. Your historical and classical illustrations are beautiful and apposite, and I cannot but think that such cogent and eloquent appeals to the heads and consciences of our people must have an effect; and they are well calculated to make our rulers and statesmen pause in the career of their unprincipled, sèlfish, and rapacious projects of usurpation and violence. I am very strongly in favor of the institution of a Congress of Nations or system of Arbitration, without going to war. Every effort ought to be made by treaty stipulation, remonstrance, and appeal to put a stop to the resort to brutal force to assert claims of right. The idea of war is horrible. I remember I was very much struck, even in my youth, by the observation (I think it was in Tom Paine's 'Crisis') that 'he who is the author of war lets loose the whole contagion of hell, and opens a vein that bleeds a nation to death.'"

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[1] Life of W. H. Prescott, pp. 352, 353.

Judge Story wrote from Cambridge, Aug. 11, as follows:[1]

"I thank you very sincerely for your present of a copy of your Fourth of July oration. I have read it with uncommon interest and care, as you might well suppose, as well on your own account as from the various voices of fame which succeeded the delivery. It is certainly a very striking production, and will fully sustain your reputation for high talents, various reading, and exact scholarship. There are a great many passages in it which are wrought out with an exquisite finish and elegance of diction and classical beauty. I go earnestly and heartily along with many of your sentiments and opinions. They are such as befit an exalted mind and an enlarged benevolence. But from the length and breadth of your doctrine as to war I am compelled to dissent. In my judgment, war is under some (although I agree not under many) circumstances not only justifiable but an indispensable part of public duty. And if the reasoning which you have adopted be sound, it extends far beyond the limits to which you have now confined it. It is not, however, my intention to discuss the matter at all with you; I am too old to desire, or even to indulge in, controversy. No one who knows you can doubt the entire sincerity with which you have spoken. All that I desire to claim is as sincere a conviction that, in the extent to which you seem to press your doctrines, they are not in my judgment defensible.

"In many parts of your discourse I have been struck with the strong resemblances which it bears to the manly, moral enthusiasm of Sir James Mackintosh; but I think that he would have differed from you in respect to war, and would have maintained a moderation of views, belonging at once to his philosophy and his life.

"I have spoken in all frankness to you, because I know that you will understand your friends too well to wish them to suppress their own opinions; but be assured that no one cherishes with more fond and affectionate pride the continual advancement of your professional and literary fame than myself, and no one has a deeper reverence for your character and virtues. Believe me, as ever, most truly and affectionately."

The above letter was the parting benediction of one who had cherished an affection for Sumner like that of a father for his son. It is the one of latest date included in the Judge's biography, and is the last one of any interest which he wrote. He was at the time anticipating busy years of authorship and instruction in the Law School; but his life ended after a rapid illness on Sept. 10, at the age of sixty-six.

President Quincy, who had read Judge Story's letter, wrote frankly, Nov. 21:—

"The views of Judge Story are coincident with mine; and 'from the length and breadth of your doctrine as to war I am compelled to dissent' not less than he. I regard such ultra theories on that subject with complacency, and with no disposition to contest or to treat them with levity. They seem to be, as I said to you in conversation, anchors cast to the windward against the innate propensities of mankind."

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[1] Story's "Life and Letters," Vol. II. pp. 543, 544.

Two well-known merchants of that day, Nathan Appleton and Thomas G. Cary, communicated in letters their dissent from the doctrines of the oration. The eminent lawyer, Jeremiah Mason, at that time retired from the profession, with whom Sumner frequently passed the evening in late discussions of current topics, and who sometimes called at the latter's office, told him, some time after, that "an anti-war society is as little practicable as an anti-thunder-and-lightning society."[1] Dr. Lieber also stated frankly his dissent.

But no expression of opposite views troubled Sumner so much as Horace Mann's. He had counted on the sympathy of one so deeply interested in the welfare of mankind. Mr. Mann's letter has not been preserved; but he appears to have questioned Sumner's definition of war, maintaining that it is sometimes waged to repel injustice, not to establish justice, and that the Poles and Southern negroes would be justified in an appeal to arms.

In October, a reply to the oration, — a pamphlet of thirty-one pages, — well written and trenchant in style, was published in Boston without a name. The author treated logically Sumner's positions, and contended also, with ample reference to the examples of history, that war is not an unmixed evil. The "Boston Post" also contained a long article from a correspondent in reply to the oration.[2] It may be mentioned, too, that the next city orator, Fletcher Webster, expressed sentiments the reverse of those which his predecessor had inculcated.

A few copies of the oration reached England about the first of December. One of them fell into the hands of Mr. Richard Rathbone, of Liverpool, at whose instance the Peace Society of that city published, late in the following January, an abridgment prepared by him. Seven thousand copies of this edition were printed; of which this Society distributed two thousand, the London Peace Society two thousand, and other Peace Societies the remaining three thousand. The friends of Peace took special pains to send copies to daily and weekly journals, reviews, and other periodicals, and to eminent clergymen and public men, — among whom were the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord Palmerston, and Lord John Russell: one copy was sent to the venerable Thomas Clarkson, and another, through the Bishop of Norwich, to the Queen. Mr. William Smith, the Fleet Street publisher, issued in May an edition, in a small volume, of two thousand copies of the entire oration, writing at the time to its author, —

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[1] Works, Vol. II. p. 180. Mr. Mason's "Memoir and Correspondence," p. 349.

[2] August 21. "Paixhan."

> "I should rejoice to have succeeded in giving it a much more extensive circulation, believing it to be the best appeal to the common sense of rational men, and the religious profession of people who call themselves Christians, that I have yet met with on the subject of war. I sincerely hope it may have a wide circulation in America, and effect much good in checking any tendency to such a deplorable evil as a war with any country, and especially with England."

William Chambers wrote from Edinburgh to Mr. Rathbone: "Struck with the scholarly elegance of Sumner's address, as well as its powerful argument, I design to make one or two articles out of it for the journal with which I am connected." And his journal afterwards said: "The oration of Mr. Sumner, for taste, eloquence, and scholarship, as well as for fearless intrepidity, has been rarely equalled in modern harangues."[1]

The "Spectator," Feb. 28, 1846, thus noticed the oration:

> "The mere conception of it indicates great moral courage, much more its delivery on a day, &c. . . . A formal discourse on a frequent subject can seldom do more than urge its standard topics with individual force, appropriate illustration, and apt application to current events; all which Mr. Sumner accomplishes. His style, though approaching the measured character of the pulpit, is distinct; and his sentences exceedingly well cut, to use a phrase of the atélier, — which indicates the removal of all that is not wanted, as well as the presence of all that is requisite, together with cleanness of workmanship. The miseries of war are well impressed by a few striking examples from modern history; its general uselessness is shown by the fact that the *status ante bellum* is mostly the expressed or implied basis of all treaties of peace; its enormous cost is proved by the startling expense of the European armies and navies, as well as by the large sums spent upon the services in America, compared with the civil establishments. . . . Some of the positions may be considered extreme, at all events in the present state of the world; but Mr. Sumner's oration is entitled to consideration for itself, and still more for the occasion which produced it."

Aside from the merits of the oration, the pending question of the Oregon boundary, which threatened war between the two nations, drew to it wider attention in England, and stimulated the friends of Peace to press its circulation as far as possible.

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[1] The number for March 28, 1846, containing six columns of extracts.

Other editions, complete or abridged, appeared in London.[1] The correspondent of the "Boston Atlas," from that city, wrote in June, 1846, to the editor: "Mr. Sumner's oration — 'The True Grandeur of Nations' — has been published here in five or six different forms. Three large editions of the shilling forms have been disposed of, and the other day I saw a man near the Royal Exchange, with what he declared to be 'Sumner's speech *agin* war with England,' and his cheap edition sold off rapidly at a half-penny each."

Sumner's English, like his American, friends varied in their expressions of approval. Mr. Ingham wrote, Dec. 19, 1845: —

> "I adopt the character of your oration which that body gave who requested you to print it, — 'able and eloquent.' I cannot see a clear way to all your conclusions. You admit the necessity of a coercive police against malefactors within your country; and, on principle, I cannot distinguish the right to such a police from the right to military protection against an invading enemy. Perhaps you may think this a cavil, rather than an argument; for the true answer is that no wars are purely defensive. But surely we are justified in strengthening our coasts when we are within an hour's steaming of the French, who are actually wild for a descent on England, after Thiers's romance of the camp at Boulogne, in his last volume. I know that Dr. Wayland holds it better to submit to invasion than to incur the guilt of war. But guilt rests in the motive; and if the motive is protection, not annoyance, does it contravene the precepts of the Gospel? . . . The last report I had of your doings was the account of the Anti-Texas meeting.[2] I am really proud, my good friend, of the prominence of your exertions on every occasion in behalf of justice and mercy against any odds of unpopularity."

Sir Charles R. Vaughan wrote from Oxford, Dec. 28: —

> "You are a bold man, — considering the party that is now in the ascendancy, — to have discoursed, on the Fourth of July, upon the duty and necessity of preserving peace; and I send you a paragraph cut out of the 'Examiner,'[3] — a weekly newspaper, edited by a clever Whig, Mr. Fonblanque, — to show you that your venturesome task is duly appreciated here. . . . I hope you will soon pay us another visit; when I will take care to have rooms ready for you at All Souls, where I am now enjoying my Christmas holidays."

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[1] See Allibone's "Dictionary of Authors."

[2] Speech at Faneuil Hall, Nov. 4, 1845. Works, Vol. I. p. 149.

[3] Dec. 20, 1845.

H. Bellenden Ker wrote, from Lincoln's Inn, Jan. 25, 1846:

"I have read your oration with very great pleasure, and admired both its sentiments and its composition. I own I am sorry that your countrymen want such discussion. But not even America is perfect; though, spite of party prejudices and Pro-Slavery, you are fast progressing in all your institutions. Without a national debt, with the far West, and your magnificent institutions for education, all must come right. You will abolish Slavery, and, I hope, drive us out of Canada and California; for I do not see why we should be there. I think the sooner we get rid of colonies, the better. . . . All speak with great pleasure of your book;[1] and it has, I observe, been favorably mentioned in the journals. I hope that what you saw of England will induce you to pay us another visit; and you will find few of your many friends and admirers more happy to see you again than Mrs. Ker and myself."

T. Flower Ellis, — now best known as Macaulay's friend, — while at York, on the Northern Circuit, wrote, March 9, 1846: —

"I was much gratified by your kind remembrance of me, shown by the transmission of your oration pronounced on the July anniversary. I have often thought with much pleasure of your visit to England, and your tour on the Northern Circuit; and it has frequently struck me that much might be gained, both in national feeling and professional science, if this intercommuning of legal men were more frequent than it is reciprocally between two countries which, since the improvement of steam navigation, seem to have approached so near to each other. . . .

"Of the substantial truth of the principles which you enforce I do not see how any Christian can doubt. The question with me practically is, whether that truth is not like the truths in dynamics which, in application, must be qualified by the consideration of new elements, as friction. . . . Yet I presume that we are not forbidden [by the Christian principle] to use legal force, which is violence in some shape or other, to repress murder, rape, &c. That, indeed, I understand you to admit expressly. But where does the principle stop? . . . Our difference is not very great; for I believe that, if the principles in which we agree were acted upon, there would hardly ever be another war.

"What astonishes me most in your oration was the boldness with which popular feelings are encountered. If this be practicable in the Great Republic, we may hope to outlive the opinion that all democracies are intolerant, — an opinion which, perhaps, of all now prevalent, most checks the advance of liberal principles. God preserve us from a quarrel, and from those men especially, on either side of the water, who, not satisfied with desiring the Oregon at the price of a war, value the dispute for the sake of the war!"

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[1] The oration.

Samuel Rogers wrote, from St. James's Place, London, Dec. 27, 1845: —

"What can I say to you in return for your admirable oration? I can only say with what pleasure I have read it, and how truly every pulse of my heart beats in accordance with yours on the subject. Those sacred words, in Washington's Farewell Address to his fellow-citizens, must have inspired you on the occasion. Whom, indeed, would they not have inspired? Again and again must I thank you!"

George Sand wrote to George Sumner, of his brother's oration:

"His ideal of Christian peace over the whole face of the earth is, without doubt, a great truth; but I do not think it applicable to one nation in particular, — even to the United States. While all other nations are on a war-footing, and while England, like a bird of prey, hovers over all unguarded regions, I do not think we have come to that happy age when a Congress of Nations can regulate their differences without reserving a resort to the *ultima ratio*."

After referring to unhappy Poland, and that identity of nations which makes the cause of one the cause of all, she added: —

"Perhaps I am mistaken; but I think that the most civilized nations owe a great duty to oppressed and enslaved nations, which prevents them from dispensing with war; for there are still rapacious and tyrannical nations, which belong to the fraternity of robbers and assassins."

Count Circourt also wrote, of the oration: "I agree with that remarkable performance on many points; and I still sympathize with that which I cannot fully admit."

Sumner's letters in support or explanation of his oration are here given, although a portion of them were written some months later.

TO REV. ROBERT C. WATERSTON.

TUESDAY [July], 1845.

MY DEAR WATERSTON, — Thanks for your most cordial letter of sympathy. Your countenance, as I saw you before me while I was speaking, was better than an army for strength and succor. You know the feeling with which I undertook the duty, and my determination to express exactly and unreservedly what I thought. It has been to me a source of great happiness that I am sustained so zealously by my friends, and by all ingenuous youth.

The city will print my oration; and the Peace Society are desirous of circulating it as a tract. The secretary wishes to obtain subscriptions for this purpose. I told him that you and Hillard could undoubtedly aid him in this work; so also would Howe, who is very earnest in helping up the sun of our new Paradise.

Let me thank you again very much for your sympathy, and for the eloquent extract from your sermon. I am glad, too, in Mrs. W.'s kind words.

Ever sincerely yours,

Charles Sumner.

TO NATHAN APPLETON, PITTSFIELD.

Boston, Aug. 18, 1845.

Dear Mr. Appleton, — I ought to have thanked you earlier for your kind appreciation of my labors; but while I thank you, I am tempted to grapple with your suggestions against my conclusions.

1. You believe in the law of *force*. I believe that the age has passed for physical force between nations. My chief argument stands on the parallel between war and the trial by battle; and I wish to urge upon nations that they are now governed by the same rules of barbarous force which once prevailed between individuals. You say that you should be unwilling to rely upon simple abstract justice without force to back it. But you do in your own house. Your house has not loop-holes, or a draw-bridge, or a moat, as the houses of the dark ages had. You rely upon the honesty and peacefulness of your neighbors, and the protecting power of the law. So nations should rely upon their neighbors, and should learn to refer questions to Arbitration or to a Congress of Nations.

2. As to the safety of private ships in the harbor, and merchandise in the warehouses. Clearly, even under the present laws of war, they would be safe.

3. You think it would not be safe to leave our harbors unprotected. O you of little faith! Who would attack them? England, or France? Neither of these would think of a *conquest*. No war can arise between the United States and either of these nations except to determine some asserted right; and an arbitration would be the proper mode of determining this.

4. You say "occupation is necessary for men." So I say; but let them be occupied productively, not uselessly, living actually at the cost of others. Let them be put to till the earth, or to watch a cotton mill. I consider your neighbor, the gun-maker, an unproductive consumer of the fruits of the earth.

5. "Would not the mass of unemployed wretchedness in England be increased if the army and navy were turned loose to seek a support by labor?" Clearly not; because it is the support of the army and navy that now causes such wretchedness: the taxation is chiefly on account of war and preparation for war; the poverty and wretchedness are the brood of war. Imagine the wealth now absorbed in preparation for war devoted to opening new sources of employment, bringing forward new materials. But your sagacity in political economy will readily comprehend the effect of this beyond any illustration of mine.

Have I not answered your queries? I shall enlist you as a raw recruit in my army. I will inscribe your name when I visit you. I am here in durance professional, and cannot escape from Boston till after Commencement. I long for a breath of the mountains and a seat under your roof. When I can get away, and for how long, I know not. With my love to your wife,

Ever sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO HENRY K. OLIVER, ADJUTANT-GENERAL, BOSTON.

COURT STREET, Aug. 20, 1845.

MY DEAR SIR, — I should be very churlish not to be very sensible to your kind appreciation of the character of my remarks on the Fourth of July. Perhaps, if you were acquainted with all the circumstances leading to my appointment as orator, — my opinions on the topics naturally suggested by the day being known to several, if not all, of the Committee by whom I was appointed, — you might be induced to modify your judgment with regard to the propriety of the course I took. I have no ambition for public display. I have never sought any occasion for it. I wished most earnestly to decline the nomination as orator when it was communicated to me, and finally accepted it with great reluctance, and on the urgent solicitation of members of the City Government, — *molliter manus imposuerunt.*

For years I have entertained the convictions which I expressed on the National Anniversary. I consider that the age of physical force has passed, and that the weapons of revolution and of liberty are moral, not physical; that the happiness of nations would be best promoted by adopting those relations with each other that now prevail between individuals; that fortifications and armies and all military preparations show that nations still preserve the barbarous habits which we condemn in the dress, and armor, and castles of the Middle Ages; that war is an ordeal by battle, impious and monstrous as that of the Middle Ages. These convictions are bound up with my whole nature. All who know any thing of me know that I have entertained them for years. On important occasions, I have advanced them in Europe.

There is one common ground on which, I feel sure, we can meet, — the hatred of war and love of peace. On this common ground we may be fellow-laborers in one cause, which I am anxious to commend to our country, — the duty of taking immediate steps, by negotiation or otherwise, to induce the nations to adopt a system of Arbitration, or a Congress of Nations, and determine peacefully disputes between nations. I am anxious that our country, that the Whig party, should make this a part of its fundamental policy.

I remain, my dear sir, faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TO RICHARD H. DANA, JR.

[August], 1845.

My dear Dana, — I am grateful for your kind letter of sympathy, and am happy that any thing of mine has occupied agreeably a moment of your time. I value your kindness more than I can tell.

The subject you open is vast, — beyond me. I have only sported on its brink. It seems to me that it is most successfully treated by Dymond, whose view of the duties of Christians is admirable for its clearness and benevolence. I distinguish between war and any force in the course of justice in this way: War is a trial by battle; it is monstrous and impious, as the latter was called, because it is a deliberate appeal to *force* or *chance* to determine an asserted right. I do not see in it any element of self-defence. We hear of *defensive* wars; but I denounce the phrase and the idea as false, — at least in our age, and with reference to our country. What is the feud with Mexico, but a question as to the title to a piece of land? Now, this clearly should be tried, as other titles are tried, by arbitration, or by some tribunal having in it the elements of justice. But a riot or other crime puts in jeopardy men, wives, children, society, and awakens the right of *self-defence.* I am not entirely satisfied that this distinction accords with the true spirit of the Gospel; it does not seem to be in harmony with the views of Dymond. Still, it seems to me sufficiently clear; and I am for the present contented, if it will allow me to brand war as barbarous and unchristian. It seems to me that there is a cause which will commend itself to you: I mean the effort to induce our country to make it a part of its fundamental policy to urge diplomatically upon the other Christian nations the formal establishment of a system of Arbitration, or a Congress of Nations, that shall supersede the arbitrament of war.

Ever sincerely yours,

Charles Sumner.

TO HORACE MANN.

Court Street, Saturday [August], 1845.

My dear Mann, — I was pleased and troubled by your letter about my oration, — gratified that you thought so much about it, and pained that you did not think *with* it. I have intended to write you at length on the subject, but am called away, and now enclose a criticism which was written without any suggestion from me, as a *volunteer*, by a friend of mine whom I allowed to read your letter.

Ever yours,

Charles Sumner.

To his brother George he wrote, Aug. 16, 1845: —

"I wish I could send you a copy of my oration, but send a newspaper which contains a tolerable abstract. The same paper has an article by me on the Public Schools. My oration has excited vivid praise and condemnation. I am anxious that you should read me carefully throughout. You will see that I have presented the subject in some new lights. All my friends here except Lieber agree with me."

And again, Sept. 30, 1845: —

"I am sorry that I have not yet sent you copies of my oration. I presume you received a newspaper, which contained an abstract of it. The edition of the City Printer was the largest ever made of a Fourth of July oration. This has been exhausted; and another of three thousand copies is, I believe, nearly gone. It is vehemently praised and vehemently condemned. I receive newspapers which express these extremes. After you have read it carefully, I shall like to know your judgment. I hardly venture to count upon your assent."

And again, Nov. 1, 1845: —

"My oration still provokes censure and praise, — strong censure and strong praise. I see, by the papers this morning, there is a pamphlet against it, and newspapers arrive with articles. I hardly hope for your concurrence, though I think you will agree in much that I have said."

TO RICHARD RATHBONE, LIVERPOOL.

Boston, Feb. 28, 1846.

My dear Sir, — I have been touched more than I can tell by your kind appreciation of my oration delivered on the Fourth of July, and feel proud that you and your associates thought it worthy of circulation in England. It was an earnest appeal for peace on an anniversary of war, in the presence of the military of the town and neighborhood; and I cannot but rejoice in every effort to extend its influence. I am too happy in the fresh impulse which you have imparted to it to care whether it is published as a whole or not. Let it go wherever the friends of peace think it can be of service, — in extracts or in any other form, according to their judgment.

I beg you to present my respectful compliments to your Committee, and to lay before them my gratitude for the words of kindness which they have expressed through you.

The cause of peace among the nations seems to me the highest care which can occupy the minds of all the well-wishers of their race. Nor do I perceive any way of dealing with the pauperism of Europe, with any chance of mitigating it, except by an abandonment of the military establishments, and an appropriation of the enormous means, thus released, to purposes of beneficence.

You will be happy to hear that the omens are now for peace in my country. The war spirit has talked itself hoarse and feeble; and the conscience of the nation is awaking. It is probable that there will be a compromise on the forty-ninth parallel running to the Straits of Fuca, and then with the water to the ocean, — leaving to England the whole of Vancouver's Island. There seems to have been a *dementia* in Mr. Polk and his Cabinet.

I believe I may claim in your brother, Mr. William Rathbone, a personal friend, whose hospitalities I remember with great pleasure. If you should see Mr. Rushton, whom you doubtless know, pray remember me to him most kindly; and believe me, my dear sir,

Very faithfully yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

Sumner was understood at the time, by some who heard or read his oration, to carry his argument to the extent of discarding *force* altogether as a legitimate means of government. This was not, however, his true intent. Speaking of the militia, he said: "It is most often spoken of as an important part of the *police* of the country. I would not undervalue the blessings to be derived from an active, efficient, ever-wakeful police; and I believe that such a police has been long required in our country. But the militia, composed of youth of undoubted character, though of untried courage, is clearly inadequate for this purpose. No person who has seen them in an actual riot can hesitate in this judgment."[1] This passage of the oration alone sufficiently showed that he was not a non-resistant. But to meet the criticism which it encountered in this regard, he made a formal disclaimer in his letter of July 10, when forwarding a copy of his oration to the city government in compliance with their request: —

> "Allow me to add, that I wish to be understood as restraining my opinions precisely within the limits which I have assigned them in these pages; and particularly to disclaim the suggestion which has been volunteered with regard to them, — that Force may not be employed under the sanction of Justice, in the conservation of the laws and of domestic quiet. All good men must unite in condemning, as barbarous and unchristian, the resort to external Force; in other words, to the arbitrament of War, to international Lynch Law, or the great Trial by Battle, to determine justice between nations."

Sumner believed, even when most earnest in the Peace movement, in the right and duty of Government to maintain its authority over its subjects by the use of force, even to the extent of armed force, where resistance assumes the proportions of rebellion and civil war. He did not deny its right and duty to maintain defensive war against strangers, if such a war were possible, but he believed (and in this his faith exceeded the event) that mankind had, "in our age," reached a stage of moral development where a strictly defensive war is not possible; and he was strenuous in excluding from this class all wars for settling questions of disputed territory or the balance of power. The stress of his argument bore against preparations for war and the cultivation of a military spirit, and in favor of the consecration of the wealth and intellect of the nation to the cause of Peace, Justice, and Humanity. His fervor carried him to some positions which his later judgment qualified, and to some forms of expression which his taste afterwards modified or rejected altogether. These changes appear by a comparison of the early editions of his oration with the latest, included in his Works, as revised by himself.[1] He had never any sentimental aversion to the use of force as such, even when necessary to the extent of taking life. In 1842 he was earnestly in favor of decisive measures against the rebellion in Rhode Island, and of the use of the national troops for its suppression.[2] He went further in sustaining Mackenzie's summary execution of the "Somers" mutineers than many who did not share his peace views.[3] In 1862 he advised President Lincoln not to commute the death-sentence passed upon a slave-trader, to the end that the traffic itself should be branded as infamous. When the Southern Rebellion was gathering its forces, he resisted all schemes of compromise, although well assured that their defeat involved inevitable civil war; and, during the winter of 1860–61, conferred frequently with General Scott to promote plans for the military protection of the national capital and forts.[4] When the conflict of arms finally opened, he made a fervid address to Massachusetts soldiers in New York on their way to the scene of action;[5] and during the Rebellion cordially sustained all war measures, even those most thorough and radical, for its suppression. His sympathies, too, were always heartily enlisted in the struggles of Italy for freedom, whether in battle or in council.

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[1] See remarks concerning an efficient police, *ante*, Vol. II. p. 314. Sumner, in a note to this passage in the early editions of his oration, stated, with reference to the Broad Street riot of 1837 (*ante*, Vol. I. p. 162), that he "had been on the ground and in the very houses, the scene of the riot, for an hour previous to the appearance of the militia," and that the riot had then ceased.

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[1] The entire edition of his Works, it may be remarked, is to extend to fourteen volumes, of which two are yet to be issued.

[2] *Ante*, Vol. II. p. 212.

[3] *Ante*, Vol. II. pp. 233–237.

[4] Works, Vol. V. pp. 433–483.

[5] Works, Vol. V. p. 494. See also, Works, Vol. VI. p. 8.

The generation which has passed since Sumner's oration was delivered has witnessed a change of opinion among humane people in relation to the peace agitation as a distinct movement. Civilized nations carry on wars, maintain standing armies, and spend vast sums on forts and navies; but they are not met, as thirty years ago, with an array of peace societies, journals, tracts, anniversaries, and sermons. One reason may be suggested for this reaction. Moralists and philanthropists did not then foresee that war, which had long served ambition, was destined to render service for the human race which no other agency seemed able to render. They did not foresee how the unity and independence of Italy were yet to be wrested from her oppressors; how a usurper was to be driven from France; how American Slavery, which defied moral efforts, was to perish, — each by the sword. Nor in their endeavors to remove the incentives to war by discontinuing all military preparations, did they fully estimate the exigencies of modern society, which has as yet found no substitute for a trained military body in the support of civil authority when assailed by riots and dangerous combinations.[1]

But while, with maturer thought and larger experience, Sumner saw limitations to the doctrines which he maintained in 1845, he kept his ideal in view, nor bated heart nor hope in its final acceptance. In 1849 he delivered an elaborate address before the American Peace Society on the "War System of the Commonwealth of Nations;" being an argument against the system itself, and proposing instead a Congress of Nations and Arbitration.[2] The next year he wrote an address for the Peace Congress Committee to the people of the United States, recommending these substitutes.[3] In 1854, while a Senator, — receiving a request from the Peace Society in London, — he called upon

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[1] The change of opinion among divines and moralists is well shown by comparing the editions of Wayland's "Moral Science." In all but the last there is a chapter earnestly setting forth the moral and religious argument against war, and coming to the conclusion that "hence it would seem that all wars are contrary to the revealed will of God, and that the individual has no right to commit to society, nor society to commit to government, the power to declare war." But in the last edition, published in 1865, just after the suppression of the Rebellion, and completed one month preceding his death, the author substituted a much briefer discussion of the question; and maintained, contrary to the view his treatise had taught for thirty years, the duty, in extreme cases of national aggression, to repel force by force. It is worthy of note, in this connection, that formerly greater prominence was given, in discussions concerning the taking of human life judicially or in war, to certain texts of Scripture than is common at this day, when the argument is put rather on the general spirit and scheme of Christianity and considerations of public necessity.

[2] Works, Vol. II. pp. 171–277.

[3] Works, Vol. II. pp. 393–397.

President Pierce, and recommended that the mediation of the United States be offered in the impending Crimean War. The last summer of his life he sent a note of congratulation to Henry Richards, M. P., who had succeeded in carrying through the House of Commons a motion in favor of Arbitration. As showing his fidelity to the substance of his oration, it is given in this connection.

UNITED STATES SENATE CHAMBER,
WASHINGTON, July 10, 1873.

MY DEAR SIR, — Few events have given me more pleasure than the vote on your motion. I thank you for making the motion, and I thank you also for not yielding to Mr. Gladstone's request to withdraw it. You were in the very position of Buxton on his motion against Slavery. He, too, insisted upon a division; and that vote led to Emancipation. May you have equal success! I anticipate much from this vote. It will draw attention on the continent, which the facts and figures of your speech will confirm. I find in your speech grand compensation for the long postponement to which you have been constrained. It marks an epoch in a great cause. I know you will not rest.

But this speech alone, with the signal result, will make your Parliamentary life historic. Surely, Mr. Gladstone acted under some imagined exigency of politics. He cannot, in his soul, differ from you. Honoring him much, I regret that he has allowed himself to appear on the wrong side. What fame so great as his, if he would devote the just influence of his lofty position to securing for nations the inappreciable benefits of a Tribunal for the settlement of their differences!

How absurd to call your motion Utopian, if by this word is meant that it is not practical! There is no question so supremely practical; for it concerns not merely one nation, but every nation: and even its discussion promises to diminish the terrible chances of war. Its triumph would be the greatest reform of history. And I doubt not that this day is near.

Accept my thanks and congratulations, and believe me, my dear sir,

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES SUMNER.

And as a final testimony to his faith in the cause which was ever dear to his heart, he directed by his Will as follows:—

"I bequeath to the President and Fellows of Harvard College one thousand dollars in trust, for an annual prize to the best dissertation by any student of the College, or any of its schools, undergraduate or graduate, on Universal Peace and the methods by which war may be permanently superseded. I do this in the hope of drawing the attention of students to the practicability of organizing peace among nations which I sincerely believe may be done. I cannot doubt that the same modes of decision which now prevail between individuals, between towns, and between smaller communities, may be extended to nations."

No Fourth of July oration ever attracted so much attention as the one to which this chapter is devoted. For a considerable time it was the frequent topic of society, as well as of the public journals. No American tract or address has probably ever had so wide a circulation in Great Britain. Its questionable propositions so startled the public, that they commanded the more attention for its unmistakable truths. It touched the hearts of Christian people, whether accepting or holding back from its logical statements. Its style, less academic than Everett's, less weighty than Webster's, glowed as theirs never glowed with moral enthusiasm. It was a new order of eloquence, at least for civic occasions. Something of its effect doubtless came from the condition of the times. The spirit of Slavery dominated in politics, backed by conservatism in society; and a war with Mexico, to be waged for its extension, was at hand. Men who heard the new orator saw in the intrepidity he showed on that occasion that there was no advanced post in any field of moral heroism which he was not brave enough to assume. His character was revealed to men of different types. Reformers were made glad as they saw him — a fresh and well-armored knight — enter the arena where they were contending against numbers and power. But from that day his hold was weakened on the class then controlling society and opinion in Boston, — the class always faithful to Webster, Everett, and Winthrop. His personal qualities still insured him a kindly reception as a guest, but his fidelity to the interests then uppermost was henceforth distrusted.

The oration on "The True Grandeur of Nations" was the most important epoch in Sumner's life. All he had written before was in the style of the essay, — ornate and vigorous in expression, but wanting the declamatory force and glow of passion by which the masses of men are swayed. Until then he was himself unconscious of the orator's power latent within him, and its existence had not been detected by those who knew him best. More than once he had confessed to intimate friends that he lacked the faculty for public speaking. Though loved by companions, a familiar presence at Harvard College, recognized in his profession as learned in its books and as a writer for law magazines, he had no fame outside of these limited circles. Of those who filled Tremont Temple, a large proportion, probably the greater number, had never heard his name till it was announced in connection with this anniversary. Beyond his native city and its suburbs, he was little known except among scholars. He had kept aloof from politics, and even from the public agitation of questions in which he was most interested, and had uniformly declined to speak before lyceums or at academic festivals. Not regarding the mere record of his name as an attorney in the court calendar, the newspapers had printed it hardly a dozen times. Had he died before this event, his memory would have been only a tradition with the few early friends who survive him. The Fourth of July, 1845, — a day ever memorable with him, — gave him a national, and more than a national, fame. Such abrupt transitions may be expected in military life, but they rarely occur in civil history. When that occasion was ended, he had demonstrated his moral fearlessness, his capacity to deal with great issues, his gift of inspiring eloquence ; and he took his place in the front rank of orators, which he held while he lived. Fortunate in his opportunity, he was fortunate also in the people who were often to listen to his voice, — a people among whom the moral sentiments have always been potent. The gloom, which for many months had vexed his spirit, vanished as he wielded the new-found faculty in the service of mankind. Student though he was to the last, he now went forth from the seclusion of a scholar's chamber well trained by self-discipline, and strong in purpose and hope, to enter on the work which God had appointed him to do. How well it was done, — with what courage, perseverance, and power, — is written in the fourteen volumes of his Works, which begin with the effort of this day, and in the history of his country for the twenty-three years he stood in the Senate as the tribune of Human Rights.

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